THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE MAN WHO TRIED TO BE IT

By Cameron Mackenzie

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By Irvin S. Cobb

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THE MAN WHO TRIED TO BE IT

Being the Story of an Adventure in the Upper Realms of Industry—By Cameron Mackenzie

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

THOUGH they had never met, each knew the other by repute. John Hadden was aware of the existence of Thornton Simms because everyone in their common field of endeavor was aware of Simms. Thornton Simms was aware of the existence of Hadden because a specialty of his was being aware of people. It had merely just so happened that chance had not brought them together and that they would have passed each other on the street without bow or salute of recognition. But, had there ever been such an occurrence, it is likely that Hadden, pushing tensely along, his thick brows contracted, would, at the sight of the other, have made to himself some such observation as:

"A softy! Looks like the grave of a thousand cocktails. No good!"

It is also likely that Simms, progressing leisurely, his eyes bland and placid, his very presence bespeaking a well-fed, well-groomed urbanity, would at the same moment have been privately commenting:

"A roughneck! One of those damnably earnest men! Never could use him."

In these estimates each, of course, would have been measurably right and each would have been measurably wrong. Thornton Simms was not a man given to alcoholic excess. There was a certain faint ruddiness to his cheeks; but that resulted far more from innumerable afternoons of golf than from the infrequent bottle of champagne he divided with some friend at dinner.

Simms Was Rarely at His Office More Than Three Days in the Week and, When There, Arrived at Eleven and Departed at One, Always as Fresh as a Rose

The reason that the gentle glow of his features was deceptive was because it was accompanied by a pervasive air of soft living. In his light, amused smile; in his plumpish, pink hands; in his creaseless clothes—there was not a hint of the sweat and rigors of toil. He seemed one withdrawn from struggle; one with whom the world had dealt kindly and who was then dealing most kindly with himself.

To that extent Hadden would have been right. But there was much more to Simms than that, and one got a hint of it in the quick, merciless gleam of shrewdness which would now and then shoot into his calm, ever so slightly bulbous eyes, and in the sudden, ominous tightening which would upon occasion close his parted and smiling lips.

Simms, on his part, would have been as far wrong about Hadden. There was—true enough—a suggestion of uncouthness about Hadden; but it arose primarily from a high indifference toward niceties of many sorts. A man finicky, supersolicitous, relentlessly vigilant in the line of his duty, he had no thought for such details of life as the erectness of his bearing or the modishness of his clothes. It was his heavy, shambling walk, and the angle at which he carried his head—as if it had been jolted forward between his bullish shoulders—that gave him, at a hurried glance, the aspect of a slouch.

Also, after a fashion, he was indeed "damnably earnest"—at least he always took with him the atmosphere of harassment, of anxiety, of forever trying too hard. He had a nervous trick of rapidly opening and closing his hands—big, restless, worker hands, one at once knew them to be; and even when he talked of trivialities one felt that he was giving too lavishly, too unstintedly of himself. A quality of meticulous endeavor, of soul-sapping personal effort, obtruded itself and dulled the immediate magnetism of his personality. But beneath this tense and overzestful manner there was much else.

If you looked at his heavy frame you could see in the very lines of it a dogged integrity; and if you studied his features you could discover in the gray eyes not only kindness and gentleness but also courage and the fires of hot ambition; and in his mouth and chin evidences of a staunch and disciplined will.

Both men, though they were radically different and represented creeds of life diametrically opposed, were possessed of real and honest parts.

Both men, too, had attained to places of eminence and power, and performed important and difficult tasks with conspicuously satisfactory results.

Thornton Simms was the president of the Consolidated Shoe Corporation of Chicago; his salary was fifty thousand dollars a year; his job was to project himself and his knowledge of the shoe business into half a million dollars of annual income.

John Hadden was the general manager and all-round executive wheel horse of E. Kempner & Co., in Wellesville; his salary was twenty thousand a year; his job was to project himself and his knowledge of the shoe business into a hundred thousand dollars of annual income.

Each went about his own particular undertaking in his own particular way. Hadden upon six days of the week was at work by eight-thirty, and as often remained until close upon seven in the evening; he never shut his desk without a sense of fatigue. Simms was rarely at his office upon more than three days in the week and, when he did go there, arrived at eleven and departed at one, always as fresh as a rose.

Hadden personally closed for his concern all large sales contracts, purchased all large supplies of materials, designated the use of every machine in the plant.

Simms, on the other hand, never got farther into the sales department of the Consolidated than to take his sales manager, after a particularly gratifying order had been placed, out for a long and elaborate luncheon; he invariably told his purchasing agent, even where two or three million dollars might be involved, not to bother him, the president, with "details."

Hadden signed checks and raised stenographers' wages; Simms never signed much of anything save an annual report to his directors, and his stenographers and their wages disturbed neither his waking nor his sleeping hours.

Thus the case stood: Hadden, in pursuit of his special doctrine of existence and theory of business conduct, was continuing to give his life's blood to his twenty-thousand-dollar job, and was making a success of it; and Simms, in pursuit of his special doctrine and theory, was continuing to give next to nothing at all to his fifty-thousand-dollar job, and was making a success of it.

Then Circumstance intervened with one of its age-old oddities. First, it distressingly and precipitously removed the easy-going Thornton Simms from the scene; two trains, an ugly crash, a half-column newspaper obituary—and there was a vacancy in the upper realms of industry to be filled.

"I'm Preaching to You; I'm Telling You to Loaf—Loaf!"

Next, after certain deliberations and discussions had been gone through, it—Circumstance—reached its long arm down to Wellesville and, seizing the indefatigable John Hadden, fetched him to Chicago and into the hard, shiny office of Mr. Harry Anable, the banker who had promoted the Consolidated, floated its securities, and could speak the ultimate word in the management of the formidable enterprise.

He offered to Hadden the job of president, and there was no real hesitation in John's acceptance.

"Good!" returned Mr. Anable; and then, proceeding in crisp, metallic tones that were somehow appallingly impersonal, he said: "Now it's no affair of mine how you do it. All I require out of the Consolidated is what Simms got—a minimum of half a million dollars a year. So far as I am concerned, you are the Consolidated. There's nothing more. Now go to it!"

After which Hadden nodded, got himself out, and it was no great while thereafter before, with a glint of determination in his eye, he was enthroned at the broad, flat-topped desk at which Thornton Simms, with his gentle scepter, had reigned.

II

WHEN John Hadden left Wellesville and went up to Chicago to enter upon the presidency of the Consolidated he fully realized that never twice for one man was there such a chance as his, and that to boggle it would be ruin. But he was supremely sure of himself and his future. Behind him was an almost sensational record of achievement up to that time; merely to contemplate it was reassuring.

At twenty he had entered Old Man Kempner's employ. Before he was thirty he had emerged as purchasing agent of the concern—no mean job. Within twelve months he had battered his problems into nothingness and was crying for more to do. The manufacturing end had been added to his duties; the cost figures he had promptly been able to show had made even Old Man Kempner gasp.

Then had come the sales department, and at thirty-five years of age he had become the sole, single driving force of the entire concern; in fact, the concern itself. He had never yet faced a task that he had not surmounted; the magnitude of the Consolidated task did not frighten him; every hurdle he had ever taken had been higher and stiffer than the one before it.

Reasoning thus, there was not the least uncertainty in John's mind. Even if there had been, however, it would have vanished under the high prophecies of his friends and his wife.

Louise Hadden, in particular, foresaw for her husband one of those dazzlingly romantic careers of modern business. She was a not too brilliant, thoroughly comfortable little woman, who for fifteen years had desired nothing more stimulating than to remain admiringly in the background of John's life and nurse him through his prodigious feats of toil.

She honestly believed that Hadden was beyond failure, and in the happiness and bright hopes of the first days in Chicago she was convinced that it would be no great while before big men in the East would spy him out, exactly as Harry Anable had already spied him out, and that John and she would then be moved on to New York. Unable to restrain her pride she kept telling all this to her husband, who could not, try as he would, discover any good reason for questioning her expectation.

Hadden's first weeks were given over to an examination of the mechanism of the Consolidated. The set of tools he found was so splendid that his faith in the future was made still more sure. To his hand was an organization that in contrast with the Kempner organization was gigantic; all the wheels, pivots and cogs were immeasurably bigger than those with which he had been familiar. Whereas in Wellesville his chief helpers had been two or three thousand dollar men, his main subordinates now were fifteen thousand men. Large, powerful implements, John reckoned them, and took his added confidence from the reflection that if, with the inferior tools of the Kempner concern, he had been able to squeeze out of his colossal self one hundred thousand dollars a year, with the new and infinitely superior tools he now had, there was no earthly reason why his individual brain and individual set of nerves should not be made to yield up five times that sum annually.

There were, in particular, four men. These were the four department managers, none of whom acknowledged other authority than the president's.

At the head of the sales and contract department was Ralph Crane, a tall, lean young man with burning eyes, who, when an idea seized him, gestured frantically and tumbled words out of himself at a furious rate.

Timothy Palsifer was the financial man, upon whom the title of treasurer had been bestowed by Mr. Simms. He was a cold, immaculate, hard-surfaced person, who carried his chin high and was much given to full-blown ascot neckties.

The purchasing agent was Mortimer Smythe, sallow—evidently from dyspepsia and overapplication to his desk—and with a certain childish eagerness about him; he had the manner of one who could not comply with any request too promptly.

Finally there was Avery Fennell, in charge of the manufacturing, a large, florid individual whose ample girth rocked, whose red face crinkled at the smallest provocation, and who somehow might be suspected of a sneaking fondness for jewelry.

Collectively they seemed to Hadden an excellent crew; proud of themselves and the places they held; proud of the Consolidated and its achievement. Individually John early reckoned Crane and Palsifer his most valuable instruments. There was a quality in the sales manager that almost suggested genius; that he could utilize his powers had been evidenced by his performances. As for Palsifer, the system of accounting he had devised and installed for the Consolidated was widely acknowledged as a model.

Smythe, Hadden believed, suffered from deficiencies of personality, but not from deficiencies of knowledge or careful, painstaking abilities.

Of Fennell alone did the new president have real doubts. The manufacturing man had a way, which was displeasing to Hadden, of wandering about from room to room swapping stories, and the new president thought that Fennell was rarely enough where he belonged—in the plant. But his department, on paper at least, was in the same excellent condition the other departments were, and John early determined to bide his time and not disturb immediately a group that was obviously working together with singular harmony and good effect.

At the end of the first month John was ready, and everything was prepared for him to wrap himself, as he would have expressed it with a boa-constrictorlike gesture of his great hand, round his new job, precisely as he had wrapped himself round all the lesser jobs of the past. John believed he had but to unlimber himself and start upon the daily routine of the presidency, when there arose that which he afterward always thought of as the Cinapex affair. It was his first encounter with the mechanism of the Consolidated.

The revenues of the corporation were, for the most part, derived from a dozen or more great customers in various parts of the country. The day-in, day-out work of the organization was the securing of these orders, the buying of the necessary materials, the manufacturing of them, and the watching and adjusting of the credits of the purchasers.

There had, however, grown up—no doubt more by accident than by design—another important source of profit. For several years past it had happened that the Consolidated had been fortunate enough to stumble regularly upon some large, special piece of business which had added appreciably to the totals of its balance sheets. These orders had come from different quarters: One year it had been a government contract; another year, a huge supply purchased for shipment to the Orient; a third year, the requirements of a firm that had been burned out and was rebuilding.

Ralph Crane was the particular individual who generally turned up these annual specialties. Hadden was just preparing to square himself up to the mass of more prosaic working details when, early in February, Crane burst into his room to say that there was a thumping big thing loose in Cincinnati, and that he was off to get it. He was aflame with eagerness and excitement.

"I'll land it for this year's stunt!" he exclaimed, and was making for the door.

"Hold up a bit, Mr. Crane!" called Hadden, who had been overwhelmed and, anyway, had not had a chance to speak.

"Can't! Fifteen minutes before the train goes."

"Oh, but come back! You can take a later one. Tell me about this thing."

With a shade of impatience, Crane turned.

"There's nothing to tell, Mr. Hadden," he said. "Wait till I've closed the thing up."

John was somewhat taken aback; here was an attitude from a subordinate that was new to him.

"After you've let me in for I don't know how much or what?" he questioned.

At the words Crane's face went blank with surprise. He came back to the desk and sat down.

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Hadden?"

"I mean," explained Hadden, "that I'd like to know a little more about this gamble you're getting ready to let me in for before it's too late."

"Let you in for?" repeated Crane with rising inflection, and paused. "Oh!" he finally said. "I hadn't thought of

"You Can Take a Later Train. Tell Me About This Thing"

it in that way. I see now. Well, it's a big thing. It's the Cinapex Company. They've been scouring South America for orders and the contract may run up to more than a million."

"More than a million!" repeated Hadden, in turn, lifting his voice.

"Yes."

"That's pretty large!" commented John.

"Certainly it's large," agreed Ralph.

"Fractions will count," observed Hadden.

"I know they'll count."

For a brief space John was thoughtful; then he asked: "Was it your plan to dash down there alone, without consulting me, and close this thing up on your own figures and at the best terms you, unaided, could arrange?"

"That's how I've always done. If I think I need help I call for it. Otherwise I don't."

"Umph!" cogitated Hadden; and, swinging about, he looked away.

He believed that he had come upon an attitude which in a subordinate was decidedly dangerous—not to say unusual. If there were opportunities for million-dollar orders John expected he would at least be told about them. Yet he realized that if he himself had not just chanced to be at his desk Crane would have gone blithely off without a word. Also, he did not like the idea of a young sales manager, no matter how able, undertaking a tremendous venture on behalf of the Consolidated with nothing more than an airy salute to the responsible head of the concern.

Moreover, it seemed to the president a self-evident proposition that the best, most seasoned and trained ability of the Consolidated should be brought into play in closing any transaction so large and important as this Cinapex affair promised to be. John, naturally and correctly enough, regarded his own abilities as the most experienced and tried; and his mind rapidly computed the difference that a single per cent would make in piling up the half-million-dollar profit on which depended his own present and future.

"What train can you get?" he presently asked.

Ralph consulted his watch. "There's one in two hours," he said briefly.

Hadden hesitated a moment; but, at remembrance of the fact that never yet had he found anyone who could do things for him as well as he could do them for himself, he spoke.

"I think I'll go down along with you, Mr. Crane," he said.

Hadden and his sales manager went to Cincinnati together. The president took matters in hand and concluded a difficult transaction with success. It was easy enough for him to see that Crane was none too well pleased, but John ignored the young man's umbrage; sooner or later, he said to himself, his subordinate would have to realize his place.

Returning to Chicago Hadden thought of the Crane episode as an isolated case. A little tactful checkreining would, he believed, quickly enough dispose of Ralph's too great personal independence. Not until John had turned his attention to the problem of buying the needful materials for the Cinapex contract did he begin to see a wider and more disturbing significance in it.

He had summoned the purchasing agent, Mortimer Smythe, and had asked him what was being done to pick up the large lot of raw supplies that would presently be required. Smythe spoke of several leads he had already found, including one to a quantity, which might prove a bargain, at the moment in a St. Louis warehouse. Price was low enough, the subordinate said; the only question was of quality.

"I'm going down to sample the stuff myself," he added.

"Be sure to ship a bit up to me before you close," said Hadden in a matter-of-fact tone.

Instantly he perceived that same degree of surprise which Crane had manifested when John had halted, with the most ordinary questions, that young man's dash to secure the special order.

"Oh, certainly, sir; certainly," Smythe responded hastily—"if you wish it."

Hadden brusquely said that he did wish it, and Smythe started to leave.

Halfway to the door he turned back.

"Is there anything else, Mr. Hadden?" he asked. "Shall I telegraph you prices, terms—everything—before I close?"

John regarded the man with amazement.

"Why, Mr. Smythe," he said, "I had assumed that in buying something like half a million dollars' worth of material such questions as prices, terms and the quality of the stuff would all be finally settled by me."

"Oh, yes; of course," said Smythe, and seemed about to say something else; but he did not and got himself out, leaving Hadden to wonder whether any of his subordinates realized that the vacancy in the job of president had been filled.

It took John a week to come to the conclusion that none of them did; in fact, at the end of that time he pronounced his four lieutenants the "darnedest outfit he'd ever seen!" None of them had conducted himself as he had expected. He had assumed that affairs of one sort or another would automatically feed to his desk; that the department managers would, as a matter of course, seek him out to inform him of their daily activities; that record slips, cost statements, letters of complaint, would show him spots needing care. But nothing of the sort had come to pass. Day had followed day, while he sat at his desk, waiting. Memorandum slips had not flowed; statements had not been laid before him; no one fetched problems to him for solution. The department men kept dropping in and out of his office; they were agreeable to the full, but had little or nothing to say about the business of the Consolidated. With deliberate intent to make certain that he was confronted with a general condition, he let this run on for a brief time.

But temperamentally and traditionally he could not tolerate the situation for long. It accorded with nothing in his business experience, and it was not hard for him to imagine a thousand costly blunders being committed daily—blunders that would not disclose themselves till months later in certified figures—and, by the same token, a thousand lost opportunities of which he would never learn. Besides, he felt that there were myriad details in connection with the Cinapex affair which he ought immediately to begin to follow up; and he set about considering how, at one brave stroke, he could bring his organization into some kind of proper working relation to himself.

It did not take him long to decide. John knew of but one means of dealing with a problem. "Never walk away from your troubles, but march straight up to them!" was a favorite axiom of his. Accordingly he conceived only an attack of some sort, and early in his thinking his mind reverted to the methods he had so successfully employed in the old Kempner concern. There it had been understood that no expenditure of more than two hundred dollars should be entered upon without his approval; that he himself should personally initial all vouchers and countersign all checks; that each of his subordinates should report once a day by memorandum upon the current matters of his particular department.

The effect of this had been to trail the reins of the entire concern through John's hands, enabling him to know when it was desirable for him to bend his own mighty efforts upon any task. So very nearly was the method a concrete embodiment of John Hadden himself that in meeting his first problem he turned almost instinctively to it, determining only to modify it to scale. He decided to give his lieutenants leeway up to a thousand dollars; he saw no reason for other change in what had been the Kempner plan.

Accordingly, seating himself at his desk, he began to write out a general order. Bit by bit it drew itself down the page, and when it was finished he touched a bell for his stenographer.

"Type this," he directed. "It's to be distributed to the department heads." And he put on his hat and went out to lunch.

It chanced that he had an appointment that day with Tyler Wrenn. Wrenn was a lawyer; he had a mind like a steel trap and earned a large livelihood by opening it and then snapping it closed upon problems of such corporations as the Consolidated. He was not an attorney for the Consolidated, but he might have been. He was, however, the only intimate friend John had in Chicago. All the others—Judge Baily, Old Man Kempner, and the rest—had been left behind in Wellesville, and in his new surroundings there was no man save Wrenn to whom Hadden was willing to unbosom himself. And so it was that John, feeling the need of unbosoming, did unbosom himself and, over the luncheon table, spoke of the order he had promulgated.

Wrenn was thoughtful.

"John," he finally said, "you've overlooked two supremely important facts."

John, sure that he had not, nevertheless asked:

"What?"

"First," retorted the lawyer, "that you're no longer in Wellesville, pikering along with Old Kempner."

"And second?" prompted Hadden, smiling.

"That you're now president of the Consolidated."

Wrenn glanced up. Hadden could see that his friend was grave.

"How do you mean—overlooked those facts?" he inquired.

"I mean that you're now playing a game that is radically different. Wellesville was little business. This is big business."

"Exactly. It's a matter of size."

"Size—yes," agreed Wrenn; "but infinitely more than size. In its very nature, in its innermost essence, in every conceivable particular, the organism you're now operating is a different kind of organism from the one you have been operating. Therefore, the basic principles of manipulation must be different."

"You think the general order was a mistake?"

"Decidedly!"

"How?"

Tyler Wrenn was thoughtful for a moment before he said: "John, you'll be exactly like a man who's on a motorcycle, and is puffing and grinding away at it as if he were riding a bicycle?"

"I don't follow you. I've got to get into the game—got to work."

"No, you don't. That's just what you mustn't do."

"I've a huge salary to earn," reminded John.

"Not in the least! That is just what you mustn't try to do."

"When did you get to playing at paradoxes?" jeered Hadden.

"I'm not playing at paradoxes," affirmed the lawyer. "I'm preaching to you; and I'm telling you that in business there's a line—not always clearly defined, but everlastingly real—that divides jobs. On the one side are working jobs; on the other, loafing jobs. I'm telling you to loaf—loaf!"

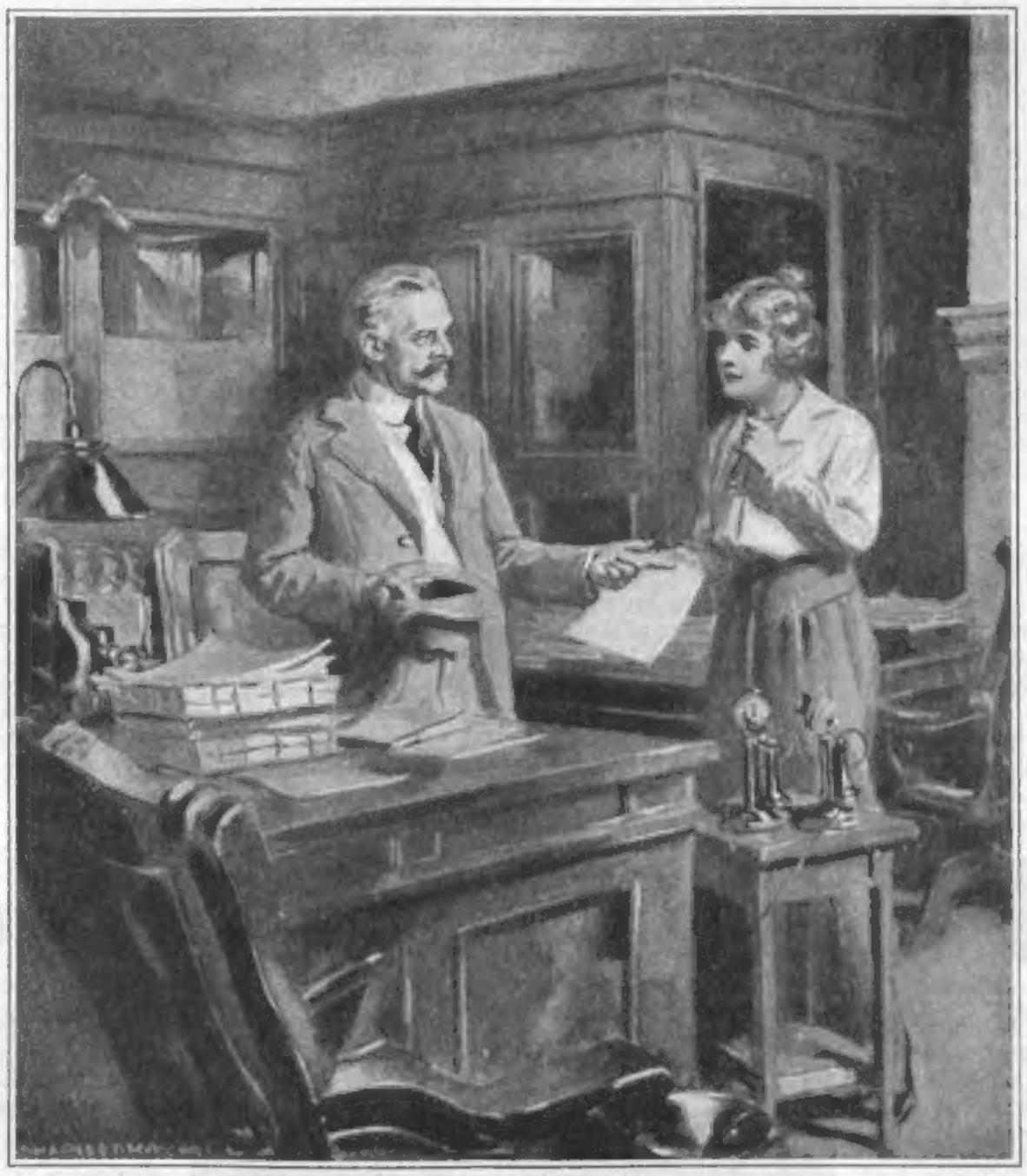
Hadden gasped. "The most fool doctrine I've ever heard!" he exclaimed. "If I'd gone on that I'd be starving to-day."

"Certainly you would; but it's just the doctrine you need now. You have passed that curious line I've mentioned. You're not in danger of starving. You're trying to get rich; and there's every sort of difference."

"And you advise ——" John began incredulously.

"I advise you to do nothing."

"Nothing!"



"Type This," He Directed. "It's to be Distributed to the Department Heads"

"Absolutely nothing! The very creed by which you could earn twenty thousand dollars will make it impossible for you to earn fifty," declared the lawyer.

"And you want me to try to project myself into half a million dollars every twelve months by ——"

"By twiddling your thumbs—by doing fifty thousand dollars' worth of nothing every year."

III

IT WAS about ten o'clock in the morning, and for an hour and a half John Hadden had been at his desk. On each side of him were two large wire trays, four in all, holding papers. Forward, in the middle of the desk, was a fifth tray, also holding papers. These were labeled; the trays at the sides bore the names of the various departments; the other read: President. On a little table close at hand stood two telephones and a long block of wood dotted with white push buttons. Immediately in front of Hadden, as he bent over his tasks, was a high stack of letters, documents, requisition slips, memoranda, telegrams, and so on.

With a grim intensity John was working his way through these, consigning them, one by one, to various baskets. Now and again he paused to scribble a comment or an O. K., or maybe merely his initials. Every moment or so one of the telephones would jingle and he would swing about to answer it. Scarcely five minutes would elapse without the door opening and a boy arriving with a fresh sheaf of papers. As the boy laid down the new batch of work Hadden would merely nod, not interrupting by word or glance his industrious labors. He was in a hurry.

This was some six weeks later. It was not to have been expected that John would accept Tyler Wrenn's advice, except as a piece of preposterous nonsense. He had dismissed it as contrary to every law of a universe that rewarded the laborer and execrated a drone, and had never raised a finger to stay the bombshell he had then already projected at the princelings—every one of them—of the late Thornton Simms.

There had been no actual explosion. Timothy Palsifer had bridled and then received the order with frigid hauteur; Mortimer Smythe had gone into a panicky fluster and asked whether he was "under fire."

"Under fire?" had snapped Hadden. "No; of course not! Why should you be?"

"There is no reason that I know of why I should be," the purchasing agent had returned; "but I don't see how I can construe otherwise the orders you've just given me."

John's jaw had dropped.

"By all that's holy, Smythe," he had cried in despair, "that's the most ordinary business procedure! Don't you realize you've a boss?"

"Yes, sir; but—but ——"

"But what?"

The purchasing agent did not immediately reply.

"Mr. Hadden," he had eventually said, "I wonder whether you would tell me if I were?"

"Don't you accept my word?" the president had demanded. "I have said that you are not under fire."

"Actions speak louder than words," returned the tactless Smythe with a shake of his head; and he had gone out.

Ralph Crane, at John's edict, had merely drooped; but Avery Fennell had not. To Hadden's relief he had received the order with smiling good nature and had made prompt and willing compliance. It was very fortunate, because at that time the Cinapex contract had not been cleared out and was still in the manufacturing stage; and John felt that his own—the president's—place was in the plant.

He had worked there for a fortnight; and then, by the time the last shipment had gone forth, the Hadden method was in full operation and the stream of the great Consolidated daily business was flowing across John's desk, bringing with it for him a sense of grip on his job, of accomplishment, of duty performed. That sense had gladdened him; and day by day, as his hold upon the current run of affairs had tightened, his feeling of security had increased.

Now he was under complete headway; and upon that particular morning when he sat at his desk, crowding forward the day's routine with all possible speed, there was no thought either of the talk he had had with Wrenn or for the temperamental difficulties he had encountered in some of his lieutenants. There was still a little sand in his giant mechanism, he knew; but he was not concerned. Time would take care of that; and meantime, with his unrighteous half million to earn, the main and vitally necessary result had been obtained—he was riveted into the chair of a working chief executive.

And so, at the moment, as he plunged into the stack of papers in front of him, his uppermost reflection was not of the past or of the future, but of the present, and that he must rip through the batch of routine the day had brought and have it distributed to the various departments before eleven o'clock, because at that hour would commence a succession of duties which would fill the remainder of the office hours. At eleven Timothy Palsifer was coming to his room upon a matter of importance. Ralph Crane had been summoned for twelve o'clock, and the afternoon had been promised to Avery Fennell.

The matter of importance for conference with the treasurer pertained to the credit extended to the Northwestern Jobbers, Incorporated. That concern was not of old standing, but was one of a dozen or so customers whose business contributed the bulk of the Consolidated revenues. In one of the furrows turned by the new president's general order had been the fact that the Northwestern enjoyed the special and exceptional privilege of paying bills in ninety days, whereas other customers were held to a thirty-day basis.

Upon investigation, John, who hated long credits, had discovered that this arrangement had been made by Palsifer at the jobbers' request during the short interval between Thornton Simms' death and Hadden's accession. On the face of it the case had seemed bad and John had asked the treasurer to procure a report upon the standing of this customer. The report had not been favorable, but Palsifer had volunteered no explanation—and Hadden wanted one.

At eleven Palsifer entered.

"Good morning," he said formally.

"Morning, Palsifer," returned John, tossing the last of the papers before him into a basket.

The treasurer sat down, balanced his finger tips together and waited. Hadden, resting forward on his elbows, began.

"I want to take up this Northwestern matter," he said.

"Very good. It was I who authorized the ninety-day credit."

"But," replied Hadden, reaching to his basket, "this report isn't—isn't encouraging."

"Quite true," promptly agreed Palsifer. "My action was taken in spite of their balance sheets. I went up to St. Paul and saw them. They're a new concern and are having some hard sledding. But I believe in the people. It is my judgment that they'll be very big customers some day. By extending them help now we cement our relations with them."

(Continued on Page 45)

THE WARTIME TOURIST

By Will Irwin

I FIRST met him in Notre Dame, and he differed radically from the tourist I used to see in that remote period before the Great War. His traveling cap, which he held reversed under his left arm, was of steel, painted a dull, invisible blue. His traveling costume was shabby but picturesque. Originally of a dull, light blue, the long coat, fashioned like an overcoat, had faded to a dirty green about the back and shoulders. There were big, awkward, man-sewed patches on it too—one at the left shoulder, where something had worn the material; and one on the right arm, where something appeared to have clipped away a bit of cloth. He wore baggy corduroy breeches, puttees and heavy boots.

He was a little man, but stalwart. The lower part of his face was covered by a thick black beard; but you would have noticed anywhere the upper part, which the beard did not cover, for its fine intelligence. In especial, he had a very bright and very clear dark eye; and, except for the upper part of his forehead, the face above the beard was weathered a rich dark brown.

He was only one among a group of twenty men, all more or less alike in general appearance, and almost absolutely alike in dress. They were following a curate of Notre Dame, who led them from spot to spot in the great, immortal church, explaining and expounding. Here, he told them, was the best place to see the great rose window. Here was the celebrated statue of the Virgin of Notre Dame—there followed a list of the miracles she had wrought. So they trailed after him, listening and looking intently, until their forms and voices were lost in the shadows of the great ambulatory.

I did not know it yet, but I was seeing the real wartime tourist. I was a tourist myself last spring and summer in the historic spots of France, Italy and England—at least whenever leisure from my job permitted; but I figured as the dim ghost of a vanished species. I used to feel that, so far as my kind was concerned, I had Europe all to myself.

The soldier of the French and Italian provinces, the British Colonial, shunted round the world by the necessities of military control, is "seeing his own country first." Everywhere I found such groups, often doing their sightseeing by themselves, with one member reading aloud from a guidebook; more often under the proud direction of a verger or custodian, taking them through without the customary fee and very glad to do that service for the army.

The Statue of Joan of Arc Decorated in Honor of the Victories on the Somme

Through the cathedral of Lyons squads of convalescents were coming and going all day long to see the old carvings and to look at the famous Lyons clock.

When Italian troop movements were on, the Roman Forum, viewed from above, showed spots of olive gray, where soldier groups from Calabria or the North were "doing" the cradle of their race. On the slope of the Capitoline Hill the Romans have kept caged, from time immemorial, the live wolves and eagles that are the symbols of Roman history and of Roman power. Two things seem common to soldiers of every nation: they are always hungry, and they always take an interest in animals. All day the paling before the cages is lined with little, dark Italian soldiers, chattering like magpies over the wonder of the thing, or laughing at the strange ways of wolves and eagles.

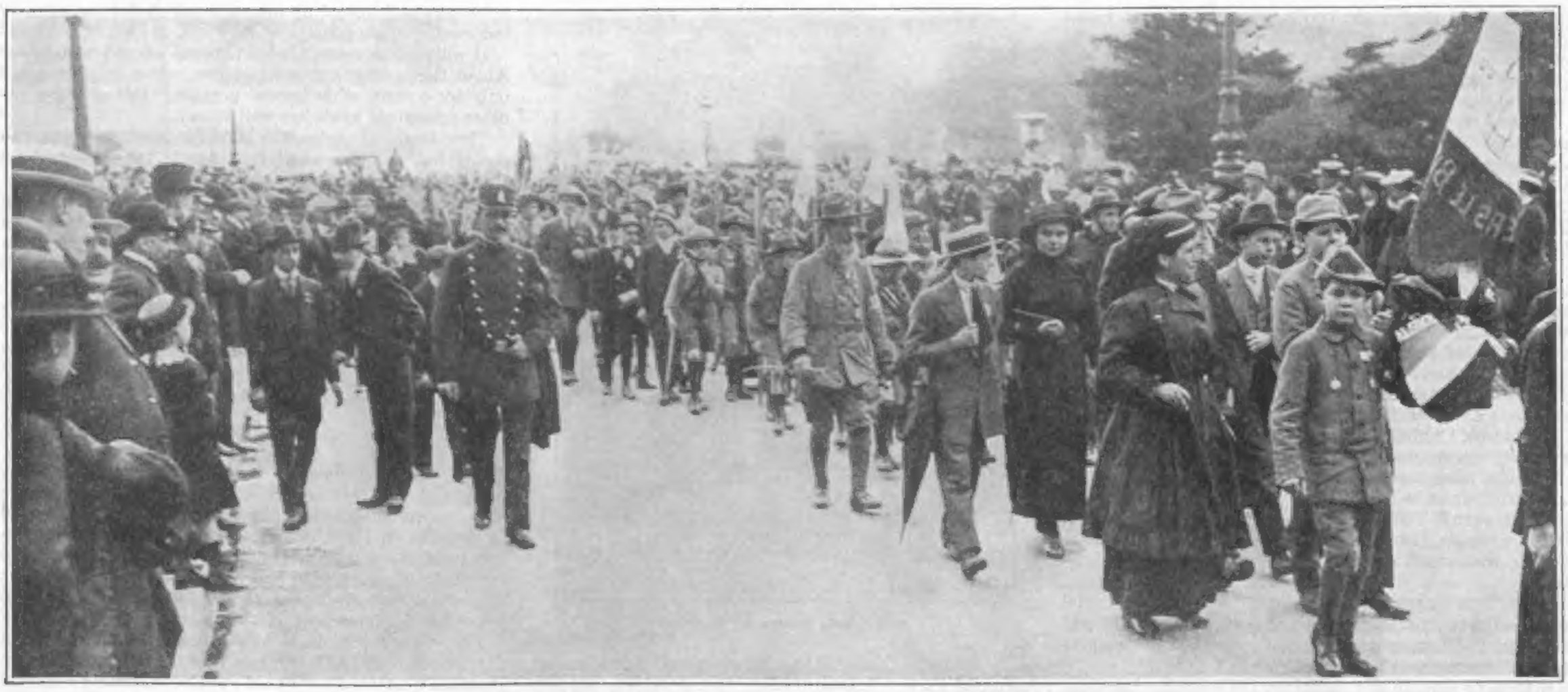
Down the canals of Venice, in these closed, remote days, float gondola loads and boatloads of soldiers, enjoying a privilege forbidden to the casual tourist, since Venice is now tight-locked against civilian travel. All day soldiers of the Australian and New Zealand forces, distinguished from their British comrades by their slouch hats, are passing by squads in and out of the Abbey "which makes Us We." Between services a verger is in attendance to show them such historic monuments as remain uncovered by sandbags.

In the British registers at Stratford-on-Avon, they tell me, a third of the names are now followed by the record of company and regiment. No; the soldier is the tourist in these times.

The old-time tourist has no business here, as the European governments indirectly let him know; for three-quarters of the trouble in traveling nowadays is getting permission to make the journey. There used to be a time, in Europe as in America, when you simply bought your ticket, got aboard the train or boat, and went. That time seems as remote to me now as the Dark Ages—it has been so thoroughly hammered into me that travel is a matter of special official favor. Take, for example, the red tape in getting from France to Italy:

I had been three weeks in Paris when I decided to go to Rome, stopping on the way at Lyons, in Southeastern France. Now upon arrival in Paris I had, as by routine, presented myself immediately to the police station in my district and received a *permis de séjour*, or temporary permission to reside in my hotel. I was warned, however, that if I stayed more than a month I must secure my *certificat d'immatriculation*, or permission for permanent residence, at the Central Bureau of Police. The month had not yet expired when I determined on the journey to Italy.

After getting my passports viséed at the American Consulate I presented myself to the Central Bureau. Though I came at ten o'clock, the hour set for the opening of the Bureau, a line of applicants nearly a hundred yards long stretched round the corridor. I was about to join it despairingly when an Agent of Police, who had probably looked



Boy Scouts and Alsatian Refugees in Procession to Decorate the Strasburg Monument

at my shoes—the universal way of recognizing an American in Continental Europe—stepped up and asked me whether English was my native tongue. The quality of my French, as I replied, convinced him at once that it was. He motioned me to a shorter line, by which, in a quarter of an hour or so, I was admitted to the official presence, where, for the first time that day, I gave my name, profession, birthplace, nationality, and other personal statistics, showed my credentials, and stated my reasons for traveling to Italy.

Here arose the first obstacle in the day's work. To travel from country to country you needed at that time a French passport. I had one, issued nearly a year before; but my wife, who was accompanying me, had none. She must, therefore, step to another desk, give the full story of her birthplace, age, intentions in Italy, be measured for height on a Bertillon scale, and deliver over two photographs of herself. The sophisticated traveler in Europe nowadays carries those little passport photographs by the dozen. The courteous French official who did the job called her aside and delicately whispered to her when he asked her age.

The passport was issued without undue loss of time; her photograph, bearing her signature, was affixed to its face, and we returned to the first desk. Here our American passports were taken away and sent somewhere within for scrutiny, and for comparison—probably—with the list of suspected persons. There was a long wait in the police station before they returned with the official stamp upon them. Now we felt ourselves cleared, so far as the police were concerned.

Next, it was the Foreign Office. Here we met another obstacle. The *permis de séjour*, obtained from the local police station, would not do for a person desiring to leave the country. He must have the *certificat d' immatriculation*, or permanent permission, only obtainable from the Central Police. We went back to the place from which we came, where the firm but sympathetic French officials, murmuring that it was a pity we hadn't thought of it before, again took names, dates, professions, color of hair and eyes, shape of nose, mouth, ears, face and figure, and references. Then we went back to the Foreign Office for the visés.

Red Tape at the Border

THAT, I thought, cleared us of the French. We dashed into the Italian Consulate just before it closed. The clerk was about to affix visés when he remarked that the permission was good for only three days; within that time we must be over the border. I explained that I wanted to stay for a week in Lyons. "Then," said the official, "you should have traveled to Lyons and there got your permissions to enter Italy." Further investigation showed that at Lyons I should have to go through the same old round with the French police.

However, your Italian, when spoken to pleasantly, is both courteous and accommodating. The Consul at that time had authority to stretch the permission in meritorious cases. He ruled that mine was such a case, and gave me ten days to cross the line.

That was not all. Permission to leave France resides in the Central Police; permission to leave Paris for other French cities is the function of the local police station. Back we went to the *Commissaire de Police*, in the Street of Good Children—they have to be good with a police station right there—where we got a special permit to visit Lyons.

It was dinner time by now. The process had taken all day, had cost six dollars in fees and the continuous hire of a taxicab. Without the taxicab it would have taken two days.

At Lyons we reported at once to the police, got a *permis de séjour*, and obtained, on departure, permission to leave the city. That process, to the wartime tourist, becomes as instinctive as buying tickets or registering at the hotel.

Tales were afloat in Paris of the searching examination given travelers at Modane, the point where the Paris-Rome express crosses the border. As a matter of fact, I believe that when an authorized traveler gets into trouble at the border it is his own fault. Everywhere I have found the Latin officials businesslike and courteous. Often enough they have apologized for the conditions of warfare, which impose such delays on travelers. Roar at them or abuse them, however, and they become different beings—just as courteous, but adamant in imposing small obstacles.

The process at the border is long. The baggage must all be unloaded and examined, by both the customs and the military authorities. They look into the character of all the papers you are carrying, and a special official inquires whether you have any gold. I could answer here, with absolute truth, that I had not. In the early days of the war I used to carry a reserve of gold in a money belt, believing that I might meet emergencies, such as a sudden break of the Allied Line, when gold alone would be of any use.

Crossing from Boulogne to England one day in April, 1915, I noticed that a French officer had the kind of dotted-line eye which you see in cartoons fixed on my waist. I glanced down. I was dressed in American fashion, without waistcoat. That money belt had slipped up; it lay across my abdomen, visible to the entire world. "You have gold upon you, monsieur?" said the officer softly. Three minutes later I had exchanged a thousand francs in gold for its equivalent in notes. Since then I have never handled or even seen any gold on the Continent.

At this Italian border, however, I met one unexpected obstacle. The old French passport I carried had what is called a Police Annex, a paper containing the customary photographs and data, and a brief sketch of the bearer's movements. It was recorded that I had been in Belgium since the war began. This was true. At the time of the German advance to the French border I had passed two or three weeks in Belgium—part of that time, through the ignorant rashness of traversing a battle in a taxicab, a prisoner to the Germans. The French officials noted the entry "Belgium," and took me before a judge.

I explained as persuasively as I could. The fact that the Germans had liked me little enough to arrest me seemed to his mind a point in my favor. Could I prove that? he asked, thereby putting me at once in the singular position of trying to show that I had been in jail. However, I had no written proofs. Things looked a little gloomy, when I remembered that I had on me a personal letter from an eminent Frenchman thanking me for some things I had said in public regarding the French and their cause. I showed that; at once the judge passed me. His officials, as by way of apology, helped hustle my baggage onto the train.

The Italians, who run things relating to this war far more efficiently than the rest of the world believes, have a good common-sense plan for dealing with travelers. At the first city where one stops he reports to the police, shows his papers, and receives a *permis de séjour*. That paper acts automatically as a permit to leave town. At the next stop the traveler shows this paper to the police. They take it up and issue a copy, with the seal of their own city upon it. So it goes, an endless chain, until, on leaving, the paper is handed over at the border.

Do not think, by the way, that these papers are mere formalities. It is quite impossible to take a train without them. Usually a soldier stands by the wicket, requiring passengers to show papers before purchasing tickets. Always there is a military inspection of papers and tickets at the train gate. Also, in especially dangerous areas, a military policeman boards the train somewhere en route and goes through it like a conductor.

The Traps of the Army Zone

GOING out of Italy into France is easier, on the whole, than the reverse process. It needs only the American and French consular visés, together with permission from the Foreign Office. However, the French make you turn in your passports three days ahead in order that you may be investigated. When we came to leave Italy, by the way, most of our French papers were useless. The French had somewhat simplified their system and had abolished the custom of issuing passports to aliens.

However, a new obstacle had arisen; had I applied the week before, I should have found it quite impossible, as an American, to leave Italy. The French Government had been making representations to Washington touching on and appertaining to German-Americans. Events had proved, the French remarked with justice, that American naturalization of a German seemed in many cases to make him no less a German in this war, and that much of the hostile propaganda proceeded from native Americans of Teutonic parentage. Our Government replied that native Americans and naturalized Americans stood at parity under our laws; we could make no distinctions.

So the matter rested until the French compromised by requiring all prospective American travelers to swear out an affidavit stating their own citizenship and that of their parents. As our parents were all Americans we passed without trouble.

Traveling in the army zone—that belt which stretches thirty, forty or fifty miles behind the guns of most armies—is quite another and more difficult matter. The civilian must have a very good and sufficient reason. He must get his passes direct from headquarters. We correspondents, being considered a dangerous class, enter the army zone, with only limited exceptions, under chaperonage of an officer, appointed to help us—and to look out for us. Spotted all through the belligerent countries are points outside the army zone that, for one reason or another, are barred against neutral civilians, and especially against correspondents. Now a traveler applying for permission to enter these towns is usually informed by the police.

In the beginning of the war, however, coöperation between the police and the military was not yet perfect, and the civilian, often enough, was passed into a trap. In October, 1914, I tried, innocently enough, to enter a beautiful and famous old town for the purpose of seeing how

the war went among the civilian population. If I had committed murder I could not have been more promptly arrested. As I was "taken up" at the station, and had seen nothing as yet, I was merely held until the next train out, and slipped back to my starting point, with a warning.

When I crossed from France to England in July I met a new set of difficulties. Both France and Great Britain, and especially the latter, are trying to discourage civilian travel. Only one passenger boat a day runs between the two countries, whereas in peace times there were twelve or fifteen. The authorities wish to keep the travel down to that one boat. So they interpose every legitimate obstacle.

No one, it is freely announced, may cross without the very best of business reasons. Passports must be handed to the French police eight days before the start, in order that the passenger may be investigated. In my case this period was somewhat shortened, since I had been five times into the French war zone and was known to the Foreign Office. The trouble came when I presented myself at the British consulate and stated my business.

"That isn't sufficient," said the clerk; "you must have a letter ordering you to England."

"Will a telegram do?" I asked.

"No; it must be a letter."

"But, even if I cable to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, in Philadelphia, I can't get the letter for three weeks."

"Ah, that won't do. The letter must come from England."

Now THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has no editorial office in Great Britain. I explained that. "Strange!" said the official. "I understand that all your great newspapers maintain permanent correspondents in London."

I tried to explain the difference between an American newspaper and an American periodical. He was not convinced. Then I thought of a device. I intended at the time to write something about the Commission for Relief in Belgium, which is feeding that country under American direction. I had passed some correspondence on the subject back and forth with Herbert C. Hoover, the chairman, who lives in London. I explained all this.

Would a letter from Hoover pass me? All official Europe knows Hoover and the job he has done; and his name melted them. Yes; a letter from him, inviting me to England, would be sufficient. I telegraphed to Hoover. In due time a discouraging answer came back from the C. R. B. Hoover had gone to Belgium, whither mail and telegrams could not follow him.

The Scotland Yard Identity Book

I LOOKED over my carelessly kept correspondence. My original letter from Hoover, bearing directly on the subject, was missing. There were, however, two others, with side references. Moreover, I had talked the matter over with our Ambassador to France, who is an honorary president of the C. R. B., and I had from him a note on the subject. Armed with these, I persuaded the British Consul-General to give me a letter to the military authorities who have the matter in charge.

The British colonel asked me bluntly whether I was not traveling for pleasure. When I told him equally bluntly that I was traveling for business—strict business—he passed me. However, one of the clerks informed me that this would not necessarily get me past the authorities at the British port of landing. They had absolute discretion. I was left, therefore, with the reassuring thought that this might be merely a round trip, with incidental submarine dodging both ways.

My fears this time were groundless. Everyone submitted to a pretty searching examination, but I passed as

A Wayside Shrine at Chartres

easily as any. Waiting in line for examination is a tedious feature of wartime travel; I have often stood jammed into a narrow passage for three straight hours. The British, with their sense of decency and justice, are now handling the boat crowd very well. As the passengers arrive they are arranged, in the order of their arrival, on long benches, and sent in by batches of two and three—first come, first served. When my turn arrived, and I was drawing breath at the fatal door, an English bobby, escorting two women, came down the line.

"'Ere, lydies and gentlemen," said the bobby, "are two lydies with bybies. You wouldn't mind lettin' 'em go ahead? Thank you!"

I am now working a little in the intervals of fixing my status as a resident alien. When I arrived at my hotel in London I registered with the district police. I got a transfer, and registered again when I moved to "apartments." Shortly after that I took a trip to Warwickshire. I visited the police and got a three days' permission. At every Warwickshire town where I stayed overnight I reported to the local police, with full particulars as to birth; nationality of self and parents; color of eyes and hair; mouth and nose—whether large, small or medium, crooked or straight; military service, if any; relatives in service of Allies or enemy, if any; and hated profession. It seemed odd to knock at a vine-covered cot just back of Shakspere's birthplace on such an errand; but so it fell out.

When I reported myself to the London police on my return, they told me that if I was going traveling round that way I'd better have an identity book. That document is now in preparation. Besides name, nationality, date, and so on, besides two signed photographs, it must bear the signatures and guaranties of two British subjects, both householders, who have, at one and the same time, seen me affix my signature.

I had some trouble in corralling two British acquaintances for this purpose, but I compassed it at length with the help of my London publisher. The book has gone in. I am assured that, after a Scotland Yard man has visited my references and looked up my record, I shall have it back, indorsed and complete.

It will not, however, always take me where I wish to go. About the coast is a proscribed area, which an alien visits only by certain other special permits. Inland there are other proscribed spots less well known.

The identification book is good for most points on the coast; but some are absolutely closed. It is always best to see the police first.

Yet I have had, as travel goes, an easy time with the officials. Since I landed at Bordeaux last February I have not been arrested once. I should, indeed, be losing caste with my fellow correspondents were it not for a variegated jail record early in the war. And I do not wish to register myself as critical. If the spy business has languished a bit since last year it is because of these very regulations. I wonder, not that they circumscribe our movements in these days when Western Europe fights for its life, but that they let us come at all.

Americans in Wartime Italy

I SHOULD not wonder if I shall be spoiled for ordinary sightseeing after this war. None but a few casual travelers like myself can know the delight of having Europe all to oneself. In Italy, indeed, there were still some American tourists—about two hundred in all, one of the agencies reported. These people had somehow evaded the strict rule of our State Department granting passports only to persons on business bent.

They were few enough, however, to lose themselves in the mass of Italy; in fact, I met face to face only one such. He was a gentle-mannered old man, representing a certain kind of American expatriate. The offshoot of a great American family, and possessed, I judge, of a comfortable income, he had apparently spent his last twenty years just touring—"in search of beauty," he said. He carried a worn and thumbed Baedeker. The relative value of hotels and boarding houses; the comparative merits of Giotto and Ghirlandajo; the train connections between Rome and Siena; the awful state of second-class compartments nowadays—these were the staples of his conversation.

Deliberately I opened the subject of the war. He dismissed it with a languid wave of his hand, which showed how much it bored him.

He represented, in his dilettante American way, a class not uncommon among Continental Europeans nowadays—those so accustomed to the ease, the luxuries and the trivialities of the old régime that they cannot accommodate themselves to the new.

Such poor prosperities as the hotels of the Riviera enjoyed this season came mostly from people of that class. Still, they follow the old routine as best they may, chatting of their tastes and pleasures while the man mills of the north grind up the strength of nations; and those who have no relatives in the war are only remotely unhappy.

You had a feeling that you were seeing Florence for the first time. Here, at last, were only the townspeople, plus a few soldiers. This was April, before the Austrians drove at Asiago; before the Italians smote the Carso. The Italian losses, as compared with those of Western Europe, were still comparatively light.

The soldiers, indeed, added a little air of gayety to the town. On those spring nights of Italy, when the very air is a warm mystery, they used to come down the Lungarno, on their way to quarters, singing in Italian voices that matched the night for warmth and sweetness. There was music in the cafés; and the Italian crowd, having its own city to itself, chattered always with enthusiasm.

(Continued on Page 37)

A Religious Festival in the Ancient Cathedral Town of Chartres

IT'S A GIFT

By H. C. WITWER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

D'ye Think That Faxed Jitney? He Took the Medal and Wore It!

ANYBODY can make money! Yes, and you don't have to get a job in the mint to do it, either—there's no trick to it at all! There's so many soft ways of gettin' it that I'd be willin' to cover Alaska with a line of electric fans, if it come to it, and I bet I'd get by at that! Yep, makin' money is as easy for the average guy as the Yanks are for Coveleskie, but holdin' on to it—makin' it stay with you, once you get it——

Say! You got to be born that way! It's a gift!

Bein' able to save money is like bein' able to wiggle your ears, eat Camembert cheese, or catch Ty Cobb goin' to second. There's nobody can teach it to you, you got to bring it with you when you enter the nursery, or else it don't make no difference whether you're gettin' ten thousand a season or a buck and a half a day—you'll never get more together than enough to stall off the landlord.

When I was a kid a fellow used to run with our gang called Edward Hastings. When I say that the nearest he ever got to a nickname was the time Butch Ford called him a miserly snake, you may get an idea of how popular Edward was with us. This guy was a little skinny runt with white hair and what the guy that run the grocery store called business ability. The gang referred to it—well, like Butch said. Edward had a little tin savings bank, and if he loved his mother like he did that penny hider, he was what you could call a good son. As soon as he got his hands on a nickel, that money went out of circulation right then and there. It was never heard of again.

Well, Edward saved up like that, and when he was sixteen he went to work for the grocery guy, and five years later—it was before the day of the cash register—Edward had hid out enough to buy the store. The beauty of this is that his salary durin' that time was only ten dollars a week—that is, that was all he got in the open. The rest of us was all makin' big money while Edward was strugglin' along on that ten. Butch Ford, for instance, was draggin' down eighteen bucks a week as a chauffeur on an adding machine—but the whole thing was, we hadn't saved our pennies and Edward had; he'd saved his and a lot of the grocery guy's, too, only the boss didn't know it at the time it was bein' saved.

Since Edward become a memory—as we say at the hotel—I've only met one guy that was anything like him, when it come to keepin' himself from buyin', and that was Jitney Seymour. As a real, sure-enough, ground and lofty saver, Jitney would have made Edward quit!

You may guess that Jitney's parents didn't christen him that—they didn't. Bein' their only son they felt kind of partial to him, and, besides, it was said he looked like Cousin Eva, the rich widow, so they told the minister to let it go as Wilbert, which I think myself is a riot as a name. Filbert would have been better for this guy, because he was a nut for your life.

Many's the time I'll bet that guy has been chased all the way home by a wild squirrel.

I got him in a trade from Newark, where he had caused somethin' of a flurry, not to say a general upliftin' of eyebrows, by breakin' up ball games with an ordinary bat. I give Newark more money for him than they ever took in at the ticket window, and I also throwed in a couple of outfielders that wasn't causin' Cobb or Speaker no worry. Then I put him in a hole I had out in left field and wound him up.

The second day he was with the club, and the bunch had got a chance to find out his habits, favorite song writer, where he blew in from and why, Slim Richards calls out to him in the clubhouse, "Hey, Jitney!" and Wilbert looks round and grins. So from then on he was Jitney Seymour to us.

As a ball player, Jitney was nothin' to name cigars after, but he could have been worse—if he'd had more time. He was about like the rest of these birds that are riots in the bushes and just among those present in the big league. But as a coin collector, Jitney was in a class by himself. I've seen a lot of tightwads in my time, but I've never seen anybody that was in the same league as this guy. If you'd offer him seven to two he wasn't alive he wouldn't play himself for the place; and if he had been runnin' a bakery he wouldn't give a starvin' beggar a whiff from the ovens.

Well, Jitney was as popular with the rest of the bunch as an Englishman would be in Berlin. They didn't want no part of him and they made no secret of it, either. Every time we'd come in to the showers after the game, three or four of the boys would wait till he started to change his clothes at his locker, and then they'd start droppin' coins on the floor to see him jump—and he always did too! Every time that guy heard a jingle like money, he'd wheel round like he had ball bearin's in his feet. On the level, his eyes would light all up and he'd get out of breath, like he'd been doin' a piece of runnin' or somethin', and whatever he had in his hand he'd drop—unless it was change. It would take him five minutes or so before he could calm down—know what I mean?

They tried all kinds of stunts to get him to loosen up, but it would have been easier to draw a crowd at St. Louis—there was nothin' doin'! And then Joe Crowthers cooks up a trick telegram which they let go at Jitney in Pittsburgh. We were all sittin' on the bench under the dugout, before the second game of a double-header, when a messenger boy walks past.

"Mr. Seymour!" yells the kid. "Mr. Seymour! Mr. Wilbert Seymour!"

Jitney gets up and frowns at him. He always was a gloomy guy except on pay day.

"All right, all right!" he growls at the kid. "They all know me now. What d'ye want?"

"Telegram!" pipes the kid. "The charges are two eighty-five!" He hands a yellow envelope over from out of his cap.

Jitney dropped the thing like it had bit him in the hand.

"The which are two eighty-five?" he hollers, while the kid stoops down and retrieves the envelope.

"The charges on that wire!" the boy tells him. "If you want to read what's in that telegram you got to come through with two dollars and eighty-five cents!"

"Who wrote it?" asks Jitney, sneerin' at him. "Shakspere? Or is it the key to where Captain Kidd buried his treasure? If it's any of them things I'll shoot a buck on it, but two eighty-five—I wouldn't give two eighty-five for the ice-water concession in Hades! On your way!"

"Go on, Jitney!" sings out Crowthers. "Take a chance! Maybe somebody has kissed off out West and left you a bank roll!"

"If they had," Jitney comes back, without turnin' round—"if they had, they'd have left two eighty-five of it with the telegraph people! Why don't you guys fall for it?" he goes on, lookin' in the dugout.

"One of you can buy it from the kid, and I'll match you to see whether I send in the two eighty-five, or you read it to me for nothin'!"

At that the kid sticks the envelope back in his hat, takes a good long look at Jitney and starts for the gate. Jitney lets him get as far as the grand stand and then he yells after him: "Come on back here, you little fathead, and gimme that wire!"

The kid comes runnin' back and yanks the thing out of his cap again.

"I'll make you a proposition!" Jitney tells him, very serious. "Let me read what it says in there, and if it's worth two eighty-five I'll slip you!"

"I can't open it till I get two eighty-five in the other hand!" says the kid.

"What d'ye think of the little grafter, eh?" asks Jitney, turnin' to us with a scowl on his gloomy face. "I'll give you a buck and a half!" he says to the kid, "and that's the limit!" The bunch roars.

"If I was as close as you," hollers Red Wesley. "I'd go out to the lake and end it all!"

"Well," chirps Jitney, "go ahead, don't let that stop you! You got other reasons that are just as good!"

He reaches in his pants pocket and drags out a roll of bills that looks like the fare to South Africa by taxi. He looks at it the same way a mother regards her three-days-old baby, and then he begins thumbin' them bills back and forth.

After he had added 'em up, subtracted 'em, multiplied 'em and done some algebra with 'em, he sighs and removes a one and a two dollar bill. He slips 'em to the kid with one hand, while he grabs his arm with the other.

The kid hands him the envelope and tries to take a lead off where he's standin', jammin' the bills in his pocket.

"Thanks!" he says.

"Cut the comedy!" snarls Jitney, pullin' him back, "and send in the fifteen cents!"

Off goes the bunch in the dugout again.

"Say!" screams Crowthers, "if I had your nerve I wouldn't be throwin' myself away on a ball team—I'd be sellin' radium mines to guys like Rockefeller!"

"Yes, and if I had your head," says Jitney, still holdin' the kid, "I wouldn't be here, either. I'd take it up to the corner and have 'em fill it! Don't try to ball me up when I'm makin' change." He shakes the kid and then looks on the ground to see what fell out. "C'm' on, stupid!" he hollers. "Gimme the fifteen!"

The kid rolls himself and excavates a dime an' a nickel, which he gives to Jitney.

"Y' big stew!" he yells, takin' it on the run, "I hope you git beaned in the first innin'!"

Jitney don't pay no attention to the good wishes; he rips open the envelope to see what he'd drawed for his money. He reads the thing a couple of times and then passes it over to me.

"I think the telegraph operator must have been stewed when he tore this one off," he says, kinda puzzled. "I can't make no sense out of it!"

I spread it out and, as near as I can remember, it run somethin' like this:

MR. WILBERT SEYMOUR
Pittsburgh, Pa.

If it takes an elephant ten years to recite the Bible in Greek, how long will it take a camel to cross the Rocky Mountains on roller skates, provided it's not raining? Answer at once! BAN JOHNSON.

"Well," I says, when I was able to talk, "that's very simple to me!"

"It's simple to me too!" he tells me. "Let alone simple, it's nutty! What does it mean?"

I signal the bunch to get out on the diamond and cavort round a little before the mêlée starts.

"Why, you big simp!" I says. "It means that they've just taken you for two eighty-five, that's what it means! You better carry a guide or somebody will sell you second base for whatever you got left!"

I hope I wind up with the Reds if he didn't turn pale!

"D'ye mean them guys framed this up on me?" he wants to know like he don't believe his own voice.

"Well," I says, "give that thing the up and down again! Do you think Ban Johnson would send you a telegram like that?"

He scratches his head and reads the telegram again.

"No, I guess he wouldn't!" he answers finally. Then he looks out on the diamond and shakes his fist. "I'll bet they all got a cut of that two eighty-five, eh?" he goes on. "What d'ye think of them cheap crooks! Are you gonna stand for that?"

"Am I gonna stand for it?" I says. "What d'ye mean am *I* gonna stand for it? If you want to pay them guys two eighty-five apiece for riddles, that's up to you; I can't stop you!"

"Well, that's certainly a fine how-de-do!" he tells me, waggin' his head from side to side. "That's all the protection I'm gonna get on this team, eh? I didn't know I joined the James Boys' outfit. I thought all these guys stole was bases! Two eighty-five! Why ——"

"Telegram!" Pipes the Kid. "The Charges are Two Eighty-Five!"

"Oh, take your moan to the grand jury!" I butts in, walkin' away.

In a few minutes the second game starts, and everybody on that ball field begins to ride Jitney. They'd all heard about that telegram, and every time Jitney come to bat the Pittsburgh catcher would yell: "Two eighty-five!" The umpire behind the plate would say: "Strike two . . . eighty-five!" If Jitney got to first he'd be met by it there, and when he come in to the dugout the bunch would all crowd round him and ask him if he'd doped out the answer to the wire yet, and if not to shake it up, because there was a fifty-buck fine for keepin' Ban Johnson waitin'. By the seventh innin', Jitney was ready and willin' to commit mayhem. He booted a couple in left field that drawed the crowd's attention to him for the rest of the game, and he couldn't even foul one off the Pirates' pitcher. Every now and then he'd shake his head and mutter:

"I'll get that dough back if it takes me all season!"

And from the way he was playin', that was all he was thinkin' of.

We jumped from Pittsburgh to Chicago and, on the train that night, the bunch tried to get Jitney in seven different games, but there was no chance. If he'd ever had any sportin' blood it must have all leaked out sometime when he was shavin' and gashed himself—he wouldn't bet January would be cold. He walks up to the front of the smoker and sits down all by himself, lookin' out the window at the chewin'-gum signs, like he was on his way to get hung for murder and the jury had framed him up. I eased myself into the seat beside him, and he looks round at me and sighs.

"What's the idea?" I asks him. "Has Ban Johnson been telegraphin' you some more, or are you still holdin' an inquest over that two bucks?"

"Two eighty-five!" he says. Then he looks up and down the car like he's afraid of spies and leans over to me. "I found out who wrote it!" he whispers. "I got that far, anyhow!"

"Wrote what?" I inquires.

"That trick telegram!" he tells me. "That big stiff Crowthers pulled off that job, and if I don't get him in Chicago, I'll—I'll buy you a cigar—a nickel one!" he adds quickly.

"What are you gonna do?" I says, pretendin' I'm dyin' to hear the plot. "Lay for him in the clubhouse and beat his brains out with a bat?"

"No!" he answers, like he had thought of that. "No—that would be too coarse! You'll see what it is when we get there!"

I sat up in the seat and looked at him.

"D'ye mean to say you're on the level with that stuff?" I asks him.

"On the level with it?" he says, slappin' his hands together; "of course I'm on the level with it! What d'ye think I do—print that money myself? Just because a lot of these guys are yeggs in the winter time, I don't have to suffer for it, do I?"

"What do you do in the winter?" I inquires. "You must be a loan shark."

"I ain't no loan shark," he tells me. "I got a better graft than that. I'm there with a delicatessen on the best corner in Harlem! Any day I don't take in from fifty to a hundred bucks I have the clerk pinched. You ought to go in that game, there's plenty of money in it, and then you're workin' in a place where there's always a nice, appetizin' smell! Now I get sixty cents a dozen for eggs, and you never hear a moan because I got the best trade in the neighborhood. When I went out after 'em I used a system I invented myself. Instead of askin' to see their bank references and stuff like that, I went round and made friends with all the janitors, so's I could see all the garbage—do you get me?"

"No," I says, "I can't say I do!"

"Why," he explains, "it's simple enough. People that had good garbage must have been good eaters—that's easy, ain't it? Why some of that stuff was lovely and ——"

Just then Crowthers happened to come past and he stops at the seat.

"Well, Mac," he says to me, "I hope you start me in the first game with the Cubs, because ——"

"So does the Cubs!" butts in Jitney, scowlin' at him. "So does the Cubs! They hope you start against them every day, because all you got is a contract and a wild pitch! You ain't got no more control than an epileptic, and the only way I figure you got in this league is through you havin' seen Ban Johnson kill somebody!"

Crowthers glares at him for a minute, without sayin' a word, and his face gets as red as a boiled lobster.

"What d'ye mean, I seen Johnson kill somebody?" he growls finally.

"Well, maybe it wasn't murder," says Jitney, "but you must have somethin' on him, or you'd never be here!"

Crowthers makes a pass at him, and I got to pull them apart.

"If there's any more of this rough stuff," I yells, "I'll stick a fifty-buck fine on both of you!"

"I'd give fifty for a good free swing at that bird!" hollers Crowthers, tryin' to reach over my shoulder.

"Give me the fifty and you can have one!" Jitney comes back. "It would be like findin' the money in an old coat. You'd never hit me—I seen you at bat!"

I kept 'em apart for the rest of the trip, and it was no cinch, especially as the rest of the bunch went out of their way to keep the thing from dyin' out; but we opened the series with the Cubs without any further brawls to speak of. I started Crowthers in the first game and he had everything. The Cubs might as well have been tryin' to hit bullets with toothpicks for bats, because, until the last half of the ninth, none of them got a chance to get acquainted with our infielders, and first base could have been in Denver. Mixer pitched a good game for Chicago, but the support he got was so brutal that we worked him for three runs.

Crowthers opens the last half of the ninth without a hit bein' made off him, and then the first Cub batter slams one right at Jitney, out in left field. He could have stood still and the pill would have fell in his shirt pocket, but he runs up to meet it, gets it on the tip of his glove and the thing bounces off over his shoulder. The runner pulls up at second by the time Jitney has decided to put the ball back in the game again; and if Crowthers had a gun on him, Jitney would have died in uniform. Then the next guy hits one to a friend in the left-field bleachers, and the Cubs get two runs, practically ruinin' Crowthers' no-hit game. When he walked the next batter and hit the next on the beak, I dragged him out and Harmon finished the thing by fannin' the next three.

You can figure how Crowthers felt, pitchin' no-hit ball for eight frames and then havin' the blow-off come in the ninth. He yanked open the door of the locker so hard it nearly come off in his hands, and he slammed his clothes in the bottom of it, like he was tryin' to see would they go through the floor. Jitney was dressin' right across from him and Crowthers suddenly swings round on him and snarls:

"If they had a ball player in left field to-day, instead of you, I'd have pitched a no-hit game!"

Jitney looks at him and sneers.

"Yes!" he says, "and if they had any ball players in Chicago uniforms they'd be runnin' the bases yet! From where I stood it looked like the Cubs throwed the game, because they wanted to give you a good send-off. Every time one of them fanned, I seen him wink at the bunch in the dugout!"

"I got a good mind to bust you in the nose!" roars Crowthers, rushin' over to him.

"No, you ain't!" pipes Jitney, without battin' an eye. "If you had you'd have bust me instead of mentionin' the thing! You ain't goin' to bust nobody!" he goes on. "I seen you guys before. Your idea of gettin' back at a guy is to steal his raincoat and hope it pours! Go 'way—before I git peeved and foul one off your chin!"

Before I could get there this time they had gone one round to a good draw, but I finally managed to pry 'em apart.

"Now," I yells at 'em, "the next one that makes a crack gets fifteen days without pay and a hundred-buck fine! If you guys wanna scrap go over to France!" And I shooed 'em out of the clubhouse.

The next day I got an offer from the Pirates of two infielders and a hatful of money for Wilkes, a pitcher, and I decided to let him go. I had a pitchin' staff that could have stood off the Allies, but I had a bad corner in the infield. Wilkes had been with the club for five years, and the bunch all felt kinda sorry to see him packin' up and, wantin' to slip him a little somethin' for old-times' sake, they start a collection, everybody sendin' in ten bucks. Everybody but Jitney!

Mason had charge of collecting the dough, and he nails Jitney one day in the hotel.

"Jitney," he says, "of course you know Wilkes is goin' to leave us and the boys is all chippin' in to buy him a travelin' bag. We're figurin' on shootin' about two hundred bucks on it!"

"Two hundred bucks on a bag!" chirps Jitney, starin' at Mason. "What's it made out of—gold?"

"Nope," Mason tells him, "but we kin get one of genuine leather with sterling-silver whatnots all over it for that. Just sign your name here; and if you want you can give me the ten in Cincinnati."

"Ha! ha!" sneers Jitney, backin' away. "Don't make me laugh! Two hundred iron men for a bag, eh? What does that bird toss up for a trunk, coupla thousand? Why I can go down on State Street and git bags that won prizes in leather factories for five bucks! I got an old one myself I'll let this Wilkes guy have for three!"

Mason shakes his head and gives Jitney the up and down.

"Did you ever hear about sentiment?" he asks him.

"No," answers Jitney, "I never heard that one. But I got one last night about a fellow goes home and tells his wife ——"

"That'll do!" Mason cuts him off. "You win! What will you do to get somethin' for Wilkes?"

Jitney rubs his chin and thinks for a minute.

"Well," he says finally, "I don't know the guy long, but I'll do this: I'll give him a letter to a friend of mine in New York that will sell him five-dollar shoes for four-and-a-half!"

Mason quit cold on that!

When that story had got freely circulated, the bunch did everything but put poison in Jitney's coffee. He was the most disliked guy I ever seen on a ball team. Somebody went out and had a big brass medal made up with "World's Champion Tightwad" on it, and on the back it showed a guy kickin' a blind beggar in the street. They presented it to Jitney

They Didn't Want No Part of Him and They Made No Secret of It, Either

at the home plate, in the last game with the Cubs; and Hines made a funny speech with it. D'ye think that fazed Jitney? He took the medal and wore it!

Crowthers hated Jitney more than anybody else, and he told me many's the time that he'd make that guy loosen up and circulate some of his money, or bust his neck tryin'! He invented forty schemes to do it and not one of 'em worked. That phony telegram was enough for Jitney, and he swore he'd get that two eighty-five back before we got to New York.

Just before we went into Boston for a series with the Braves, Crowthers come to me in the hotel one night, all worked up and excited.

"I got it!" he yells, rushin' into the room. "I got it!"

I figured that plottin' to make Jitney buy had sent him nutty and he thought he was out at the park tryin' to knock down a single or somethin'.

"Let it go past!" I says, takin' him by the arm and tryin' to soothe him. "Let 'em have the hit—we can beat 'em!"

"What d'ye mean we can beat 'em?" he asks, stoppin' short and starin' at me.

"I thought you was tryin' for a put out," I explains. "What's the matter?"

He drops in the nearest chair and slaps his hands together.

"I got a way to remove Jitney from his bank roll!" he says.

"What did you pay for the scheme?" I asks him.

"Nothin'," he tells me. "I sat up half the night dopin' this one out, and it's a bear!"

"Well," I says, "they're still hangin' 'em for murder out here, y'know!"

"It ain't murder," he laughs; "it's Birdie! You remember Birdie, don't you?"

Now that was like askin' me could I name the winner of the Civil War, because I had once seen Birdie. And once you had done that, it was like bein' beaned by Walter Johnson—you'd never forget it! Birdie was a girl by birth and a telephone operator by inclination and by the fact that her father had never outpointed Rockefeller in no deals. I don't know what she was battin' at the switchboard, but as a female she led the league! Birdie could have got by at anything she took up—because she was Birdie.

You'd breeze up to the telephone booths in the lobby of the hotel in Boston where she held forth, take one flash at her—and then three hours later some friend would have to drag you away! Anybody that's been to Boston and come away without seein' Birdie should never go round sayin' he saw the town; it would be like leavin' Washington without takin' a flash at the White House, or somethin' like that. I guess every travelin' man in the country has, at one time or another, figured on marryin' Birdie and givin' up the road, and the only thing that stopped 'em was Birdie.

When they was givin' out good looks the guy had called Birdie back as she was leavin' the store, and throwed in a double portion for luck—and then she must have stopped next door and got all the—eh—figure the guy had in stock. She had a habit of droppin' her eyes and poutin' when she wanted somethin'—and when she did that, puttin' everything she had on the smile that went with it, she could have had anything from the right time to the Socialist nomination for president!

She kidded all these guys along and let 'em drape themselves round the switchboard, but that let 'em out. The only person I ever knew that seemed to be—well—teacher's pet, was Crowthers. She liked him. But Birdie hated a tightwad like some players hates an umpire. She told me once how some of 'em would come in, call a number, and then try to dash out without sendin' in the nickel; and she said she got more pleasure from bawlin' them guys out than most people did from goin' to the theater.

Well, from that I guess you can see that when Crowthers asked me if I remembered Birdie—I did! I asked him how he figured Birdie was goin' to have any effect on Jitney's spendin' arm, and this is what he told me:

"You know what a good fellow Birdie is and what she thinks of a tightwad? All right; I know that the second friend Jitney gets a close-up of Birdie he'll fall so hard he'll bust his neck! Now I'm goin' to get Birdie to lure this guy on, see? He'll want to take her out to dinner or somethin', and Birdie will make Jitney buy everythin', from Faneuil Hall to the county courthouse."

I figured the thing for a minute. "Suppose," I asks him—"suppose he don't fall for Birdie?"

"Yes," sneers Crowthers, "and suppose Cincinnati gets in the World's Series! Don't worry—here's where old Johnny Love-money goes the route!"

We pull into Boston early in the mornin' and head right for the hotel. Birdie is on the job all right, and we all stop at the switchboard to look and then stagger away—wishin'! Several of the bunch had brought along candy and flowers, and the top of the board looked like an altar when we went away. I looked round and missed Jitney, but in a few minutes I'm down in the lobby sendin' some telegrams, when he breezes along.

"Say," he greets me, "ain't they got no telephone booths in this joint?"

I pipe Crowthers goin' in the writin' room, and I calls to him. It certainly looked like his scheme was gettin' the breaks. "Wait," I tells Jitney, "Crowthers wants to see you! The phones are right down the lobby to your right. There's one in your room, ain't there?"

"I seen it," he says, "but there ain't no slot machine on the thing. You don't think I'd fall for a sucker game like that, do you? Instead of payin' the nickel when you use it, they hand you a lot of phony slips at the end of the week that adds up to about forty cents!"

Crowthers had joined us by that time.

"Didn't you say you wanted to see Jitney?" I says, givin' him a swift wink.

Crowthers is wise, and he smiles at Jitney, who's frownin' at him.

"Yes," he answers, puttin' plenty of the old oil on his voice as he faces him. "I wanted to say that I think we ought to forget that scrap we had about the telegram and be little pals again. After all, boys will be boys, and there's no use of us snappin' at each other when we're on the same team. Let bygones be bygones—eh, Jitney, old scout!"

Jitney studies him for a minute, still with that movie-villain's scowl on his face.

"What about the two eighty-five?" he asks finally. "I suppose you figure I'll let that be bygones, too, eh?"

"I'll give you that as soon as I get it!" Crowthers assures him. "I ain't got a nickel on me now. I'm as clean as the head-waiter's shirt! Come on," he goes on, holdin' out his hand; "can't you meet a guy half way?"

"That depends on where he is!" chirps Jitney. He looks at me and then back to Crowthers again, rubbin' the side of his nose with his thumb, a trick he had to help him think. "I suppose for business reasons," he says, "I ought to give in. But don't let the fact get past you that I'm never gonna rest till that two eighty-five you seduced away from me is back with the rest of the roll!"

"That's all right!" Crowthers tells him, slappin' him on the back. "I'm gonna see that you get it!" He bends over to me and whispers in my ear. "And get it good!" he says. "Come with me now; I want you to meet a friend of mine! She's heard all about you, and she's tremblin' to meet you."

With that he drags Jitney over to the switchboard and Birdie.

There's a cigar stand right near the phone booths, and I was over there talkin' to the clerk about an hour afterward, when I pipe Jitney draped round the edge of the switchboard like he was stuck there with pins. Birdie is busy pullin' out them little trick plugs and answerin' calls, but she's findin' time to give Jitney the work, and she's makin' him like it from the looks of his face. I turned away so's he wouldn't see me laughin', because when I got it, it was a riot to me! Here's this big hick, that up till a few weeks before thought Newark was bigger than Paris, tryin' to outpoint Birdie, who's made every drummer from Maine to Frisco quit when it came to the snappy comeback thing! I looked round again for some more and Birdie happens to catch my eye. She smiles and winks toward Jitney.

"Do you care for flowers, Mr. Jitney?" she says to him in that soft hypnotizin' voice of hers. "I love them myself."

I seen her throw a meanin' glance at the florist's stand opposite.

"My name ain't Jitney!" he says. "It's Seymour. You can call me Wilbert if you want. Now speakin' of flowers, they're all right when you're dead, but it looks like throwin' money to the dogs to get 'em as a regular thing."

"Mmmm!" Birdie Tells Him, Brightenin' Up. "Do I? I Love It!"

"Why ain't it the truth?" chirps Birdie. "Still I never looked at it that way before. I've always been so fond of them; but you men are so clever!"

"Well," Jitney tells her with a simple smile, "I guess I ain't exactly a hick!" He looks round, and I duck so's he can't see me. "What—ah—what kind of flowers do you like?" he asks her, kinda careful.

"Orchids!" she answers, with a sly glance at where I was standin'. "I'm insane about 'em!"

Jitney takes a deep breath and ambles over to the florist's stand. "What are you getting for them orchards?" he asks the guy at the counter. "And don't try to make your rent on this sale, because I know what they're worth!"

"Orchids!" pipes the florist, rubbin' his hands together and lettin' Jitney see what good care he's taken of his teeth. "Yes, sir—they're only two dollars apiece, sir!"

Jitney turns pale and grabs the counter to keep himself up.

"Ain't this war awful?" he says, tryin' to smile—and he drifts away, bringin' up at the candy counter. If the florist had said what he was tryin' to look, it would have been no place for women and children. Jitney read the labels on all the candy in the show case.

"Somethin' I can do for you?" the clerk asks.

"I don't know yet!" growls Jitney. "How far will a box of them bonbon things set a feller back?"

"One dollar!" smiles the clerk. "Fresh every hour!"

"Yes," snarls Jitney, "and there's a sucker fresh every minute, but I ain't one of them! Gimme a package of peppermint drops. What are they—about a nickel a throw?"

"Fifteen cents!" snaps the clerk.

"All right," says Jitney, with a look of pain on his face, "I'll fall!"

He gets the roll of baby's delight and walks back to the switchboard again with the bribe behind his back.

"If I was you I'd lay off them orchards," he says to Birdie. "I knew a guy once that got an itchin' rash from handlin' them. Do you like candy?"

"Mmmm!" Birdie tells him, brightenin' up. "Do I? I love it!"

"Well," pipes Jitney, "it'll ruin your teeth!" He puts the peppermint thing down on the top of the board. "There's some fresh and sweet peppermints!" he says. "They're good for indigestion, and they make your breath smell nice!"

I thought Birdie would faint dead away, but she controls herself and you should have seen her jammin' them plugs in the board—she just stabbed them little holes to death. Then she looks up and her eyes is flashin' bad luck for friend Jitney.

"Thank you!" she says, as cold as zero. "How much were they?" And she reaches back for her purse.

"That's all right!" Jitney tells her, like many's the time he spent a quarter a night. "That's all right! You can let me have it some other time. I ain't short yet!" He stalls round for a minute, reaches down, cops one of the peppermints and begins to eat it. "Well, I gotta blow now," he says; "I'll be back after the game this afternoon!"

"Be sure and stay till it's over!" snaps Birdie, jammin' some more plugs in and out. "There's no hurry!"

But Jitney was half way across the lobby.

Well, Crowthers is tickled to death at the way things is workin' out, especially as Jitney raves over Birdie from then on—that is, when he ain't ravin' over the two eighty-five. Crowthers had got Birdie to promise that the first chance she got she'd make Jitney buy everything in Boston, and from the way Jitney hung round them phone booths, it looked like she would.

The next day I run across Jitney in the clubhouse before the game, and he's sittin' on a box near his locker, figurin' on a piece of paper.

"Hello!" I calls to him. "I hear you're gettin' to be a knockout with the fair sex. I understand Birdie is nutty over you!"

"Birdie?" he repeats, like he's puzzled. "What d'ye mean, Birdie?"

"The girl at the hotel!" I says. "The one you bought the peppermint pills for."

He looks out at the diamond and grins.

"Ain't that a classy name, eh?" he asks me. "Birdie, eh? Well—me for Birdie!"

(Continued on Page 65)

How My Boy Brought Me Up

IT IS generally admitted that human beings are the most interesting creatures in the world. To have practically complete charge of one of them for a period of fifteen years is to learn something. If not this, then it is to increase the knowledge of one's ignorance. I have been through such an experience, and I intend to put down my story with perfect impartiality, no matter where it leads. The fact that the specimen I controlled—or have at least attempted to control—is related to me shall make no difference. I don't mind saying that up to a comparatively recent period I have had my sincere doubts as to whether he would ever amount to anything or not. Perhaps I still have these doubts, but I am not saying so much about them as I did, for certain reasons.

The purpose of this story is not to "crack up" any method. In fact, beyond a very general determination to be as utterly frank as possible, I have had no method. The most that I can say is that the human specimen to which I refer still lives, and I believe that in a fair fight he could easily knock me out. This from a purely physical standpoint; but I am not sure, indeed, that from a biological or mental standpoint he has not also knocked me out already. I believe he has. But it is not necessary for me to enlarge publicly upon that fact. The immediate point that I wish to emphasize is that, now that we have come to understand each other for the first time since either of us was born, it is just as well to take account of stock and discover what benefit this is to each of us and to the world at large. I know what the benefit has been to myself. I am bound to admit that this boy of mine, since I first met him, has also changed greatly, particularly in his personal appearance. He has taken on considerable flesh—to be exact, about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. When I first met him he was appallingly deficient in the most ordinary physical necessities. He was unable to stand on his feet. He couldn't even have fed himself sitting up at a lunch counter; he had to be personally conducted and fed by compliant lacteal people whom he had never met before. It is true that, at a very early age, he developed a perfectly competent college yell, manifested indeed immediately after his first appearance; but he was intensely selfish and personal about it. He didn't have the right kind of sporting instincts. He didn't appear to realize that a college yell is only permissible on a grand stand or at a banquet more or less public, or possibly when a few of the boys are gathered together. He kept that college yell for his own exclusive use, and would shamelessly bring it out in the middle of the night, when, so to speak, there was nobody on first base and no men were out. In only three respects, indeed, did he resemble some of the older specimens of the same human family whom I have had opportunities of observing—that is to say, he had no hair, no teeth, and he drank out of a bottle.

A Kicker and a Grouch

HE WAS a kicker and a grouch. During his moments of alleged consciousness he spent his time with his feet in the air, kicking at everything in front of him; and if you tried to be ordinarily decent to him, and in the most playful spirit in the world stuck a perfectly good safety pin into him, or attached him to a tank and pumped him full of hot peppermint water, he would fight like a tiger cub and use that college yell just as if he were getting paid for it at the rate of twenty-five hundred dollars a night.

He was extremely unintelligent. He never learned to jump over a stick, although I taught this easily to a pet kitten in three days, born about the same time he was. It took him two years to say something that, even when he did say it as well as he could, was not much more coherent than the sound made by a woolly lamb on a Kansas prairie.

I made up my mind early in the game that I would do all I could to make a man of him. The idea of letting Nature take its course never at that time occurred to me. That so far as my own worldly experience went I was more than competent for the job, I never doubted. At any rate, I was ahead of him a few years. I had accumulated things he didn't even dream of. My idea was a noble one while it lasted, and apparently everybody—except possibly the boy himself—got out of it considerable amusement. He is fifteen now, as I said before, and we refer to that period as being one of the most instructive periods in both of our comparatively young lives. He is fair about this. He doesn't hold it up against me. I am bound to say that in many ways, while I have had no respect for him, he has been tolerant of me in this one particular—he has magnanimously overlooked all the ways in which I have tried to make him better.

I am a methodical and systematic person and, at the risk of boring my readers in a purely personal matter, I am going to set down briefly my general attitude at the start about that boy. I had seen among my friends so many horrible examples of fond parents who showed off their children, and went about defending them and telling everybody how they could always be relied upon and what little angels they were, that I made up my mind then and there to go to the other extreme. I would be on the safe side and look truth in the face. The horrible facts about my boy were not to be concealed. If he was a thief and a liar—as I half suspected—the truth would be made to appear.

My next idea was not to have recourse to psychology. The proper way to bring up any child, of course, is first to take a six months' course at Harvard, so that you can learn to be an amateur psychologist and put down data. Data are like whale fodder. They strew the psychological sea and many meritorious mammals live on them. After taking your college course and after the child is born, you equip yourself with a pair of rubber-soled shoes and a notebook and sleuth that child day and night. When you have collected a million or so data you feed them out to the highbrow whales, and your boy has editorials written about him and becomes the subject of impassioned talks at mothers' meetings. I determined to avoid all this, and to treat my boy not only like the thief and liar I affectionately assumed him to be, but as if he also in other respects were a normal human being.

My third idea was a more practical and concrete one. It was to counteract, if possible, the influence of the boy's mother—which I have since discovered is almost the whole duty of fathers—and in order to do this I secretly determined at the first favorable opportunity to give that boy a good licking.

Even now I remember the historic licking administered to me by my own father, who had taken me out back of the woodshed and laid it on thick for something I didn't do. The rank injustice of that licking still cries to heaven for vengeance. But, oh, how much more good it did me than if I had really been guilty! For I am thoroughly convinced, after years of experience and reflection, that as a builder up of moral fiber in a boy—if such a thing be possible—the unjust licking is much to be preferred to the just one. When you are licked because you are guilty you take your punishment like a man and speedily forget it. When you are licked though you are innocent you never forget it; and what a lesson is this afterward! So I determined to take the first opportunity to give that boy of mine a good licking.

"Unless it really hurts," says an authority—not a psychologist—"it does no good." I remember even now, over the lapse of ages, that at the critical moment my own father had weakened. In those days mothers were not so independent as they are now. When my father, calm and dignified in his awful spirit of retaliation for my supposed crime of having put carpet tacks in his slippers—nailed them to the soles, mind you; a horrid deed performed by a certain inventive sister—gathered me by the neck and ushered me into the woodshed, my mother stood sorrowful, but with no dissentient voice. I uttered no cry, so far as I remember, but the sweet spirit of revenge sustained me. It was only when, at what may be termed the apex of his uplift movement, he suddenly paused, his voice trembled and he said, "That will be enough," that I experienced for him a feeling of disdain, of immense superiority. After all, he had failed. The last measure of frightfulness had been withheld. He was human—henceforth only a father.

Training in Fighting

REMEMBERING all this, I determined that my own boy should not be disappointed. He should in all respects have the fullest measure. I wisely and with premeditated cowardice selected a period when his mother had gone to town on a shopping expedition, and after inventing some thin excuse I led him into our elegant, newly tiled suburban bathroom and performed the ignoble deed.

In strict justice to that boy I will say that he howled good and plenty. I made him, after the truly conventional style, take down his "pants," and I used a hairbrush—one of those brushes with steel bristles that almost sang a tune to the circumambient air as the other side of that brush descended upon that prostrate and more or less innocent youth. I really didn't think it was in me to be so cruel. It was, I may say, one of the proudest moments of my life. We have never referred to the matter since. I feel quite confident that the boy, in an innate ancestral way, understood. But his mother never did. I tried to explain that it was done on general principles, that one of us had to be master. I am convinced now that she has never forgiven me. The result was not quite so satisfactory as I had hoped for. I was regarded as a person a generation or so behind the times. This was the only licking I ever gave that boy, but once later I threatened him. Perhaps the memory of that first one gave him a slight doubt that after all I might repeat it. But I suspect that he obeyed me from other and more primitive reasons.

The occasion is interesting enough to record, especially as it deals with universal principles of conduct. The boy was then nine years old and was going to a large public school in the next square. There was in this school in the lower grades a gang, as there always is in every public school. During the noon hour the pupils on their way home passed our house, in the upper window of which I happened to be sitting one day. The leader of the gang, also about nine, as he passed the house, suddenly turned, ran up on the lawn back of my boy, all unconscious of his coming, and, deliberately punching him in the jaw from the rear, ran off as quickly as he had come.

The boy dropped, yelling bloody murder. I got him into the house, washed off his incarnadined face and sternly announced my ultimatum.

"You can take your choice," I said. "You must lick that boy or be licked by me."

During luncheon there was a painful and suppressed silence. This, however, is a strictly truthful history, and I should be unfair to the boy if I did not set it down that

(Continued on Page 69)

"Take Your Choice. You Must Lick That Boy or be Licked by Me"

THE LONG TRY

BY JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY HAWTHORNE HOWLAND

That Young Eleven Had Tasted Blood; They Hugged Their Advantage and Fought Like Wildcats

IT HAPPENED just as he was at the height of his athletic excellence—which is more evanescent and more fragile than the bloom of an equatorial beauty.

Since the beginning of this football season—his fourth on a big team—Carr had been aware of a new perfection which had come upon him like a grace. His cunning and his wisdom were a joy to himself; his movements were oily and sure; a nervous impetuosity, which earlier in his career had often been his undoing, had worked down to reflexes, exactly timed, which met impact at precisely the moment when most vulnerable to counterimpact.

And then this! To happen then! And thus!

It was a lazy afternoon's practice. The team—a booming eleven of veterans this year—had walloped a small but dangerous college on Saturday, and the head coach had decided on light work this Monday. Carr and some of his brother backs, lined up easily along a white line, were catching punts kicked to them from the center of the field by a group of young men ambitious of the full-back position. Each kick was being followed down the field by other young men; but these, very desirous of showing what good ends they could be, were under strict order not to tackle. The backs were having a good time, getting in turn under the soaring ball and receiving it in perfect security, there in the clear sun, with a sprinkle of spectators in the stands watching them admiringly, and the leisure to be graceful and to prance a bit.

"Your ball, Carr!"

"Mine! Mine!" sang Carr.

A dull thump had sounded, and now in the blue sky a ball was still rising. Carr went skipping sideways, and the ball, enlarging every moment, began to fall toward him. It fell lazily, with playful swoops now to the right, now to the left, now as if it had made up its mind to shoot over his head; and Carr, his well-shaded eyes puckered, followed its every move, keeping easily beneath it with small dancing steps to the right, to the left, backward. Suddenly he took a little run forward, and the ball settled neatly into the elastic basket made by his arms and hollowed abdomen.

Carr then, out of habit, sent a level glance searching ahead. A giant freshman, with wild hair and wild eyes, was boring toward him with seven-league strides. Carr, the order against tackling secure within his subconsciousness, met him with a smile of his gray eyes. The freshman, though, came on like a dervish. He gave a high awkward jump, and both his heavy hands clutched Carr by the left shoulder, spinning him round. Carr let himself go limp, half disgusted, half amused, and laughed to himself as he went through the air. But to his surprise a ripping pain circled his right shoulder swiftly as he struck the earth.

"There, it's over; it isn't much," he said to himself in quick reassurance, but immediately a cold bubble of weakness slid up his spine, sickening him.

He got up in revolt and stood square to convince himself that nothing was the matter. Then he saw his right shoulder. It did not seem to be his right shoulder; it looked like some other person's right shoulder. It had a queer caved-in appearance and hung low. He walked toward the side line and, as the ground was rising and falling, he sat down. A group now formed about him—the coach kneeling by him, the trainer, a circle of his own team mates, and farther off a knot of spectators come down from the stands. This gave him an abrupt realization of the seriousness of what had happened—the seriousness not for him personally, but for the team, the college, the cause. He could imagine the concern of the onlookers massed over there.

"Carr is hurt! Curses! Carr is hurt—our best back!"

"It's out," the trainer said.

"The shoulder is out?"

"It's out all right!"

Carr reviewed quickly in his mind all the cases of dislocated shoulders he had known, those in which the man had been able to play again and those in which he had not.

But they were doing the classic thing. The trainer and two huskies took hold of his limp arm and pulled. They pulled and pulled, panting, while cold sweat beaded his brow. Suddenly there was a resounding clang, startling in its dissemblance from anything having to do with bone and flesh and in its suggestion of machinery. Everyone dropped the arm, and the pain in the shoulder in a subtle way became less extraordinary and more normal.

"You had better go up," said the coach.

And Carr went up the rise toward the clubhouse. The arm was not hurting much—hope was returning.

"It won't be much," he said to himself. "I'll be out again in a few days."

Far behind him he heard the thump of a kicked ball, a shout—and felt lonely.

When he had taken off his soggy armor and had relaxed his sore muscles beneath the tepid shower, and the trainer had bandaged him, and he had put on his fresh clean clothes, he felt so much better that he strolled a little while beneath the acacias before he went up to his room in the training quarters and put himself to bed. He heard a little later the team dining gayly downstairs, and his own meal was brought up to him on a tray. Then several of his team mates, and Spenser, sub end, a still closer friend, came in, and asked how he was, and sat on his bed a while. Finally—supreme honor—Carey, the head coach, himself came in.

"We'll have you out all right," he said cheerily. "Doc Randall is coming in the morning. There's lots of time, lots of time; take it easy!" Also he brought several Havanas and said: "Men that are hurt don't need to keep training rules; you can smoke a little."

Carr began to feel that there was some compensation to his lot.

But when all had gone, and darkness had come, the demon torturers of the flesh set to work upon him. He could not sleep; his head seemed to be a boiler factory of tremendous activity. At intervals, which in spite of himself remained rigorously rhythmic, he raised himself off his pillow and sipped from the ice-water pitcher. At longer intervals, also regular, he snapped on the lights and looked at his watch. The watch was performing with monstrous perversity. Each time that, clear as if he had spoken aloud, a voice said "Now an hour has gone," his watch, in the sudden glare of the light, said implacably that only six minutes had gone. His shoulder in its bandages was rising like a dough of dull ache leavened by shoots of more piercing pain; it was trying to burst its bonds by means of incessant throbbing attacks. At last he could bear this no longer. His left hand, going across his chest, sought and found a safety pin, pressed it, twanged it open, then pulled at interminable serpentines of linen till he was freed. There was a great easing for a moment, then the torment began again.

It was a different kind of pain now, dry where the other had been humid; most evidently it came from having no bandage. He got up and wandered through the dark hallways. Regular breathing came from the open doors, and he felt himself cruelly abandoned; but thought of companionship was unbearable also. There was no help anywhere; he must face this alone. He went back to his room, then drifted out again, then climbed up to the trainer's room. The man, rubbing his eyes, put the bandage on again and Carr returned to bed. But, most incontrovertibly, it was the bandage which hurt thus; it possessed a fiendish, torturer's ingenuity; it would press, press, press on one spot, on just one spot. He took the bandage off again. But it was having no bandage which hurt thus. With no bandage the pain was not contained at all; it spread and spread loosely, taking an enormous volume. He tried to replace the bandage. Finally, when a new look at his watch told him that it was only midnight, he buried his face in his pillow and wept secretly.

It was not because of suffering that he wept. But he understood fully now what had happened to him. He was badly hurt. He was out of the running for the entire season, and this season was his last.

He had tried hard to get on the team in his freshman year, but he had not made it. In his sophomore year he had made it. But in the big game the eleven had gone down in one of those defeats which, at that age when the game is life itself, and one's college one's only cause, is a disaster that really shakes the soul. Last year had been better. The team had managed to win out by a small margin.

But it was this present year which was counted upon to wipe out all stinging memories in full revenge. The entire eleven was back, an impressive eleven of veterans. From the beginning of the training season everyone had seen that this was the year of all years. And in the consummation thus being prepared he had been reserved a place of trust and importance. It was he whom the coaches had chosen to run the team. It was he who on the field decided the team's attacks, its tactics and strategy; he was the

general. He loved that. Calling out the signals, he felt as if exteriorized. His soul projected itself, entered the soul and the flesh of his ten team mates. Ah, it was a grand ending that he had foreseen for his athletic life, which was then to him life itself!

And now—that cursed wild dervish of a freshman—a slip in the cogs of fate—and here he was. Here he was, his body perfect and elastic and strong, with just that one broken link in it, that one small torn spot which made it no good. And when that last big game would come he would not be of it.

"It will make my whole life afterward no good—it will make my whole life afterward no good!" he thought bitterly.

His bed seemed full of creases and dry crumbs. He got up, sat on a chair and lit a cigar. An invincible somnolence immediately bowed his head, and he slipped back into bed. But now all sleep left him, and once more the bed wrinkled in malevolent creases beneath him; his shoulder throbbed.

He saw before him a picture of the big game—the tumultuous stands, the team upon the field, and he kneeling in the mud of the side lines, whipped by sleet. It was a glorious victory. The team trotted off the field, smoking like damp straw, warm and happy. He followed them, cold and cramped and wet, to the dressing room—and that was the end of his football life. The sight revolted him.

"No, no, no!" he said aloud and very distinctly.

His fists closed, his whole body stiffened in utter defiance of pain, and alone in that little room, in the center of the night, he said again aloud:

"I will be in that game. I will be in that game, see!" he cried, challenging matter itself and the perversity of things.

The dawn was like a white face at the window; at last he sank to sleep.

When the surgeon came, late in the morning, to all of Carr's excited questions he answered merely:

"It's an injury to the joint."

He placed the shoulder in a cast.

"How long must that stay?" Carr asked, feeling the wet plaster stiffening on him as it dried.

"Three weeks."

"Three weeks! Good Lord! And then will I be able to play?"

"Well, hardly." The surgeon smiled. "Hardly. Two or three weeks more, and then we'll see."

Sweat came out on Carr's brow.

"Doc, I've got to be out on the field in three weeks!"

Doctor Randall was well known, not only as a surgeon but as a brilliant amateur boxer.

"I was speaking professionally," he said, "of what I should do to an ordinary patient, to get him well, altogether well. It may be that your case is different!"

"Different! I should think it was! I'm no blasted—civilian! Get me back into the game, doctor, and little I care what comes afterward."

"We'll see what we can do," answered the surgeon. "We'll see what we can do. In the meantime remember that the quieter you are the sooner you'll be out."

Carr raised his left hand and fervently shook the doctor's right.

Carr stayed in bed several days, afraid to move, resolved to give his shoulder all the chance possible. For a time this life held compensations. Relaxed indolence was not unpleasant after toil. Encouraged by the head coach, he broke the training rules discreetly—a cigar after lunch, a cigar after dinner. His injury had brought the head coach closer. Carey had dropped for him the severely noncommittal manner which he used toward all the players, and which was calculated to keep them "guessing" and hence working. He was showing Carr in subtle ways that he prized him highly, and went as far even as to ask him his opinion of the work of some of the younger men. The pardonable pride which filled Carr at this new aspect of what at first had seemed mere unmitigated disaster was heightened still more when he read in the college daily, then in the metropolitan papers, the account of his accident. Everywhere he was mentioned as the "crack back"; his mind lingered lovingly on this phrase. And three of the papers spoke of him as a "tower of strength."

But after a few days the head coach Carey ceased to come so often or to stay so long, and when he did come bore with him an absent-minded manner. The papers stopped mentioning Carr; it was as if he had been filed away as a closed incident. The college daily itself, in its calculations and its "doping," took no account of Carr; a sense of injustice and of ingratitude would overwhelm him when he read those articles. Then, altogether uneasy, feeling forgotten and abandoned, he began to get up in the afternoons and to stroll down to the football field gingerly, his stonified shoulder immobile within its plaster sheath.

What he saw at first reassured him rather. True, the practice was going on, of course, just as though he were not missed. Also his advent in the stands produced but a slight ripple of interest. But his wise eyes, turned upon the field, soon saw that he had not been adequately replaced as yet, that his loss had not been filled. Three men, during the afternoon, were trotted out, one after the other, to play his position. They were good men, but each had his particular minor weakness, and even trying to be very modest Carr could not see in them the booming perfection which he had reached this year. He breathed easy for a while. Then suddenly he thought of Spenser—and ceased to breathe easy.

Spenser was trying for end, a position hopeless for the personally ambitious, for both extremities of the line were held by veterans who had the call on the place because of their efficiency and long experience. But the year before, and the year before that, Spenser had not played end; he had tried for half back, for Carr's own position. The two had been rivals—in a rivalry most earnest, but beautified by chivalry and friendship. In his sophomore year Carr had just nosed Spenser out. He had done the same the following year, possessing as he did the advantage of having been already on the team. But he knew that even then he would have had a desperate time without this advantage.

And now they were keeping Spenser where he had begun the season. With Carr's position at right half fairly yawning for someone, they were keeping Spenser at end! No one had thought!

"Well, it's none of my business," said Carr to himself, and walked back with small steps through the gloaming to the training house and his bed.

The following day he was at practice again. Spenser was still at end. Again Carr said:

"Well, it's none of my business."

But he found it difficult to keep it none of his business. There was his friendship. Their rivalry had been in friendship. When now Spenser would come into his room and sit at the foot of his bed, with few words but with a silent sympathy, it was hard for Carr to forbear shouting suddenly:

"Spenser, you gilly, why don't you try for half?"

Then there was the artist in Carr, the craftsman who suffered to see the team marred by its one bad link, its one weak spot.

And one evening he did not know which of the two urgings was stronger in him when he heard himself saying to his head coach:

"Carey—why don't you try Spenser at half?"

Having said that, he felt his heart begin to pound as he watched Carey narrowly. For Carey might—he might—say:

"Oh, that half-back position is safe enough; you'll be back in time."

Encouraged by the Coach, He Broke the Training Rules Discreetly

Carey's eyes were on his feet. Finally he said slowly:

"Spenser at half. Huh! Spenser at half. By Jove ——"

At practice the next afternoon Spenser was playing right half on the varsity. He was playing well—fast, alert, full of evident joy at finding himself once more back of the line. The stands were alive to the situation and its meaning; and every once in a while saluted Spenser with a fusillade of applause. The following morning Carr found the football column of the college daily full of Spenser. According to its compiler, "that sore problem of filling suitably the position at right half" seemed to "have received at last its proper solution."

Carr remained long motionless in his chair, the paper at his feet. Then he got up and telephoned to Doctor Randall. He asked him to come and take off his cast. The surgeon was very cheerful.

"Surely, surely, I'll do that for you. Not to-day though. I can't come to-day. But to-morrow. Yes, to-morrow morning. Yes, before noon."

Carr waited till noon the following morning, but the physician did not appear. He telephoned again at noon. Doctor Randall was still promising and cheerful. He would come to-morrow.

But he did not come to-morrow. And on the phone this time, taxed with his failure to keep his promise, in the midst of making a new appointment, he let out something which aroused Carr's suspicions.

"It won't hurt to leave that cast on a few days longer anyway," the surgeon said.

"That's why he is keeping away," said Carr to himself darkly. "To make me keep that cursed cast on longer."

The next morning the medical man again failed to appear. Carr, sweating with fury, waited the whole forenoon and part of the afternoon; then his mind was made up. He slipped down through the empty house to the basement kitchen, and bribed the cook who grilled the squad's many steaks. The two slipped back to Carr's room a-tiptoe, like murderers, the cook holding behind his back a long polished carving knife and Carr a hammer.

They started at the cast with hammer and knife. But it proved a task they had not dreamed of. There came a moment when, with the cast half cut through, when it was too late to turn back, they found they could not go on either. The cast resisted stubbornly all the bites of the dulled and nicked knife. A wild fury of desire to get out of this living prison lowered much of Carr's efficiency, and the cook, perspiring, apoplectic, threw himself backward into the easy-chair and begged pathetically to be allowed to return to his chops and the dinner which was going to be late.

This intermission, though, renewed the man's failing strength and cooled Carr's temper. They went back at the job with more intelligent vigor, and finally, with a groan and a yell, Louis yanked away the ripped plaster as he would have the shell of a shrimp. For a long second the men hesitated, on the verge of falling upon each other's neck—then the cook scooted down the stairs to his belated preparations and Carr was left alone with his freed shoulder.

He was much disappointed. Unconsciously he had been expecting to find the injured member strong and normal out of its bonds. He saw instead a shrunken thing which did not seem to be really his. Its skin was thin and red like that of a new-born child. He did not dare move it for a long time, filled with an absurd feeling that it might fall out like a doll's arm if he did. When he dared at last he found that the shoulder moved with pain in its socket for about half its natural arc, then stopped short, as if it had been brought up against something wholly unyielding.

He felt like weeping.

"That shoulder is far from well, that shoulder is far from well," he said to himself sadly.

But when he woke in the morning he liked its appearance better. It seemed to have grown during the night; the skin had taken on a natural hue; it moved more easily in its socket, though it still stopped short at the same point.

"It was the cast," he said to himself hopefully. "Being held so motionless and so tight. The injury is repaired. All it needs is to regain strength." And he had the shoulder massaged and began to swing it as much as he dared.

This time, to a telephone message which did not ask him to come take off a cast but to come view one that had been taken off, Doctor Randall came very fast. He viewed the shoulder with undisguised interest.

"Well—well, it's getting along fine, isn't it? Getting along fine!"

"When can I line up?" said Carr, quick as a flash.

The wise man seemed slightly taken aback.

"Well, not right away, not right away. That shoulder has to regain its strength."

"Why won't it go higher than that?" Carr asked, keeping him on the defensive.

They raised the arm to the point where it stopped short, and the surgeon said:

"Adhesions. They must be broken."

Dick, the rubber, ex-professional wrestler, was just passing along the hall, and the doctor called him in. The two raised Carr's arm to the place where the joint stopped turning, as if caught by a ratchet, and then they continued raising it. They seemed to be breaking and tearing perfectly normal bonds meant by Nature to be there till death, and Carr writhed and a cold sweat was upon his face.

"There," said the surgeon with cheerful satisfaction, "we'll have to do that every day for a while."

"Thank you," said Carr.

Every day, now, he went down to the surgeon's office to have this treatment repeated. And Doc Randall did not know that Carr had rigged up a pulley arrangement above his bed in his own room at the training quarters, and that every night, for an hour, he subjected himself firmly to quartering tortures worthy of a murderer of kings.

He began to go down to the running track every afternoon now instead of to practice. He would trot mile after mile at a jog. The autumnal air had sharpened; he filled his lungs with it and pranced now and then, feeling a sort of holy satisfaction which came of the smooth play of muscle, heart and lung after weary inaction. In the morning he went into the back yard of the training house and requisitioned Louis the cook. Louis threw a ball to him, and, tucking it under his arm, Carr kept his toes alive by quick starts. Also he hung a rope three feet from the ground from fence to fence, and kept himself in the habit of bucking low by making all his dashes underneath it.

Thus working all alone, he kept his mind on his stubborn purpose. It was easy for him to work alone, for he was being deserted more and more. Spenser would chat with him now and then, and other members of the team also, but they did so with a certain effort, as with one with whom they had lost communication, who had left their walk of life, while between them the work done daily in common gave them endless subject for banter and united them in professional bonds. When, after practice, they tramped in noisily for dinner, glowing, black-eyed, skinned and scarred, a little ferocious yet, and fell to the viands with vigor, Carr felt rather like a child who has intruded; and sometimes, watching one who in every gesture displayed his assurance in the immovability of his position on the team, he restrained with some difficulty an impulse to heave at him one of the hot baked potatoes from the high-heaped central platter. The way in which Carey spoke to him, sometimes, added to his uneasiness. The coach would appeal to his judgment about the team. This, in a way, was flattering. But Carr knew that to judge impartially of an organism one must not be part of that organism—yet here he was being asked to judge of the team. It was an ominous compliment which was thus being paid him.

As the days were becoming shorter and brisker, and the season was on its last lap, Carr asked Carey for leave to come out upon the field again.

The head coach did not seem to have his mind on Carr's particular problem.

"Oh, you needn't yet," he said vaguely, then added: "There's no hurry."

Now "There's no hurry" could mean one of two things. It might mean that Carr's hold on his position was such that it would be kept open for him up to the last moment; or it might mean that he had lost his right to it to such a point that it did not matter in the least when he came out for it. And immediately Carr felt, on the contrary, in a desperate hurry.

"I'm coming out this afternoon," he said, forcing the issue.

"All right," the coach answered, still absent-minded. "You can do some light work."

Carr, stepping out upon the field in armor that afternoon, felt, in spite of himself, like a knight on a horse; a volley of handclapping, a concerted shout of greeting from the stands, warmed his heart; his nostrils dilated a little to this whiff of old glories. But there was much else to think of. He set to work.

While the team drummed the earth, carrying the scrubs on its back, he toiled obscurely by himself in odd corners of the big grounds. He caught, for a long time, punts sent to him by obliging freshmen. In a remote nook he practiced falling on the ball, hurling himself in straight dives and taking the shock on his left arm, saving the weak shoulder. Encouraged by his success here, he moved over to the tackling dummy and gave it a furious quarter of an hour, hitting the dangling body against the left side of his neck, saving again the doubtful shoulder. He finished off with a two-mile trot on the track, and when he went up to the clubhouse and took his shower, his relaxed body all content with the feel of work well done, it was like old times—they were all about him, chaffing and laughing.

Carr Galloped Out Upon the Field

Yet there was a difference. His old team mates were about him, but he was not one of them. And solicitous questions about his shoulder to his sensitive mind seemed couched in a tone which expressed no expectation of seeing him on the team again.

During the following days Carr worked not only his body but his head, observing the situation narrowly. The team was not going as it should. Already impressive the year before, this year an eleven of veterans, it was performing unevenly—and this at a time of the season when everything should be as smooth as oil. It was a team with nerves, working one day with perfect cohesion and astonishing aggressiveness, and the following day unable to bind itself together at all, going to pieces like a basket-ball team of seminary girls.

The quarter back was running the team—deciding on the attacks and giving the signals. When Carr had played at right half it had been he who thus had generaled the team. But after his injury the quarter had taken this on as a matter of course—it was the habit to have the team usually run by the quarter. Carr, now watching, decided that the quarter's leadership could be improved upon. So he began to run the team in his head during his spare moments. He would visualize in turn all the possible situations in a game, all the probable crises, and in his mind would snap out instantaneously the signal called for. This exercise soon became an obsession which had its disadvantages. Spenser came into his room one night, several hours before dawn, and shook him:

"Here, Carr! Wake up, wake up!"

"I was awake!"

"No, you weren't! You were dreaming and yelling 'six-twelve-seven' till you had me tossing!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I guess I must have been dreaming!"

But he had not been dreaming. He had been practicing in the middle of the night, and had forgotten where he was.

Something else which he noted in his observation of the eleven was that Spenser, going great guns at right half, was playing a stronger game than Miller, the left half. Following this, he practiced his starts from the left side in his daily quiet workouts in the back yard with Louis.

His shoulder was becoming stronger and stronger. It seemed, in fact, perfectly well with the exception of a subtle certitude in Carr's mind—and he did not know if this was fancy or a real warning telegraphed by some weak ligament—that the shoulder, at the first man-size tackle, would drop on just as if it were being held in place only by an elastic. But he had had a heavy sole-leather guard made, of which he expected much—and then, there was no time to lose. There came a morning when, with a beating heart, he saw that the big game was just two weeks away: that afternoon he told Carey that he was ready to line up again.

The practice began as usual, with Spenser at right half. Carr had expected this. He counted upon being put in toward the end, for five or ten minutes' work—as was usually done with a man returned to the game after a long absence. But the practice went on so long without him that he became afraid and spoke to the coach. It was well he did, for Carey's words were:

"By Jove, I had forgotten all about you! Yes, in a minute."

But Carr had to remind him once more before he was put in.

Spenser walked off, steaming, and Carr, with a heavy satisfaction, planted his two feet in his tracks, and bayed the signal.

Then a singular thing occurred. Carr's bucking was not up to his former standard; he went in low and hard enough, but at the last moment, in instinctive fear of his weak shoulder, he would shy a little. In spite of this, however, the team, which had been having one of its bad off-days, began to surge forward like eleven strong bulls under a single yoke. Bang, bang, boom!—it hit the scrubs like an avalanching brick pile. And the scrubs, who had been feeling very proud and frisky, went limp like rags, and in three minutes the varsity had a touchdown.

Carey was standing off all alone, thinking.

"Here, Carr, take a rest," he said suddenly. "Spenser!" he called.

All the fine exultation which ran through his veins abruptly chilled, Carr walked back to the side line. Spenser took his place and the team attacked the scrubs again, this time under the command of the quarter back.

The team went well for a little while, then, as if its attention had become dispersed, it slowed up, went loose—and lost the ball.

"Carr!" the coach called.

Carr came back to right half and took command of the signals, and once more the varsity, with heavy impacts, catapulted the scrubs backward.

That evening Carey said to Carr:

"I want you to be careful of yourself. Your position is secure. Do you understand? You are on the team. Save yourself! Don't get hurt again, that's all!"

The three days that followed were the happiest that Carr had ever known. He was secure again in his position; he was sure to play in the big game; and the men of the team took him in among themselves as subtly as they had let him out, and the stands hailed him just as before they had forgotten him. He had regained confidence in his shoulder; protected by the leather brace, he bore into the line with his old bulletlike directness. And generaling the team, he thrilled to the joy of animating something outside of himself with the flame that was within him. Exalted, he scorned the chance his coach had given him to take things easily and save himself, and was prodigal, instead, of his strength and his youth.

Then on Friday afternoon, at practice, just eight days before the big game, as he protected the full back about to punt, he felt his shoulder wrench to the impact of a charging scrub.

He tried to persuade himself that it was a little thing, but at his first attempt to buck the line after that his whole being swerved passionately from the shock, and he heard in his ear Carey's voice. *(Continued on Page 85)*

PAYING GUESTS

By Margaretta Tuttle

THE woman who had to say, "I want you to know that I'm a lady!" wasn't a lady by all the accepted standards, I believe. Yet the times have been many, since I began to keep boarders in order to keep a roof over my head, when I have felt that I should like to say this, and even say it in a loud tone of voice with all possible emphasis.

There is something about taking people into your home for the money you may make out of them which brings out all their queernesses; and I have slowly come to the conclusion that it is either a job for a man, or else that the woman who undertakes it ought not to be a real lady. I'm sorry to have to make this admission. I recall my exquisite grandmother, in point-lace collar and lavender silk gown, saying to me: "My dear, a lady can walk through a muddy street so lightly that her shoes will be unsoiled." I was sixteen and I had tracked mud into our immaculate colonial hall. I am thirty-six now and the mud that has been tracked into that hall would stop all the leaks in the dikes of Holland. If I had been less of the lady my grandmother hoped I should be, either the people who tracked the mud would not have bothered me as they did, or I should have made them wipe their feet on the doormat.

Perhaps you can explain why the average cheap person is cheap from bones to skin. I have given up trying to understand it. As a girl I used to notice that whenever we went away in the summer to a moderate-priced place we were sure to be surrounded by people with loud voices, who were fussy about the food served them, and who talked too intimately and too much. In the more expensive places there were often a few people like this; but you can escape a few people if you try.

Now that I myself have changed from the boarder to the one who keeps boarders, I have found out that it is invariably the women and men who have not traveled, who have little experience and who are not accustomed to the dignities and refinements of a well-ordered house, who make the most trouble as guests and who demand the most though giving the least.

Ladies and Near-Ladies Who Board

IF YOU sit on the front porch and complain that the dinner you have just eaten is atrocious, your audience, which knows little about your former experience, may conclude that you are used to wonderfully good food; and you may acquire merit in their eyes if it is not a sophisticated audience. This is what the cheap woman invariably does. The finer woman rarely does it. If the food is poor where she is boarding she either puts up with it because she has to economize or she changes her boarding place. And this is true about the other inconveniences she may encounter. The cheap woman talks about these inconveniences to anyone who will listen; the fine woman discusses them merely to seek a remedy and only with the person who can supply the remedy.

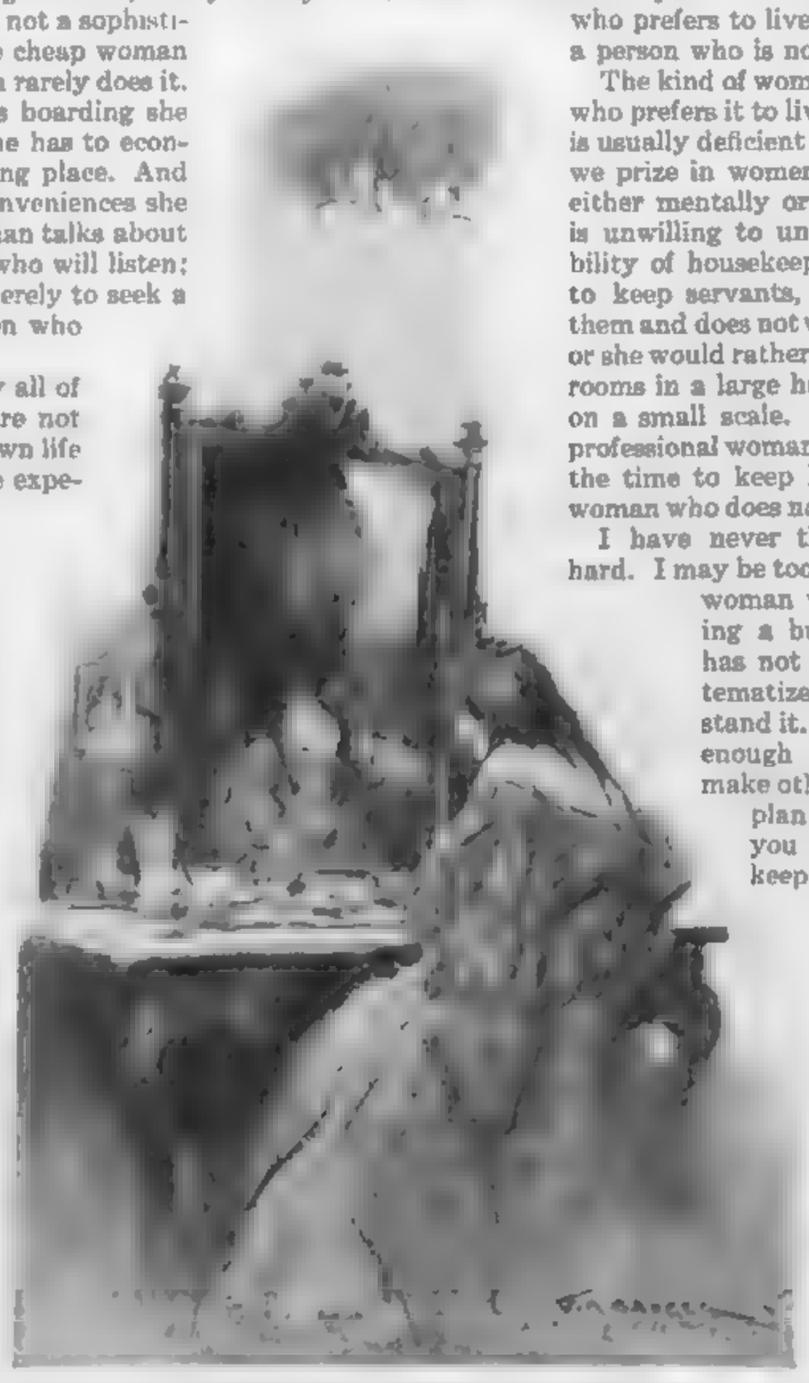
A little experience is needed by all of us before we discover that we are not even the pivot round which our own life swings. I suppose that's why the experienced people are less troublesome to provide for. They understand that there are many difficulties in the way of making other people comfortable, and that there are many others to be made comfortable besides themselves.

On the day that I sat down in my pleasant old colonial house, with its unpleasant old colonial mortgage, to think out how I could pay the taxes and the insurance; how I could heat it in winter and get the grass cut in summer, and incidentally provide myself with food and raiment—the thought of boarders occurred to me at once. I suppose two-thirds of the women who keep boarders have found themselves in just such a situation—a house with extra room, and themselves with no extra equipment for making a living.

I counted over the bedrooms at my disposal—second floor more expensive than the third floor. I considered the cost of food and service. It had been my experience that, once a house is started, every additional person to be fed costs about four dollars a week extra for the actual food he or she eats, quite irrespective of service or trouble, or wear and tear on materials. Adding room rental to that, if I were to make any money I should have to charge over ten dollars a week; and I'd make only a dollar or two at that price—not enough to pay me for the upkeep of the house.

It was at this point that I recalled the cheap places where we had stayed in the summer time after the mortgage had been placed on the house; and the more I thought of them, the more it seemed impossible for me to fill my house with cheap people. I do not mean to say that the possession of money makes for refinement. It does not. But the possession of experience does; and in America, where we have no distinct classes, money plays a larger part than it does in other countries, where the traditions of refinement and culture are older. It might be that, at fifteen or twenty dollars a week for each person who boarded with me, I might not fill my house, and I might not obtain well-bred guests; but if I filledlit with the usual run of cheaper people I should lead a desperate life. On the other hand, people with more than twenty dollars a week to spend on their board rarely board. They live in apartments or in their own houses; or if they board they do so in a hotel.

I concluded to try the experiment of making people pay between eighteen and twenty dollars a week for the old colonial silver I had and the fine linens, and for the conduct of the house that my being a "lady" would insure. It did not occur to me then that I should also have to pay for being a lady. I knew how to order a house as a gentlewoman prefers to live. It seemed simple to sell this knowledge for enough to live on and pay my father's just debts, and to provide for my future; but nothing concerned with living is simple where it has to take other people into account. I did not reckon with the largest factor of taking boarders: the fact that boarding in another's house is an artificial thing and not a natural one; that living in only one bedroom is a compromise, and that nobody does it save as a matter of compromise with conditions he cannot control. Wherever you come across a man or woman who prefers to live in this way, you find a person who is not quite normal.



The Girl Was Very Young and Sweet and Shy

The kind of woman who likes to board, who prefers it to living in her own house, is usually deficient in many of the things we prize in women. She is likely to be either mentally or physically lazy. She is unwilling to undertake the responsibility of housekeeping; or she is unable to keep servants, or she cannot afford them and does not want to do housework; or she would rather crowd into one or two rooms in a large house than keep house on a small scale. I do not refer to the professional woman, who actually has not the time to keep house. I refer to the woman who does not want to keep house.

I have never thought housekeeping hard. I may be too severe, but to me any woman who finds housekeeping a burden is stupid. She has not sense enough to systematize her job or to understand it. Perhaps she has not enough executive ability to make others work for her or to plan her own work. If you have servants housekeeping is the easiest kind of work and has the lightest of responsibilities. But you ought to hear the women who have boarded with me! If you believed them you would think that the woman who had a pleasant home of her own, for whose order and sweetness she was responsible, was the most overburdened creature on the face of the earth. You would imagine that maidservants were a race of impostors and degenerates instead of plain human beings trying to make a living by hard labor and needing all the advantages they could obtain.

"I just couldn't waste my youth that way, Miss Agnes," my young blond married boarder confided to me during one of her many useless and idle hours when she hampered my work by talking about herself.

It was not good business for me to tell her that she was about the least use to her husband, who did not like to board, of any woman I had ever seen; that if she died the next day the world would never know she had dropped out, because she did absolutely none of its work. If I had said that to her she would have left. But I thought it. I thought it with a good deal of annoyance. The thought stayed with me all day. That night I looked about my attractive dining room, and of all the women there only four were not what I should call subnormal women.

The rest of them were unable to cope with the small difficulties of daily living. Having no tasks that had to be done, whether they liked to do them or not, and no employment for the bare succession of the hours, they degenerated into the woman who seeks to be amused. They gossiped—good heavens, how they gossiped! They ran into each other's rooms in their kimonos and talked their idle heads off; quarreled and did not speak to each other, and involved other women in their quarrels; and got irritable and came to me to get matters settled with which I should have had nothing to do.

Slender Margins of Profit

IT WAS unusual to pass through the hall where two women had stopped to chat and not hear: "And I just told her. . . . And she said . . . Of course I didn't believe it; she's a born trouble maker. . . . You won't repeat this, will you?"

This last phrase got to be a joke with me. When you live in a boarding house and want anything told you must begin with "You won't repeat this, will you?" I found many things it would have been unwise for me to repeat. I did not realize how closely I came in touch with the lives of the people who were in my house until I had been engaged in this business some months. I had thought it was going to be a purely business proposition; but it never is where the number of guests is small. You cannot escape a degree of intimacy with the affairs of those beneath your roof. There will be those who are in temporary financial difficulties, which they will have to confess to you. There will be those who are ill and whom you will have to help.

There will be the man who comes home drunk. You may think this will not happen in a well-regulated establishment; but it does, and you have to provide for it and either be lenient or ask the man to move, according to your temperament or your pocketbook. There will be the young woman whose suitor stays too late, and the other young woman who wants to use the drawing room for her suitor at the same time that the other one is staying too late. There will be the maiden lady who does not think suitors ought to monopolize any public drawing room.

There will be the young man across the table who falls in love with the young college girl, and who becomes offended if he cannot linger at her door and talk to her. There will be the elderly and lonely man who admires your ability to run a boarding house and who would like to discuss it with you. One way or another you get into these people's lives. It can become either very interesting or very burdensome.

In any business you engage in there are two elements of success that you have to manage. One is the material you work with—what you buy and sell, and your margin of profit. The other is the people you work with—the way you get along with them, your service to them, their demeanor to you. It depends on the kind of person you are which element is the more important to you.

In the business of furnishing other people with food and lodging, the margin of profit is much smaller than you imagine if you have not tried it. All hotels, large and small, have to be run very carefully; and many of them fail because the margin of profit is so small that any emergency strains it to the breaking point.

I recall visiting, as a young girl, at the country house of a man who was manager of one of the most successful New York hotels—a hotel you would not believe could give anybody anxiety, since the maximum charge is made in it for any service, whether of food or lodging, and since this charge seems to be cheerfully paid by hordes of people.

Yet every morning, as soon as he had breakfasted, this hotel man called the hotel by long-distance telephone to find out how many rooms were occupied; and he was invariably worried if many rooms were empty. When I found

that I could fill my pleasant home with boarders at a fair price I called on this hotel man for advice.

"Do your own marketing always, and do it with the utmost care," he said. "Most hotels fail because they have not good buyers, or because there is graft or waste in that end of the business. You have your house full and do not have to worry about that. Concentrate on your marketing and on the way the food you furnish is prepared."

I was permitted to go with the steward of this large hotel and watch him buy. He was very amiable in instructing me, and he was most proficient. I went with him every day for a week. I did not immediately become a good marketer, because again I was hampered by being a lady and not a business woman. My grandmother would have said that I could be both. But business is not a sentimental thing—at least buying in the open market isn't. Good manners are becoming an asset in business, but you cannot buy good meat and be "retiring" at the same time. I got over this modest retiring habit in about a month's time, but I didn't take to my new habits very naturally. I never have.

I determined always to buy enough food so that there should be no trouble over that bane of the boarding-house manager the second helping. And here is where my profit and loss required most careful adjusting. I must have enough for my large family of paying guests, but I must not have much left over. I encountered "the hog" early in my career. I did not call him that. I said politely: "Dear me, what an appetite Mr. Darrow has!" But my waitress called him "Plain hog!" And after a bit I heard the cook call him "Fancy hog!"

It sounds vulgar, doesn't it? But that man actually took four eggs every morning for breakfast and two saucers of oatmeal! He was always helped two or three times to the dinner roast and twice to desserts. If there was any delicacy he gorged on it, which was the reason his taste seemed rather fancy than plain to the cook. He never feed the waitress, though he kept her busier than anybody else; and he never thanked either her or me. He was extremely disagreeable to his wife, and was so disliked by the others that I finally asked him to leave. It occasioned a most disagreeable row—my first one—and I was nearly prostrated by it.

Feeding a Human Sieve

THE morning I told him he must go I went into the kitchen to interview Maggie. Maggie was my colored cook. She weighed two hundred and fifty pounds and wore her hair in a scarlet turban, and suffered neither dictation nor interference. But she could cook and serve an eight-course dinner for thirty people without the least apparent effort; and what she cooked would lure a disembodied spirit to the table. I gave her large wages and every possible liberty, for she was the keystone of the arch of my success.

Maggie did not talk much. If you said "good morning" to her on entering the kitchen she answered. But if you followed it with comments on the weather she received them in silence. The weather was nothing to Maggie.

In the dining room, one morning, Mr. Darrow was bringing to a conclusion the consumption of enough breakfast for three men. The waitress, knowing he had been asked to leave, and knowing, also, that he would leave without enriching her, did not stay in the dining room while he ate. So Mr. Darrow, having decided that he wanted more waffles, found nobody to get them for him and invaded the kitchen himself. Maggie surveyed him a moment.

"Listen heah!" she said. "Dey ain't no more waffles! You done had eight! You's a born sieve, and you's boun' to bust some day."

"Don't you insult me!" exclaimed Mr. Darrow. "You ought to make enough waffles. Your trouble ——"

"You 'ten' to your own trouble!" said Maggie. "I 'low it's having four stomachs, like a cow, and not one, like a man; and it needs tendin' to. I done mix dese waffles in a washtub for you, and dat ain't enough! You go to your doctah—not my kitchen. You's boun' to bust soon; an' when you does ——"

But Mr. Darrow had fled. I was horror-stricken. But Maggie turned back to her stove impassively.

"Miss Agnes," she said, pouring her batter into the waffle mold, "you's too much of a lady foh hogs; and hogs is every place, cullud and white. You cain't make no money outen 'em and dey ain't pleasin' to live with; and you cain't afford to be nice to 'em, Miss Agnes—not in your business. When you git hold of hogs, Miss Agnes, you 'tend like you's the cook fuh a minut, and not de lady o' de house; and you tell 'em what's straight!"

It was not long after this that I took another leaf out of Maggie's book. There came to live in the house an exquisite young girl and her father. The girl was studying music and I gave them a suite off by itself, where her practicing would disturb nobody. It did disturb her father, however, and she could practice only when he was not there. He was a cross-looking creature, he bullied the servants and kicked the dog, and made himself extremely disagreeable to everybody, including his daughter. It was also very hard to collect my weekly bills from him. He did not seem to be short of money, but merely to object to parting with it. I know his daughter never had any, for she was several times unable to pay for packages that came "collect," and any sudden emergency needing money embarrassed her to tears. I heard the chambermaid tell Maggie that "Ole Man Fergason talked somethin' scandalous to that poor girl; an' she'd ought to stan' up for her rights! Somebody ought to show her how."

I doubted that I was the one to show her, for I had all I could do to stand up for my own rights with the man. Indeed, in his presence, I had difficulty in recalling that I was in my own house and could do as I pleased, and not as he pleased.

That morning, after a scene with me about a bill long overdue, he banged the door leading into his suite; and, in spite of its being separated from the rest of the house, we could hear him quarreling with the white-faced girl, who was always so patient with him. Afterward he banged out of the house. His daughter did not come to luncheon and I sent a maid to see what the trouble was.

"She's sick or sumpin', Miss Agnes. She's faintin' on the baid," the maid reported.

I went into her room, and then I sent for the doctor. The doctor put her to bed and installed a trained nurse. The girl was not to be allowed to move until her heart was in a better condition.

When her father returned he was furious over the added expense of the doctor and the nurse.

"But," I urged, "it is a necessity, Mr. Fergason. Your daughter would die without the most careful watching. You cannot fool about when it is a matter of a bad heart."

Mr. Fergason did not believe it was so serious. He said the doctor I sent for probably wanted to make money. Perhaps I got a percentage! If it had not been for the white-faced girl on the bed I should have answered that as it deserved. As it was, I left the room. I went to the dining room to arrange a place for the nurse, and there I found Maggie with her hat on. It was not Maggie's day out and dinner was only two hours away.

"Why, Maggie!" I exclaimed. "Where are you going?"

"Miss Agnes, please, ma'am, Ise 'bliged to have de evenin' off."

"But, Maggie, it is most inconvenient."

There is no use in telling a woman like Maggie that she cannot have the day off. She'll take it, anyhow, and you'll lose your cook. I could not afford to lose my cook. It is absolutely necessary for me to keep good servants and it is hard to get them in a boarding house. The only way to keep them is to allow them more liberty than most private houses do and to pay them more money. I moderated my annoyance.

"Maggie," I asked, "why do you want the afternoon off?"

"Ise 'bliged to buy a gun, Miss Agnes."

"A gun! What for, Maggie?"

"They's a man I know done gone too far."

I gasped. I saw the keystone of my establishment removed to a jail and the arch of my success crumbling.

"Now, Maggie," I remonstrated, "don't do that! If you feel you have to do something buy a horsewhip. You won't be so likely to be arrested. If you shoot at a man—even if you don't hit him—you'll be arrested for shooting with intent to kill."

"No'm! If I shoots at 'im I kills 'im."

Maggie departed, and the house girl and the waitress got the dinner. After dinner I had a little talk with Miss Fergason's trained nurse about Mr. Fergason; but I was not sure, even then, that Mr. Fergason would let her stay.

"I do not see what else he can do," said the nurse. "It would be unsafe even to move her to a hospital. She ought not to make an extra movement."

They Gossiped—Good Heavens, How They Gossiped!

A Little Gun Play

I GRABBED the evening paper to see whether Maggie had been arrested, but I could find nothing; and next morning Maggie was there cooking her inimitable waffles.

"Well, did you kill him, Maggie?" I inquired with considerable interest.

"No'm. When he saw my gun he got reason. I aim to keep dat gun!"

In the hall, as I left the kitchen, I encountered the trained nurse.

"I am so sorry," she said; "but I am afraid I shall have to go. Mr. Fergason refuses to keep me."

"What that man needs is to see a gun!" I exploded. "You come on back with me. This is where I pretend I am the cook."

I walked into that man's room and told him exactly what I thought of the way he was treating his daughter, and what the whole house thought—and even what the servants thought. I told him if he didn't keep the nurse to look after Miss Fergason, and if he didn't take better care of her himself, I would report him to the proper city authority and have the court take charge of his daughter. I told him if he was trying to kill his daughter it couldn't be done in my house, for I didn't want the notoriety of a coroner's inquest. I said we all knew that to move her even to a hospital was impossible, and that she could not care for herself. We knew he couldn't care for her either. He was unable to care for her decently in health, let alone in serious illness.

He stared at me as if he had never heard the truth in all his bullying life.

"Well," I said, "do you leave this matter in my hands, or do I go to the telephone and call up the Juvenile Court?"

Mr. Fergason "got reason." And I, too, "aim to keep dat gun."

Like every other woman who opens her house to strangers, I speedily found that men were less trouble than women. Men do not want to do washing in their rooms; nor are they frequently invading the laundry in quest of a hot iron. They are gone most of the day, and they are not so critical of things that go wrong when they come home. Moreover, the class of men who board is higher than the class of women. Men board only because they have no home and cannot get one. They never board to avoid the responsibility and the trouble of having a home.

I had no business to be so critical of the kind of women who boarded with me, because if that kind had not existed I should not have made a living; but I could not help it. The idle waster, lolling about while some man worked hard to support her, coming downstairs three

(Continued on Page 58)

PICCADILLY JIM

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

VII

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

RISING waters and a fine flying scud that whipped stingingly over the side had driven most of the passengers on the Atlantic to the shelter of their staterooms or to the warm stuffiness of the library. It was the fifth evening of the voyage. For five days and four nights the ship had been racing through a placid ocean on her way to Sandy Hook; but in the early hours of this afternoon the wind had shifted to the north, bringing heavy seas. Darkness had begun to fall now. The sky was a sullen black. The white crests of the rollers gleamed faintly in the dusk, and the wind sang in the ropes.

Jimmy and Ann had had the boat deck to themselves for half an hour. Jimmy was a good sailor. It exhilarated him to fight the wind and to walk a deck that heaved and dipped and shuddered beneath his feet; but he had not expected to have Ann's company on such an evening. She had come out of the saloon entrance, her small face framed in a hood and her slim body shapeless beneath a great cloak, and joined him in his walk.

Jimmy was in a mood of exaltation. He had passed the last few days in a condition of intermittent melancholy, consequent on the discovery that he was not the only man on board the Atlantic who desired the society of Ann as an alleviation of the tedium of an ocean voyage. The world, when he embarked on this venture, had consisted so exclusively of Ann and himself that, until the ship was well on its way to Queenstown, he had not conceived the possibility of intrusive males forcing their unwelcome attentions on her. And it had added bitterness to the bitter awakening that their attentions did not appear to be at all unwelcome. Almost immediately after breakfast on the very first day a creature, with a small black mustache and shining teeth, had descended upon Ann and, vocal with surprise and pleasure at meeting her again—he claimed, damn him, to have met her before at Palm Beach, Bar Harbor, and a dozen other places—had carried her off to play an idiotic game known as shuffleboard.

Nor was this an isolated case. It began to be borne in upon Jimmy that Ann, whom he had looked upon purely in the light of an Eve playing opposite his Adam in an exclusive Garden of Eden, was an extremely well-known and popular character. The clerk at the shipping office had lied absurdly when he had said that very few people were crossing on the Atlantic this voyage. The vessel was crammed till its sides bulged. It was loaded down, in utter defiance of the Plimsoll Law, with Rollos and Clarences and Dwights and Twombleys who had known and golfed and ridden and driven and motored and swum and danced with Ann for years. A ghastly being, entitled Edgar Something or Teddy Something, had beaten Jimmy in the race for the deck steward, the prize of which was the placing of his deck chair next to Ann's. Jimmy had been driven from the promenade deck by the spectacle of this beastly creature lying swathed in rugs reading best sellers to her.

He had scarcely seen her to speak to since the beginning of the voyage. When she was not walking with Rollo or playing shuffleboard with Twombley, she was down below ministering to the comfort of a chronically seasick aunt, referred to in conversation as "Poor Aunt Nesta." Sometimes Jimmy saw the little man—presumably her uncle—in the smoking room, and once he came upon the stout boy recovering from the effects of a cigar in a quiet corner of the boat deck. But apart from these meetings the family was as distant from him as if he had never seen Ann at all, let alone saved her life.

And now she had dropped down on him from heaven. They were alone together with a good clean wind and the bracing scud. Rollo, Clarence, Dwight and Twombley, not to mention Edgar or possibly Teddy, were down below—he hoped, dying. They had the world to themselves.

"I love rough weather," said Ann, lifting her face to the wind. Her eyes were very bright. She was beyond any doubt or question the only girl on earth. "Poor Aunt Nesta doesn't. She was bad enough when it was quite calm, but this storm has finished her. I've just been down below, trying to cheer her up."

Jimmy thrilled at the picture. Always fascinating, Ann seemed to him at her best in the rôle of ministering angel. He longed to tell her so, but found no words. They reached the end of the deck and turned. Ann looked up at him.

"I've hardly seen anything of you since we sailed," she said. She spoke almost reproachfully. "Tell me all about yourself, Mr. Bayliss. Why are you going to America?"

Jimmy had had an impassioned indictment of the Rollos on his tongue, but she had closed the opening for it as quickly as she had made it. In face of her direct demand for information he could not hark back to it now. After all, what did the Rollos matter? They had no part in this little wind-swept world. They were where they belonged—in some nether hell on the C or D deck, moaning for death.

"To make a fortune, I hope," he said.

"What is?" shrieked Ann. "Love!" bellowed Jimmy

Ann was pleased at this confirmation of her diagnosis. She had deduced this from the evidence at Paddington Station.

"How pleased your father will be if you do!"

The slight complexity of Jimmy's affairs caused him to pause for a moment to sort out his fathers, but an instant's reflection told him that she must be referring to Bayliss, the butler.

"Yes."

"He's a dear old man," said Ann. "I suppose he's very proud of you?"

"I hope so."

"You must do tremendously well in America, so as not to disappoint him. What are you thinking of doing?"

Jimmy considered for a moment.

"Newspaper work, I think."

"Oh! Why, have you had any experience?"

"A little."

Ann seemed to grow a little aloof, as if her enthusiasm had been damped.

"Oh, well, I suppose it's a good-enough profession. I'm not very fond of it myself. I've only met one newspaper man in my life, and I dislike him very much, so I suppose that has prejudiced me."

"Who was that?"

"You wouldn't have met him. He was on an American paper. A man named Crocker."

A sudden gust of wind drove them back a step, rendering talk impossible. It covered a gap when Jimmy could not have spoken. The shock of the information that Ann had met him before made him dumb. This thing was beyond him. It baffled him. Her next words supplied a solution. They were under shelter of one of the boats now and she could make herself heard.

"It was five years ago, and I only met him for a very short while, but the prejudice has lasted."

Jimmy began to understand. Five years ago! It was not so strange, then, that they should not recognize each other now. He stirred up his memory. Nothing came to the surface. Not a gleam of recollection of that early meeting rewarded him. And yet something of importance must have happened then for her to remember it. Surely his mere personality could not have been so unpleasant as to have made such a lasting impression on her!

"I wish you could do something better than newspaper work," said Ann. "I always think the splendid part about America is that it is such a land of adventure. There are such millions of chances. It's a place where anything may happen. Haven't you an adventurous soul, Mr. Bayliss?"

No man lightly submits to a charge, even a hinted charge, of being deficient in the capacity for adventure.

"Of course I have," said Jimmy indignantly. "I'm game to tackle anything that comes along."

"I'm glad of that."

Her feeling of comradeship toward this young man deepened. She loved adventure and based her estimate of any member of the opposite sex largely on his capacity for it. She moved in a set, when at home, which was more polite than adventurous, and had frequently found the atmosphere enervating.

"Adventure," said Jimmy, "is everything." He paused. "Or a good deal," he concluded weakly.

"Why qualify it like that? It sounds so tame. Adventure is the biggest thing in life."

It seemed to Jimmy that he had received an excellent cue for a remark of a kind that had been waiting for utterance ever since he had met her. Often and often in the watches of the night, smoking endless pipes and thinking of her, he had conjured up just such a vision as this—they two walking the deserted deck alone, and she innocently giving him an opening for some low-voiced, tender speech, at which she would start, look at him quickly, and then ask him haltingly if the words had any particular application. And after that—oh, well, all sorts of things might happen. And now the moment had come. It was true that he had always pictured the scene as taking place by moonlight, and at present there was a half gale blowing out of an inky sky; also, on the present occasion anything in the nature of a low-voiced speech was absolutely out of the question owing to the uproar of the elements. Still, taking these drawbacks into consideration, the chance was far too good to miss. Such an opening might never happen again. He waited till the ship had steadied herself after an apparently suicidal dive into an enormous roller, then, staggering back to her side, spoke.

"Love is the biggest thing in life!" he roared.

"What is?" shrieked Ann.

"Love!" bellowed Jimmy.

He wished a moment later that he had postponed this statement of faith, for their next steps took them into a haven of comparative calm, where some dimly seen portion of the vessel's anatomy jutted out and formed a kind of nook where it was possible to hear the ordinary tones of the human voice. He halted there, and Ann did the same, though unwillingly. She was conscious of a modification of her mood of comradeship toward her companion. She held strong views, which she believed to be unalterable, on the subject under discussion.

"Love!" she said. It was too dark to see her face, but her voice sounded unpleasantly scornful. "I shouldn't have thought that you would have been so conventional as that. You seemed different."

"Eh?" said Jimmy blankly.

"I hate all this talk about love, as if it were something wonderful that was worth everything else in life put together. Every book you read and every song that you see in the shop windows is all about love. It's as if all the people in the world were in a conspiracy to persuade themselves that there's a wonderful something just round the corner which they can get if they try hard enough. And they hypnotize themselves into thinking of nothing else, and miss all the splendid things of life."

"That's Shaw, isn't it?" said Jimmy.

"What is Shaw?"

"What you were saying. It's out of one of Bernard Shaw's things, isn't it?"

"It is not." A note of acidity had crept into Ann's voice. "It is perfectly original."

"I'm certain I've heard it before somewhere."

"If you have that simply means that you must have associated with some sensible person."

Jimmy was puzzled.

"But why the grouch?" he asked.

"I don't understand you."

"I mean, why do you feel that way about it?"

Ann was quite certain now that she did not like this young man nearly so well as she had supposed. It is trying for a strong-minded, clear-thinking girl to have her philosophy described as a grouch.

"Because I've had the courage to think about it for myself, and not let myself be blinded by popular superstition. The whole world has united in making itself imagine that there is something called love which is the most wonderful happening in life. The poets and novelists have simply hounded them on to believe it. It's a gigantic swindle."

A wave of tender compassion swept over Jimmy. He understood it all now. Naturally a girl who had associated all her life with the Rollos, Clarences, Dwights and Twombleys would come to despair of the possibility of falling in love with anyone.

"You haven't met the right man," he said. She had, of course, but only recently; and, anyway, he could point that out later.

"There is no such thing as the right man," said Ann resolutely, "if you are suggesting that there is a type of man in existence who is capable of inspiring what is called romantic love. I believe in marriage ——"

"Good work!" said Jimmy, well satisfied.

"But not as the result of a sort of delirium. I believe in it as a sensible partnership between two friends who know each other well and trust each other. The right way of looking at marriage is to realize, first of all, that there are no thrills, no romances, and then to pick out someone who is nice and kind and amusing and full of life and willing to do things to make you happy."

"Ah!" said Jimmy, straightening his tie. "Well, that's something."

"How do you mean—that's something? Are you shocked at my views?"

"I don't believe they are your views. You've been reading one of these stern, soured fellows who analyze things."

Ann stamped. The sound was inaudible, but Jimmy noticed the movement.

"Cold?" he said. "Let's walk on."

Ann's sense of humor reasserted itself. It was not often that it remained dormant for so long. She laughed.

"I know exactly what you are thinking," she said. "You believe that I am posing, that those aren't my real opinions."

"They can't be. But I don't think you are posing. It's getting on to dinner time, and you've got that wan, sinking feeling that makes you look upon the world and find it a hollow fraud. The bugle will be blowing in a few minutes, and half an hour after that you will be yourself again."

"I'm myself now. I suppose you can't realize that a pretty girl can hold such views."

Jimmy took her arm.

"Let me help you," he said. "There's a knothole in the deck. Watch your step. Now listen to me: I'm glad you've brought up this subject—I mean the subject of your being the prettiest girl in the known world ——"

"I never said that."

"Your modesty prevented you. But it's a fact, nevertheless. I'm glad, I say, because I have been thinking a lot along those lines myself, and I have been anxious to discuss the point with you. You have the most glorious hair I have ever seen!"

"Do you like red hair?"

"Red-gold."

"It is nice of you to put it like that. When I was a child all except a few of the other children called me Carrots."

"They have undoubtedly come to a bad end by this time. If bears were sent to attend to the children who criticized Elisha your little friends were in line for a troop of tigers. But there were some of a finer fiber? There were a few who didn't call you Carrots?"

"One or two. They called me Brick-Top."

"They have probably been electrocuted since. Your eyes are perfectly wonderful!"

Ann withdrew her arm. An extensive acquaintance with young men told her that the topic of conversation was now due to be changed.

"I rather think you will like America," she said.

"We are not discussing America."

"I am. It is a wonderful country for a man who wants to succeed. If I were you I should go out West."

"Do you live out West?"

"No."

"Then why suggest my going there? Where do you live?"

"I live in New York."

"I shall stay in New York then."

Ann was wary, but amused. Proposals of marriage—and Jimmy seemed to be moving swiftly toward one—were no novelty in her life. In the course of several seasons at Bar Harbor, Tuxedo, Palm Beach, and in New York itself, she had spent much of her time foiling and discouraging the ardor of a series of sentimental youths who had laid their unwelcome hearts at her feet.

"New York is open for staying in about this time, I believe."

Jimmy was silent. He had done his best to fight the tendency to become depressed, and had striven by means of a light tone to keep himself resolutely cheerful, but the girl's apparently total indifference to him was too much for his spirits. One of the young men who had had to pick up the heart he had flung at Ann's feet and carry it away for repairs had once confided to an intimate friend, after the sting had to some extent passed, that the feelings of a man who made love to Ann might be likened to the emotions which hot chocolate might be supposed to entertain on contact with vanilla ice cream. Jimmy, had the comparison been presented to him, would have indorsed its perfect accuracy. The wind from the sea, until now keen and bracing, had become merely infernally cold. The song of the wind in the rigging, erstwhile melodious, had turned into a depressing howling.

"I used to be as sentimental as anyone a few years ago," said Ann, returning to the dropped subject. "Just after I left college I was quite maudlin. I dreamed of moons and Junes and loves and doves all the time. Then something happened which made me see what a little fool I was. It wasn't pleasant at the time, but it had a very bracing effect.

"I have been quite different ever since. It was a man, of course, who did it. His method was quite simple. He just made fun of me, and Nature did the rest."

Jimmy scowled in the darkness. Murderous thoughts toward the unknown brute flooded his mind.

"I wish I could meet him!" he growled.

"You aren't likely to," said Ann. "He lives in England. His name is Crocker—Jimmy Crocker. I spoke about him just now."

Through the howling of the wind cut the sharp notes of a bugle. Ann turned to the saloon entrance.

He Had Been Driven From the Deck by This Beastly Creature Reading Best Sellers to Her

"Dinner!" she said brightly. "How hungry one gets on board ship!" She stopped. "Aren't you coming down, Mr. Bayliss?"

"Not just yet," said Jimmy thickly.

VIII

THE noonday sun beat down on Park Row. Hurrying mortals, released from a thousand offices, congested the sidewalks, their thoughts busy with the vision of lunch. Up and down the cañon of Nassau Street the crowds moved more slowly. Candy-selling aliens jostled newsboys, and huge dray horses endeavored to the best of their ability not to grind the citizenry beneath their hoofs. Eastward, pressing on to the City Hall, surged the usual dense army of happy lovers on their way to buy marriage licenses. Men popped in and out of the subway entrances like rabbits. It was a stirring, bustling scene, typical of this nerve center of New York's vast body.

Jimmy Crocker, standing in the doorway, watched the throngs enviously. There were men in that crowd who chewed gum; there were men who wore white-satin ties with imitation-diamond stickpins; there were men who, having smoked seven-tenths of a cigar, were eating the remainder; but there was not one with whom he would not at that moment willingly have exchanged identities. For these men had jobs. And in his present frame of mind it seemed to him that no further ingredient was needed for the recipe of the ultimate human bliss.

The poet has said some very searching and unpleasant things about the man "whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd as home his footsteps he hath turned from wandering on a foreign strand," but he might have excused Jimmy for feeling just then not so much a warmth of heart as a cold and clammy sensation of dismay. He would have had to admit that the words "High though his titles, proud his name, boundless his wealth as wish can claim" did not apply to Jimmy Crocker. The latter may have been "concentered all in self," but his wealth consisted of one hundred and thirty-three dollars and forty cents; and his name was so far from being proud that the mere sight of it in the files of the New York Sunday Chronicle, the record room of which he had just been visiting, had made him consider the fact that he had changed it to Bayliss the most sensible act of his career.

The reason for Jimmy's lack of enthusiasm as he surveyed the portion of his native land visible from his doorway is not far to seek. The Atlantic had docked on Saturday night, and Jimmy, having driven to an excellent hotel and engaged an expensive room therein, had left instructions at the desk that breakfast should be served to him at ten o'clock and with it the Sunday issue of the Chronicle. Five years had passed since he had seen the dear old rag for which he had reported so many fires, murders, street accidents and weddings; and he looked forward to its perusal as a formal taking seisin of his long-neglected country. Nothing could be more fitting and symbolic than that the first morning of his return to America should find him propped up in bed reading the good old Chronicle. Among his final meditations as he dropped off to sleep was a gentle speculation as to who was city editor now, and whether the comic supplement was still featuring the sprightly adventures of the Doughnut Family.

A wave of not unmanly sentiment passed over him on the following morning as he reached out for the paper. The skyline of New York, seen as the boat comes up the bay, has its points; and the rattle of the elevated trains and the quaint odor of the subway extend a kindly welcome; but the thing that really convinces the returned traveler that he is back on Manhattan Island is the first Sunday paper. Jimmy, like everyone else, began by opening the comic supplement; and as he scanned it a chilly discomfort, almost a premonition of evil, came upon him. The Doughnut Family was no more. He knew that it was unreasonable of him to feel as if he had just been informed of the death of a dear friend, for Pa Doughnut and his associates had been having their adventures five years before he had left the country, and even the toughest comic-supplement hero rarely endures for a decade. But, nevertheless, the shadow did fall upon his morning optimism, and he derived no pleasure whatever from the artificial rollickings of a degraded creature called Old Pop Dill-Pickle, who was offered as a substitute.

But this, he was to discover almost immediately, was a trifling disaster. It distressed him, but it did not affect his material welfare. Tragedy really began when he turned to the magazine section. Scarcely had he started to glance at it when this headline struck him like a bullet:

PICCADILLY JIM AT IT AGAIN

And beneath it his own name.

Nothing is so capable of diversity as the emotion we feel on seeing our name unexpectedly in print. We may soar to the heights or we may sink to the depths. Jimmy did the latter. A mere cursory first inspection of the article

revealed the fact that it was no eulogy. With an unsparing hand the writer had muckraked his eventful past, the text on which he hung his remarks being that ill-fated encounter with Lord Percy Whipple at the Six Hundred Club. This the scribe had recounted at a length and with a boisterous vim which outdid even Bill Blake's effort in the London Daily Sun. Bill Blake had been handicapped by consideration of space and the fact that he had turned in his copy at an advanced hour when the paper was almost made up. The present writer was shackled by no restrictions. He had plenty of room to spread himself in, and he had spread himself. So liberal had been the editor's views in that respect that, in addition to the letterpress, the pages contained an unspeakably offensive picture of a burly young man, in an obviously advanced condition of alcoholism, raising his fist to strike a monocled youth in evening dress who had so little chin that Jimmy was surprised that he had ever been able to hit it. The only gleam of consolation that he could discover in this repellent drawing was the fact that the artist had treated Lord Percy even more scurvily than himself. Among other things, the second son of the Duke of Devizes was depicted as wearing a coronet—a thing which would have excited remark even in a London night club.

Jimmy read the thing through in its entirety three times before he appreciated a *nuance* which his disordered mind had at first failed to grasp—to wit, that this character sketch of himself was no mere isolated outburst, but apparently one of a series. In several places the writer alluded unmistakably to other theses on the same subject. Jimmy's breakfast congealed on its tray, untouched. That boon which the gods so seldom bestow—of seeing ourselves as others see us—had been accorded to him in full measure. By the time he had completed his third reading he was regarding himself in a purely objective fashion, not unlike the attitude of a naturalist toward some strange and loathsome manifestation of insect life. So this was the sort of fellow he was! He wondered they had let him in at a reputable hotel.

The rest of the day he passed in a state of such humility that he could have wept when the waiters were civil to him. On Monday morning he made his way to Park Row to read the files of the Chronicle—a morbid enterprise, akin to the eccentric behavior of those priests of Baal who gashed themselves with knives, or of authors who subscribe to press-clipping agencies.

He came upon another of the articles almost at once, in an issue not a month old. Then there was a gap of several weeks, and hope revived that things might not be so bad as he had feared—only to be crushed by another trenchant screed. After that he set about his excavations methodically, resolved to know the worst. He knew it in just under two hours. There it all was—his row with the bookie, his bad behavior at the political meeting, his breach-of-promise case. It was a complete biography.

And the name they called him. Piccadilly Jim! Ugh!

He went out into Park Row and sought a quiet doorway where he could brood upon these matters. It was not immediately that the practical or financial aspect of the affair came to scourge him. For an appreciable time he suffered in his self-esteem alone. It seemed to him that all these bustling persons who passed knew him; that they were casting sidelong glances at him and laughing derisively; that those who chewed gum chewed it sneeringly; and that those who ate their cigars ate them with thinly veiled disapproval and scorn. Then, the passage of time blunting sensitiveness, he found that there were other and weightier things to consider.

As far as he had had any connected plan of action in his sudden casting-off of the fleshpots of London, he had determined as soon as possible after landing to report at the office of his old paper and apply for his ancient position. So little thought had he given to the minutiæ of his future plans, that it had not occurred to him that he had anything to do but walk in, slap the gang on the back and announce that he was ready to work. Work! On the staff of a paper whose chief diversion appeared to be the satirizing of his escapades! Even had he possessed the moral courage—or gall—to make the application, what good would it be? He was a byword in a world where he had once been a worthy citizen. What paper would trust Piccadilly Jim with an assignment? What paper would consider Piccadilly Jim even on space rates? A chill dismay crept over him. He seemed to hear the grave voice of Bayliss, the butler, speaking in his ear as he had spoken so short a while before at Paddington Station:

"Is it not a little rash, Mr. James?"

Rash was the word. Here he stood, in a country that had no possible use for him, a country where competition was keen and jobs for the unskilled infrequent. What on earth was there that he could do?

Well, he could go home. No, he couldn't. His pride revolted at that solution. Prodigal Son stuff was all very well in its way, but it lost its impressiveness if you turned up again at home two weeks after you had left. A decent interval among the husks and swine was essential. Besides, there was his father to consider. He might be a poor specimen of a fellow, as witness the Sunday Chronicle *passim*, but he was not so poor as to come slinking back to upset things for his father just when he had done the only decent thing by removing himself. No, that was out of the question.

What remained? The air of New York is bracing and healthful, but a man cannot live on it. Obviously he must find a job. But what job?

What could he do?

A gnawing sensation in the region of the waistcoat answered the question. The solution which it put forward was, it was true, but a temporary one, yet it appealed strongly to Jimmy. He had found it admirable at many crises. He would go to lunch, and it might be that food would bring inspiration.

He moved from his doorway and crossed to the entrance of the subway. He caught a timely express, and a few minutes later emerged into the sunlight again at Grand Central. He made his way westward along Forty-second Street to the hotel which he thought would meet his needs. He had scarcely entered it when in a chair by the door he perceived Ann Chester, and at the sight of her all his depression vanished and he was himself again.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Bayliss? Are you lunching here?"

"Unless there is some other place that you would prefer," said Jimmy. "I hope I haven't kept you waiting."

Ann laughed. She was looking very delightful in something soft and green.

"I'm not going to lunch with you. I'm waiting for Mr. Ralstone and his sister. Do you remember him? He crossed over with us. His chair was next to mine on the promenade deck."

Jimmy was shocked. When he thought how narrowly she had escaped, poor girl, from lunching with that insufferable pill, Teddy—or was it Edgar?—he felt quite weak. Recovering himself, he spoke firmly:

"When were they to have met you?"

"At one o'clock."

"It is now five past. You are certainly not going to wait any longer. Come with me, and we will whistle for a cab."

"Don't be absurd!"

"Come along. I want to talk to you about my future."

"I shall certainly do nothing of the kind," said Ann, rising. She went with him to the door. "Teddy would never forgive me." She got into the cab. "It's only because you have appealed to me to help you discuss your future," she said as they drove off. "Nothing else would have induced me ——"

"I know," said Jimmy. "I felt that I could rely on your womanly sympathy. Where shall we go?"

"Where do you want to go? Oh, I forget that you have never been in New York before. By the way, what are your impressions of our glorious country?"

"Most gratifying, if only I could get a job."

"Tell him to drive to Delmonico's. It's just round the corner on Forty-fourth Street."

"There are some things round the corner then?"

"That sounds cryptic. What do you mean?"

"You've forgotten our conversation that night on the ship. You refused to admit the existence of wonderful things just round the corner. You said some very regrettable things that night. About love, if you remember."

"You can't be going to talk about love at one o'clock in the afternoon! Talk about your future."

"Love is inextricably mixed up with my future."

"Not with your immediate future. I thought you said that you were trying to get a job. Have you given up the idea of newspaper work then?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, I'm rather glad."

The cab drew up at the restaurant door and the conversation was interrupted. When they were seated at their table, and Jimmy had given an order to the waiter of absolutely inexcusable extravagance, Ann returned to the topic:

"Well, now the thing is to find something for you to do."

Jimmy looked round the restaurant with appreciative eyes. The summer exodus from New York was still several weeks distant, and the place was full of prosperous-looking lunchers, not one of whom appeared to have a care or an unpaid bill in the world. The atmosphere was redolent of substantial bank balances. Solvency shone from the closely shaven faces of the men and reflected itself in the dresses of the women. Jimmy sighed.

"I suppose so," he said. "Though for choice I'd like to be one of the Idle Rich. To my mind the ideal profession is strolling into the office and touching the old dad for another thousand."

Ann was severe.

"You revolt me!" she said. "I never heard anything so thoroughly disgraceful. You need work!"

"One of these days," said Jimmy plaintively, "I shall be sitting by the roadside with my dinner pail, and you will come by in your limousine, and I shall look up at you and say: 'You hounded me into this!' How will you feel then?"

"Very proud of myself."

"In that case there is no more to be said. I'd much rather hang about and try to get adopted by a millionaire, but if you insist on my working —— Waiter!"

"What do you want?" asked Ann.

"Will you get me a Classified Telephone Directory?" said Jimmy.

"What for?" asked Ann.

"To look for a profession. There is nothing like being methodical."

The waiter returned, bearing a red book. Jimmy thanked him and opened it at the A's.

"The boy—what will he become?" he said. He turned the pages. "How about an Auditor? What do you think of that?"

"Do you think you could audit?"

"That I could not say till I had tried. I might be very good at it. How about an Adjuster?"

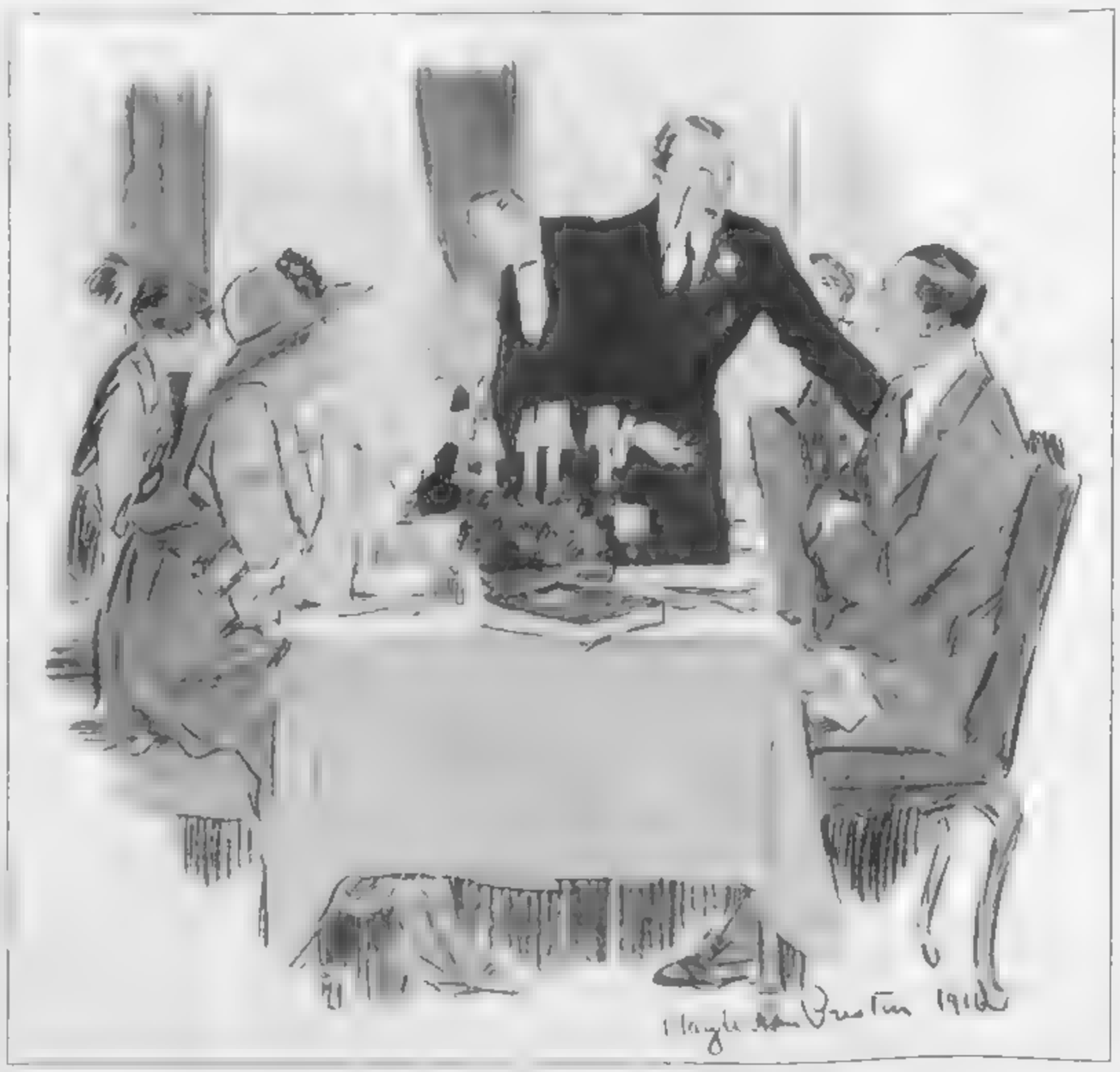
"An Adjuster of what?"

"The book doesn't say. It just remarks broadly—in a sort of spacious way—'Adjusters.' I take it that, having decided to become an Adjuster, you then sit down and decide what you wish to adjust. One might, for example, become an Asparagus Adjuster."

"A what?"

"Surely you know? Asparagus Adjusters are the fellows who sell

(Continued on Page 89)



"I Think There's Some Mistake," He Said. "My Name is Bayliss"

A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIDOW

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

THERE is no possible way to divorce religion from secular life, and no way to reconcile the one with the other. Man is a mixed metaphor, an incorrect composition from the beginning. He is very busy squandering the patrimony of his spirit in the commerce of this present world. But when he grows sick of himself and all his works he turns to God. Then when he discovers the terrific demands the Almighty makes he draws back and swears he is the promoter of his own salvation. Of all the perversities in this world there are none like those which he practices trying to avoid the issue of his own soul. He will keep books in this business, credit himself with seven chosen virtues, two or three vices, strike off a margin for incidental sins—and do it all so privately that only the angels can distinguish him from a saint. He is just good enough to be endurable and just bad enough to be natural. But let a man determine to live literally according to the Sermon on the Mount, actually practice poverty, humility, meekness, mercy, purity and peace-making, and he becomes a menace to the community. He commits crimes against the standards of the best people.

So long as we are in the flesh we may only take the Beatitudes with moderation, or take the consequences, which in the experience of our church proved to be very bad. The reproach was not upon these Scriptures, but upon us here in Berton. But I will say this—if Felix Wade had remained pastor of this church long enough to enforce his sublimely impractical form of piety, the last one of us would have been naked, homeless, hungry to the point of starvation. I reckon we might have died a supernatural death, firm in the faith, but we should have been dead just the same, which was too much to ask of a struggling church.

My purpose is to set down here exactly what happened and to leave those who think they know that it could not have happened to prove what they think they know.

Berton is so far removed from the nearest large city where daily papers are published, that when the morning edition reaches us it is an afternoon paper, and when the afternoon edition reaches us it is the next morning's paper.

Now in the summer of 1914, before Felix Wade came to us in the autumn, the headlines of these journals informed us that a great war was raging in Europe. This was all we knew about it. We were removed from the immediate sense of what was going on by the fifty years of memories and hardships which had elapsed since our own Civil War. To erase this date from the minds of Southern people would be like trying to remove the letters A. D. from the history of Christianity. All our thoughts are divided simply and irrevocably between "before the war" and "after the war." So the news we had of battles in Europe only reminded the old men to tell again of the battle of Gettysburg. And the stories of sacked towns and cities in Belgium merely stirred the old women to tell of Sherman's march through Georgia, and how they boiled the dirt in their smokehouses to get salt with which to season food. No one supposed that a war waged on the other side of the world could affect us one way or the other.

It was a fact that the Stock Exchange in New York had closed. This was no affair of ours. Decent people in Berton did not approve of the goings on in this Stock Exchange, and never had. It was associated in our minds with gambling in cotton futures, a form of iniquity not practiced here. Besides, New York was nearly as far from us as the war itself. The sun was still shining upon fields of corn, and the hills about Berton were covered with cotton. Trade languished, but as trade always takes a midsummer siesta in this town no one was concerned about that. This stagnation was only temporary. The markets would recover when the crops began to move. The merchants said so, the farmers believed it, the professional men were only waiting for this annual migration of crops before they collected accounts. Even the stewards in our church promised to pay something on the preacher's salary—"when the crops began to move."

Then suddenly something happened and everything stopped. The crops were harvested, but they did not move. In November there were fifty thousand bales of cotton in Berton. The warehouses were filled, the freight depot was covered with it, the streets were lined with ragged bales of it, standing and leaning like poor folk ready to take the train. Then cotton went down to three cents a pound, and Berton was one vast Dives' barn, filled with a great harvest while her people suffered for the very necessities of life. We could neither buy what we needed nor sell what we had.

The war in Europe had crossed the seas, traveled hundreds of miles overland and reached Berton. Every man in the country, however poor, paid an enormous war tax during the winter of 1914. And since no munitions factories had been established in this too temperamental part of the country, the South was not in a position, as the North and West were, to recoup itself financially for these losses by furnishing ammunition to the Allies.

One disaster followed another. First the Citizens' Bank of Berton closed automatically, as banks do in a panic, and John Henry Lipton, who was cashier, lost his job. Then the stocks in which Tom Warren had invested most of his money dropped way below par and ceased to pay dividends. Charlotte had to dismiss her servant and do her own work, which she did with such an air of outraged dignity that she was more formidable than ever. Molly Brown was obliged to sell her fifty-dollar organ for twelve dollars to pay her taxes. "It's just as well," she said to me with a sigh. "I never could play a tune on it, but I took a worldly pride in having an organ in my parlor. Now there ain't a single thing left in my house that I don't actually need!"

The Peterses sold their horse and buggy for a little ready money to go on until Roger could sell his cotton. Sally Parks admitted that her family was living on the hard stock in Sam's grocery store, which she said was very bad on account of the weevils in the lady peas and the oatmeal.

Now when our sons and daughters die we can say with Job: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" But when it comes to the loss of wealth and comfort we cannot lay that to Him, for the Lord never confers treasures upon us in this world and He never takes them away. We get them by hook or crook and our fellow men do the taking away.

The panic struck Berton shortly after Brother Wade came to us. And we were so concerned about our own affairs that we ceased to speculate about him as we had done at first. I reckon we lost consciousness spiritually for a time. When we recovered from the shock we found him strangely cheerful, unaffected by the misfortunes of the community.

The same week the bank went into the hands of a receiver and Lipton lost his position, Tom Warren lost three thousand dollars in the failure of the Coal and Ice Company of Berton. Naturally the congregation in our church showed the effects of these disasters the following Sunday. Many men and some women wore that anxious look which the fear of spiritual damnation never inspires. We were all very low in our minds. And it made us feel queer when Brother Wade opened the service with:

Safely through another week,
God has led us on our way.

I reckon we were still safe in the midst of these earthly misfortunes. But when you have lost your job, and maybe your deposit in the bank and half your property, it's not so easy to feel safe, much less to sing about it.

We did have a woman in this town once with this unnatural spiritual exaltation. She was filled with the Spirit. She said she could neither sin nor suffer, and she could rejoice in the face of any sorrow. Then her baby died. When we went to the funeral, expecting to offer sympathy to a heart-broken mother, she met us at the door with a smile and invited us into the parlor where the casket was. She showed how great her faith was, but it everlastingly ruined her in this town. Bearing her affliction that way seemed inhuman.

Brother Wade took as his text that day: "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." He said being poor in spirit meant literally preferring poverty, that poverty was the natural condition of Christians in this world, that we must not want, but must want only to give whatever we had. This, he said, was the price of citizenship in heaven.

Neither the Warrens nor the Liptons were in heaven, and they showed it by the deaf-and-dumb faces they turned toward the pulpit that day. As we came out of the church Charlotte said to Sam Parks:

"There's such a thing as being wonderfully sustained by the grace of God when it's somebody else who's lost everything he's got in the world! When Brother Wade finds his own salary cut in half, and that he can get only ten per cent of his church collections, he will sing another tune!"

I thought as much myself. If he'd only said something sympathetic about the hardness of the times, we should have felt he was nearer kin to us. But never once during that dreadful winter did he refer to the distress in the town nor to any worldly condition. The moment we crossed the threshold of the church we were the Lord's ravens, His lilies of the field, who should take no thought about how we should be fed nor wherewith we should be clothed. But when you are still in the body, which is very sensitive to cold and hunger, it is difficult to trust just to the wing feathers of faith in immortal life.

He preached steadily on the Beatitudes during eight weeks of the worst financial depression we ever had in Berton. I am not complaining, you understand, but I have noticed that we Christians appreciate these Scriptures more when they do not apply so dangerously close to the fix we are in. Besides, a pastor has the advantage when it comes to living up to the Beatitudes. What is the average man's religion is not only a pastor's religion but his business by which he earns a living. We were accustomed to sermons on these greatest of all sermons, but we accepted them before this time with reservations necessary for carrying on the carnal affairs of our little world. No other preacher ever took advantage of the situation to fit them to us literally. But Felix Wade would get into the pulpit every Sunday morning with that cowlick roached up on the back of his head, his face flushed with the blood of a man, and his eyes cooled as if the Spirit in him looked down upon us with a merciless determination to squeeze us out of our bodies.

"Brethren," he said one Sunday, "the poor in heart do see God. This is not a figure of speech, but a law of the spiritual vision, exact as that governing angles of refracted light in this world. The merciful do obtain mercy. If there is one among you without mercy who has received love or charity or forgiveness, that man is a thief."

If he had swung his arm in a fine gesture, raised his voice and shouted THAT MAN IS A THIEF! it wouldn't have been so bad. Some of the force of the thing would have passed off in the rhetorical explosion. But he never raised his voice, and he was too intimate with his "Thou

art the man" forefinger, which he occasionally wagged at us in a manner not eloquent, but definite.

We were getting the Gospel, pure and undefiled, but I say it made me nervous, as we had fallen into the hands of one too young in the spiritual life, not yet accustomed to making concessions to our dust and desires, who was wielding a terrible sword of the Spirit. I had forebodings, like the earlier Christians when they did not know for certain what fate awaited them, whether they were to be cast to the lions or burned at the stake. My impression was that we were about to be tried out according to our profession of faith, which is a dangerous experiment to make with men and women who must continue to live in a world governed by material standards.

I have never known anyone who was really intimate with a Methodist preacher, though I've known many who thought they were. His migratory existence does not permit him to form lasting attachments. But I have noticed this, that every one of them chooses a favorite roosting place on his circuit, some home where he can preen himself and rest from being just the physician of souls. My house has always been such a refuge, either because I am sure to be of the pastor's faction in the church or because I live so near the parsonage.

Brother Wade had the habit of dropping in on his way home at the end of a round of pastoral visits, or maybe he'd see me in the garden. It didn't matter, he came always informally. I would not call him a chicken-eating preacher, but he had a man's craving for food prepared by a woman. He was fond of a certain pudding I made. He'd follow his nose in, sometimes, when he smelled a particularly savory odor in passing. Nothing would do but I must teach Lum to prepare some dish the way I served it. This was how that heathen got into my kitchen, a circumstance which led to startling consequences later on, as this record will show.

No man could be farther removed from his Gospel austerity than our pastor was on these occasions. He would not discuss church affairs or current events in the town; and but for those mysterious excursions he made from time to time away from Berton, you might have supposed he had forgotten the world beyond these hills. I had an old plush-bound family album with silver clasps which amused him as a picture book entertains a child. He'd turn the pages of this book, smile over the chignon headdress of the women and the ludicrously dignified faces of the men. He wanted to know who this one was and that one, encouraging me to become the Boswell biographer of these men and women, most of whom were dead and gone before he was born. Occasionally he would look up at me when I'd be chanting my tale about one of them. And I'd feel like an old spinnet tinkling a tune.

There was the picture of a child somewhere in the album, a little saucer-faced girl with colorless fair hair, wide eyes and a turned-up nose.

"Do you remember her?" he asked mischievously the first time he saw it.

"Only vaguely," I answered, confused.

"Funny little smudge," eying me provocatively. "I suppose she was a good little thing!"

"I can't say, it's so long ago," I answered, smiling. "The chief thing I recall about her at that age was that she believed in a land where the clouds lived."

He closed the album, arose and went to the window. The weather was very bad. Snow covered the ground, every bough and twig was limned with frost. The church across the way looked as if an old-fashioned white counterpane had been spread over it, with a fringe of icicles.

"We are in for a long freeze," I said presently, when he had returned to the fire.

"Madam," he began, ignoring the weather and addressing me in the exaggerated manner he often was pleased to affect, "may I ask you a delicate question?"

"What is it?" I asked, looking up from my knitting.

"When a saint is alone in her house, when the little girl is gone who believed in the land where the clouds live, and she has served a long, long sentence to just faith in the evidence of things unseen, what are her thoughts?"

"There are no such saints. When you are alone you are not a saint any more than you are a colonel, or—a doctor of divinity!" I answered.

"What then?" he demanded.

"Always just yourself—no spiritual airs, no worldly airs. If you've set yeast to rise, you watch it. If someone is in distress, you think of him, on a day like this, and of the birds in the snow. You are in and out of the spirit like a woman is in and out of her house, attending to the things outside as well as to prayers inside. If the Lord intended that we should live only in the spirit He would not have made us so carefully in the flesh," I concluded, looking at him significantly, for he had been preaching then on the Beatitudes for eight Sabbaths in succession. And the Sermon on the Mount differs from the Ten Commandments as a code of laws governing the spiritual life differs from one laid down for just the moral life in this present world.

What I hoped he'd understand was that the back of my soul was aching from so much Gospel stretching.

"Go on," he said, smiling. "What were you about to tell me when you interrupted yourself?"

"It is nothing really to tell, but when one grows old there are things in the Scriptures which stand out and up as if they were looking at you," I admitted reluctantly, knowing that he was tempting my heavenly confidences as he often did.

"What, for example?" he asked.

"The messengers that the Lord sent," I confessed. "When I was young the angels who appeared to Abraham and to Jacob and to the others, you know, they belonged back there, like the rod with which Moses smote the rock. But now, when all the prophecies of my years have been fulfilled, when there is no one to come, when I am old and alone in my house—it's foolish, but I'm always expecting a messenger—not the terrible one who cries: 'Behold, I stand at the door!' but a little old daily-bread messenger of His loving kindness."

"I understand," he answered gently.

"It's just a feeling," I went on; "and the queer part is that long ago I saw the pictures of one of those angels. Wings and flaming sword he had, but, dear me, his legs were so thin, and he wore striped stockings!"

He threw back his head and shouted with laughter.

"So I'm always expecting one like that, with striped stockings. Isn't it awful?"

"It's delightful!" he cried.

What I am trying to tell is that though this man preached the word in a manner to shrive us of our very flesh, he was himself as simple and kind as if he'd chosen himself to be a child in all things. But the moment you trod upon his Gospel grounds he was not the same. You felt the Cross in him, a fanatical negation of life. He was a sort of highwayman of the Spirit, bent upon robbing us of the things of time and sense.

"Brother Wade," I said one day, "your sermons on the Beatitudes are very strong."

He did not reply—merely fixed his eye upon me and waited for what he must have felt was coming.

"But," I went on lamely, "they are designed to be more gradual in their effects, to develop spiritual standards in nations through ages; not—not all at once and now."

"Why not for each individual man and now?" he objected quickly.

"Because for one man or one set of men to live literally like that would tempt too many others to take advantage of—well, of their Christian helplessness."

"What has that to do with the issue? One must be willing to lose the whole world," he returned obstinately.

"Willing or not, it comes to the same thing. We can't do it. The world's here. And we are in it. Not even faith can remove us from it."

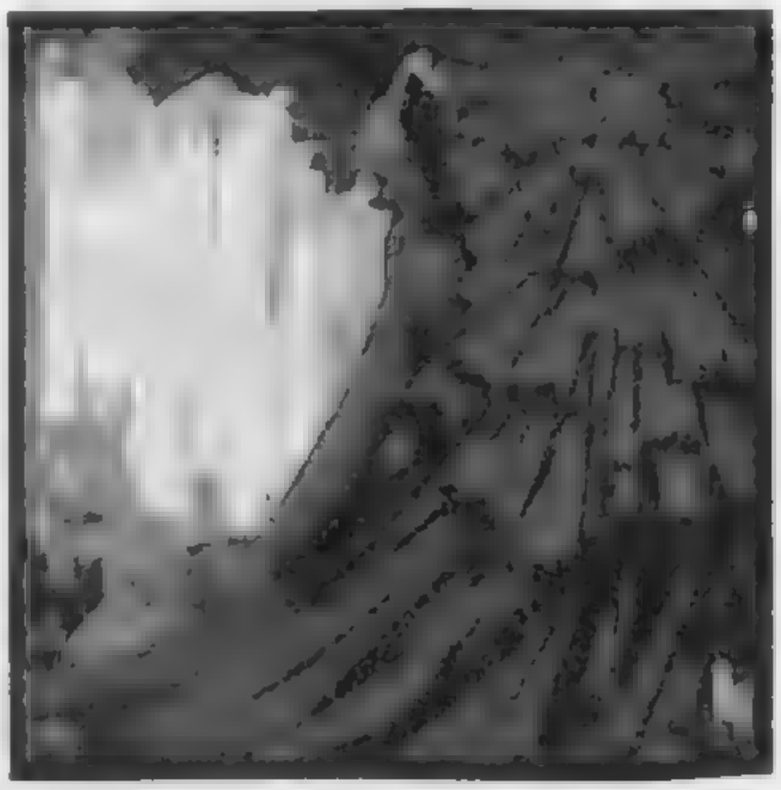
"If I believed that, I'd surrender my credentials tomorrow," he answered, turning away.

The next day was Sunday and the storm broke, of which it seemed I alone had been the weather prophet, for the amazement upon the faces of the congregation as Felix Wade unfolded his plan was complete and far from Christian.

He read the story of the rich young ruler, and he took as his text the advice of Jesus to that young man: "Sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor . . . take up the cross, and follow me!"

It was a soft morning in the early spring. The fragrance of the warming earth and of secret flowers filled the air. Through the windows we could see the pale green mist of tender leaves swinging like a veil from every shrub and tree.

No one listened very attentively. The people were relaxed, drowsy with the sweet somnambulance of spring. We supposed Brother Wade was about to deliver the annual missionary sermon required of every Methodist itinerant. At the close of the service we expected him to take up the foreign missionary collection, which is usually done at this season.



I have heard so many missionary sermons myself that I feel I can do my duty and pay what I ought to pay to the cause without taxing myself to listen very closely to what the preacher says, just as I sometimes leave him to lead the prayer without following that very carefully. I caught a sentence here and there, because he was an abrupt speaker who sometimes shocked the very sleepers in the church with a dash of cold-water Gospel. I recalled afterward that he said in the beginning of his discourse something like this: "We have never proved the existence of Almighty God, because we have never lived by faith. We only profess to believe. We actually live as if there was no Providence. This is as true of the Christian churches as it is of the unchristian world. The way to prove the omnipotence and fatherhood of God is to try Him out by the Word. If we do not then receive the evidences of salvation, the joy and peace of the saints, then there is no God."

Well, I wished he had not said that, but I comforted myself that no one appeared to be listening, and that every member had already made up his mind what he would or would not give to foreign missions anyhow. So I settled down until he should finish with the missionary journeys of Paul, which are always the major part of every preacher's appeal for missions. It was not until later that I remembered the emphasis with which he dwelt upon the fact that Paul's chief purpose was to win converts to the Christian faith. Naturally this would be the object of a Christian missionary. But as he went on about Paul it seemed to me that he was poking at him, as if he merely forgave this great disciple for doing no better, because the times were hard and men had not yet a clear vision of Christianity. He called the Crusaders the second great missionary movement: "Still, brethren, to win converts to their faith, even by force of arms," he concluded. "But proselyting is not really characteristic of the spirit of Christ. To love and to serve every man, to give all you have and to follow with the cross of Christ, this is the purpose of missions. Mere preaching does not and never will prove the Christian faith."

I looked round to see if anyone had noticed that he accused Paul of proselyting. But Sam Parks was obviously asleep and Tom Warren was nodding. The women didn't count. They can be sound asleep mentally while they stare like patient saints into the very face of the preacher.

"Now, brethren," he went on in his coldly modulated voice, "we are in the midst of the third great missionary movement.

"At the present moment there is a double line of fire and death stretched across the face of Europe. Six million men are fighting six million men. The tribal atrocities of the Middle Ages have been reduced to the exact modern science of the most deadly warfare. All the resources and wealth of these nations are being taxed to expose as many men as possible to death. They are perishing by the thousands every day, of such wounds and tortures as were never made by scalping savages. These unhappy men are more truly the victims of their own governments than they are of the enemy. We have but one explanation of this horror, brethren: that the nations engaged in this conflict are not Christian nations. They do not believe and never have believed in the teachings of Christ.

"It is not my purpose to discuss this reversion to type. Civilization never converted a savage into a Christian. On the contrary, it may enhance his ferocity and his capacity to achieve every crime without breaking a single law, as is now proved by this wave of arson and murder sweeping over the Old World. But my purpose is to call your attention to the miracle of Christian missions in our own country, still the land of peace and ideals.

"During the past six months more American missionaries have gone to the war zone than the Christian churches have sent out in fifty years. More money has been spent in this work than our foreign-mission funds amount to in ten years—nearly eighteen millions, not counting private charities and gifts. Every one of these missionaries is exposed to greater dangers than Paul encountered even in the prison at Rome. They have died as bravely as Paul died. They have suffered as the early martyrs suffered, and with no less courage.

"Brethren," he cried, lifting his voice in passionate eloquence, "these missionaries were not sent by the Christian churches of this country. The moneys they have spent in the relief of the suffering, wounds and poverty were not furnished by Christian denominations! And they have not gone to win converts or to impose their creed upon other men, but literally to succor, to give all they have and themselves even to death, that they may show mercy and love and become the strength of the weak and the refuge of the destitute. For the first time the spiritual forces in a nation at large have proved superior to the spiritual forces of mere churches. Before this time we knew there were many Christians in this nation; now we know that this is literally a Christian nation!"

Sam Parks sat up, snorted, and looked round as if he'd heard a clap of thunder and wondered where the cloud was. Everybody moved a little. The people were like leaves suddenly shaken by a wind on a summer day. What was the matter? Something was wrong. We smelled the brimstone odor of heresy—or was it heresy?

"Brethren," Felix Wade went on, after a pause during which he regarded us steadily, "the churches are still taking collections this year for missions in China, Africa and Japan, to win converts for the Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians. But has this church as a church—has any church in Berton—given one dollar this year to the Red Cross missionaries on the battlefields of Europe? The Christian organizations in this town represent denominations whose properties, all told, are worth millions of dollars. Our own Methodist people are at the present time building a million-dollar church and a six or seven million dollar university, while a million women and children in Belgium and Poland and France are without food. We are, like Dives, forgetting Lazarus at the gate, preparing to build yet greater churches!

"Let no man among you excuse his fault in this matter!" he said, lowering his voice and sweeping a gesture over us like a sickle reaping tares. "If you say these are not Christian missionaries, but merely humanitarians gone with no other motive to the war zone, you condemn yourselves, for Christianity is humanitarianism. As Cadmus introduced letters into Greece, so did Jesus Christ introduce the sense of love, sacrifice and mercy into the experience of mankind. He was the great Humanitarian. Do you think it mattered to Him whether we joined converts to our church? No, by the living God! No! He came to seek and to save that which was lost. Nothing else. A Hindu who practices chastity, honesty, sacrifice, love and mercy is no less a Christian than a Methodist bishop!"

Well, it was awful, but he still had us by the hair of the head, and we were not in a position to cry out.

"Are we to have no part as a church in the greatest, most truly Christian missionary work ever performed in the world?" he went on. "I cannot believe it, my brethren. If a man is dying at your door, why step over his body to mail a contribution to a mission in China? It is my privilege to remind you of your duty. 'Sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor . . . take up the cross, and follow me.' There is no other way, brethren, not in this great emergency, even to keep the peace of this nation. We must be blameless. Therefore, I put the question to you straight: Whom will you have from this church to work in the American missions upon the battlefields of Europe?"

He asked that as simply as if he had said "Whom will you elect as delegate to the District Conference?"

"The members of this church can easily afford a thousand dollars toward the support of this missionary without selling all they have. What we wish to know now is—who will go?"

The congregation could not have been more astonished if this church had been a soulless corporation asked to send a missionary to China. It was not that we were soulless, but the only things that protect the disciples of any religion are their creed and their traditions. Otherwise we must literally follow the spirit which takes no account of the needs and demands of material life. Therefore, we were disturbed, almost visibly indignant, at this demand, which was foreign to our methods. Also it was radical. There was no provision in the Discipline of our church for what Brother Wade proposed. The governing powers control the incomes from every charge as rigidly as if they were rents collected. Besides, we had our missions established in heathen lands for the purpose of converting the people to Christianity. What could we do? Six assessments besides the pastor's salary are laid upon every Methodist church. Well, it was unthinkable, this proposition to raise a thousand dollars extra for work in the war zone!

Sally Parks leaned over and whispered: "Is he crazy?"

"No, he isn't accustomed to being a Christian, so he thinks he ought to be one," I whispered back, determined to defend his divine foolishness if I could.

"What'd you say?" gasped Sally, who never can take a thing until it's made very plain to her.

"They are All in Danger. We Have Fifty Cases of Typhoid There Now"

"I say, Felix Wade must have been licensed to preach as soon as he was converted. I've always felt that there was something terribly newborn to God in him. He doesn't know anything about the government of the church."

Sally drew back and looked at me. She hopes and believes I'm a good Christian, but she thinks I'm erratic and at times viperish.

We could hear furiously sibilant comments from the people behind us.

"He hasn't even taken the regular assessments yet!"

"A thousand dollars! When we've been robbed this whole winter on account of this war. He won't get ten cents!"

"And who does he think will go? Nobody!"

"I told you when he came with an automobile, a Chinese servant and a bulldog that something was wrong!"

"What is wrong? What's the matter with him?"

"Crazy, that's what. Wandered off!"

This was followed by a suppressed titter.

All this time Felix Wade stood leaning upon the pulpit, his arms folded, with his eyes covering us like spiritual revolvers. The whispering died away. The tension was awful, especially as not one of us expected a response to his appeal.

Molly Brown was at her wits' ends. If she could have gone to the altar as usual and settled it that way! But the thing demanded was not in our line. Charlotte braced herself, reared back and looked as if heaven and earth could not move her. Tom Warren was chewing very fast, his white beard wagging and his eyes darting dollar-marked indignation in every direction.

Then we heard someone stumble into the aisle far back in the church. When something is about to happen of which you do not approve and against which you are not in position to protest, it is best to keep your eyes upon vacancy and let it happen. So we did. No one turned his head; every eye was riveted upon nothing.

Doctor Edd appeared, walking wearily as if it was a day's journey to the altar. As he drew nearer he seemed to shrink, pierced now from behind by so many eyes.

"Brother Wade," he said in a low voice, "if no one else will go I'd like to. I've longed for this chance since the war began. But," he added, looking up frankly, "I'm not fit."

"The hour makes the man. This is your hour, doctor," said Brother Wade. Then addressing the congregation, he added: "Brethren, we are very fortunate in securing the doctor for this service."

He went on to say that he hoped the necessary funds would be subscribed at once. He would not take a public collection, but leave it to each member's conscience to give what he could. The Methodists buzzed like a swarm of angry bees during the days that followed. The stewards of the church were disgusted. If Wade attended to his business and to the collection of the regular assessments, he'd show some sense.

I held my peace, which was not peace at all, and said nothing. But the more I thought of the way our pastor had belittled the missionary work of the church in foreign lands, the more I thought about getting converts, the madder I was. If he'd only used common sense he'd have known that we couldn't get the money, and that Doctor Edd was a good sinner but not to be trusted upon a mission like this. But Felix Wade did not know a human thing about us. That was his limitation. He had stuck to his promise to know nothing among us save Jesus Christ and Him crucified—which was the same thing as being hopelessly ignorant of our essential attributes for living in Berton.

Well, I stood the strain as long as I could. Then I made up my mind to have it out with him and tell him a few things. This time I would not allow him to wheedle my tongue out of my head to tell what he wanted to hear. I'd say what I had to say, if it was the last talking I did in this world.

This was Thursday afternoon. I was on my way to the Women's Missionary meeting. I tied my bonnet on tighter than usual and sailed first across the street to the parsonage.

"Come in!" Brother Wade called cheerfully, hurrying down the steps the way he always does, to conduct me up them.

"No," I said grimly, "I've got something to say and I'm going to begin now."

He looked at me mildly, as much as to say: "Dear lady, you are winded already—better sit down!" But I would not. I planted my fore feet, so to speak, and turned the heels of my indignation full upon him.

"Brother Wade, I've been thinking of what you said Sunday about our missionary work."

"Yes," he assented, as if that was what I should have been doing.

"And I just want to say that the Methodist Church is not to blame for not having missions and missionaries in Germany and France and England. Until this war began there was a general impression to the effect that these were Christian nations." When I get started I can talk very fast, and I did now, smacking my fist on my palms for emphasis. "For nearly a hundred years we've been sending salvation to the heathens, and a hundred years after this war's ended we'll be doing that."

(Continued on Page 77)

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Is Belgium Conquered?

ON PAPER no country was ever more completely conquered than Belgium. It is absolutely in the hands of its enemy, and within its borders not a finger may wag except by the enemy's permission. But that seems to mark the limits of the conquest; for, broadly speaking, hardly a finger will wag at the enemy's command. Negatively, Germany can do anything she pleases with Belgium; positively, apparently she can do very little.

For example, Director Bicknell, of the American National Red Cross, relates this episode in the Survey: "Malines is the site of extensive railway repair shops; and, as the operation of the railways by the Germans was steadily reducing the rolling stock through accidents and natural wear, the German Government decided that Belgian workmen formerly employed in the repair shops should be forced back into them. An order was issued that no more food be distributed by the relief committee until the men returned to the shops. Farmers and gardeners were forbidden to bring in their produce. No inhabitant was permitted to leave the city. Sentries were posted about the outskirts and a barbed-wire barrier erected round the city."

But the Belgians stubbornly refused to work for their enemy; the Red Cross protested; the Germans gave up the attempt.

The present population of the country, Mr. Bicknell thinks, is seven millions against seven and a half millions before the war. Pretty much the whole population refuses to perform work by which their foes will benefit. Passive resistance is almost unconquerable.

Dodging the Issue

WHEN a question bristles with political dangers, like quills upon the fretful porcupine, you needn't expect anybody to grasp it firmly with both hands—especially in a presidential year. You may expect to see Democrats voting quite solidly for the President's eight-hour railroad bill and Republicans voting quite solidly against it, but neither side squarely facing the issue involved; both leaving the essential subject just where they found it.

Of course comparatively few things that are within the range of probability would be greater misfortunes than a nation-wide railroad strike. For a good while a nation-wide railroad strike has been distinctly within the range of probability. It still is in that position. All the apparatus for producing it is in plain sight and apparently in good working order. Only one thing will take it out of the range of probability, and that is a compulsory arbitration law, with sufficient teeth to be effective. Such a law would be intensely unpopular with a very important body of citizens. Perhaps, in all the circumstances of present-day American life, it would be very unjust. But it is the only tolerably certain alternative to the constant danger of a strike.

The essential issue raised by the recent railroad-strike order is: Do we want a compulsory arbitration law? But hardly anybody in politics will face it squarely. Probably Republicans would be as loath as Democrats to propose real compulsory arbitration—both sides preferring something that looked enough like it to placate one set of voters and not enough like it to offend another set. In that case opportunism is the only policy.

Of course there is much to be said for the policy of not crossing a stream until you get to it—especially when it's a particularly nasty stream to cross. But that this is a mere opportunistic policy ought to be frankly and mutually acknowledged.

Changing the Clock

NO DOUBT there is something to be said for a "daylight-saving" scheme when uniformly applied by national law to the compact industrial countries of Western Europe. There would be something to be said for it if it could be uniformly applied to the northern half of that part of the United States which uses standard Eastern time. But that would require uniform action by a dozen states, which we are hardly likely to get.

As a local movement—involving a change of the clock in one city but not in the next—it would be a great nuisance, confusing railroad time-tables and many other intercity arrangements. One would not know whether ten o'clock really meant nine o'clock or ten or eleven.

The scheme was elaborately discussed in England for a number of years, and rejected. It has now been adopted there, and by other belligerents, in the hope—no doubt—of getting a little bigger outturn from munitions factories; and for a compact industrial country, which runs on one time anyway, it may have advantages.

The United States, from coast to coast, runs on four times. In the vast stretches of country that are predominantly agricultural no daylight-saving scheme is necessary, for they already save all the daylight there is. Changing the clock has not been advocated here as a national measure—or even, seriously, so far as we know, as a state measure. As a merely local measure it would be a nuisance.

Any industrial establishment that wishes to save daylight can do so by merely posting a notice that, in summer, work will begin and end an hour earlier. There is, of course, no objection to that; and it may have advantages. But there are decided objections to changing the local time. An English contemporary somewhat harshly characterizes the scheme as a new way to play the old game of Let's Pretend.

New Records in Financing

IN EIGHT months of the current calendar year about two and three-quarters billion dollars of stocks and bonds were issued and absorbed in the United States. This includes only issues of sufficient size or importance to attract some public attention. To it should be added issues of securities by concerns that are of merely local importance and individual loans on real-estate mortgage; but the amount of these items is unknown.

Two and three-quarters billions in eight months would be at the rate of four billions a year and probably constitutes a world record for any nation.

Not all of these issues represented investment of new capital. Some of them were for the purpose of paying previous obligations; but the saving and investing of capital doubtless goes on here, at present, at a rate never before equaled in any country.

A striking feature of this year's financing is that three-quarters of a billion of it represents loans to foreign governments—in addition to bank credits of a temporary character. This is an anchor to windward in case the trade balance should turn against us at the end of the war.

Another feature is less agreeable: With an immense fund of investable capital to draw upon, and with virtually all existing transportation facilities taxed to the utmost, American railroads absorbed very little more capital in the eight months this year than in the corresponding period last year. Their total issues of bonds, notes and stock came to six hundred and twenty-five millions against five hundred and thirty-five millions in 1915. Meantime industrial corporations issued two hundred and forty millions more of bonds and notes this year than last, and three hundred and eighty millions more of stock.

For many years railroads were the great magnets for American capital. They give place now to manufacturing concerns. Last year, it will be remembered, hardly any new line was built. Terminals are not being enlarged at the rate the country's commercial interests require. Too little capital goes into railroads.

Town and Country

THE real country population of the United States increased in the last census decade by not much more than two million persons, or, roughly, about six per cent; while the town population increased over thirteen and a half millions, or something like thirty-six per cent—its rate of growth being approximately six times that of the country.

Commonly quoted census tables show the urban population growing at about three times the rate of rural increase, but the census classifies as rural population all those who live outside of towns containing twenty-five hundred or more inhabitants. These small-town inhabitants, of course, are mainly engaged in trade and manufacturing, rather than in agriculture. In the last census decade their number increased by nearly two millions, or about thirty per cent, leaving but little over two millions increase for the actual out-of-town population.

This corresponds approximately with the census report on gainful occupations, which shows that the number engaged in agriculture increased something over two millions. Meantime the land area embraced in farms increased less than five per cent and the total number of farms by six hundred-and-odd thousand.

The actual country population is under forty-five per cent of the total and is growing very slowly; while town population increases swiftly.

This naturally suggests an enormous change in social and economic conditions since the Constitution of the United States was adopted, when New York was the only town with more than thirty thousand inhabitants and contained eight-tenths of one per cent of the nation's population; while last year towns of more than thirty thousand inhabitants contained over thirty million people, or nearly a third of the nation's citizens.

There is no reason to expect any material change in the relative growth of town and country population. For a long time, no doubt, nearly all the nation's growth will be in town population, depending upon trade and manufactures for a livelihood.

The Science of War

WAR, no doubt, is a science to about the same extent that poker is. Among its phenomena there are a few that are of a calculable nature, from which an acute and experienced mind can draw positive deductions. The rest is largely luck and guessing.

It is assumed that Moltke was deposed as chief of the German General Staff because the defeat at the Marne, involving a great setback to Germany, showed that his calculations were erroneous. His successor, Falkenhayn, was recently deposed—probably because he undertook the attack upon Verdun, in which Germany spent a prodigious quantity of life and treasure to no advantage, while her enemies piled up men and guns for the huge counterstroke they are now delivering.

That Russian commanders vastly misjudged the task before them in 1915 was shown by the result. That the frightfully costly Dardanelles adventure was a blunder is now conceded everywhere. No doubt when this war is over military critics, studying its history at leisure, will point out the military blunders by which it was lost—as has happened with nearly every other war.

Military history may be said to run back a couple of thousand years. It is probably quite two-thirds or three-quarters little other than a record of blunders. Science can foretell what will happen when a given force meets a given resistance; but in war almost nothing is "given." There is practically no science to foretell what will happen when two large bodies of armed men clash. The men who have been able to apprehend what was happening in time to take advantage of the opportunities offered are so rare that their names are immortal.

The Eight-Hour Day

ADDRESSING Congress on the railroad crisis, President Wilson said: "It seemed to me that the whole spirit of the time and the preponderant evidence of recent economic experience spoke for the eight-hour day. It has been adjudged by the thought and experience of recent years as a thing upon which society is justified in insisting."

The statement obviously requires extensive modifications. Two years ago a thoroughgoing eight-hour law was submitted to the voters of California. If its operation had been limited to employees of large concerns, such as railroads and steel mills, the thought and experience of a majority of voters would perhaps have adjudged it a thing upon which society would be justified in insisting. But as it would actually have applied to all employees of every sort it was defeated, two to one. There are six million farm laborers—against seven million factory wage-earners. No eight-hour day for the farmer has ever been dreamed of—much less adjudged a thing upon which society should insist.

The eight-hour day, in fact, is a thing that society is still very far from having accepted. The movement may be in that direction, but there is no precipitance about it. Certain well-organized trades, embracing but a small fraction of those who work for wages, have succeeded in establishing an eight-hour day—generally with some reduction in the compensation for a day's work. But the working time of union labor, the country over, as reported by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, has fallen less than three per cent in eight years. There is no headlong rush to an eight-hour day.

Undoubtedly American society, far from insisting upon limitation of the hours of labor to eight a day, would overwhelmingly defeat such a proposal in practically every state of the Union. For many years to come the eight-hour day will be for only a few.

LOVER'S LEAP

Being a Series of Extracts From the Diary of the Rev. Roscoe Titmarsh Fibble, D.D.

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

APRIL THE THIRD.—Good morning, Friend Quarto! The foregoing line, which I have but this moment inscribed in a fair hand upon the first ruled page immediately succeeding the flyleaf of this neat russet-clad volume, marks the beginning of a new and—what I trust me shall prove—a congenial enterprise. This, therefore, is in the nature of a dedication, none the less significant because privately conducted. I am to-day inaugurating a diary or, as some would say, a journal of my daily life.

For long I have contemplated such an undertaking, but in the press of other matters delayed making a start, as so often one will. Procrastination—ah, what a graceless rogue are you! But upon the eve of yesterday, shortly before evensong, as I was passing adown the main street of this quaint and quiet village of Lover's Leap, situate in the western part of the state of New Jersey, I chanced to pause before the shop of the Messrs. Bumpass Brothers, a merchandising establishment for the purveying of stationery, sweetmeats, souvenirs and such like commodities and much in favor among the student body of our beloved Fernbridge Seminary for Young Ladies. In the show window, displayed in company with other articles of varied character and description, I beheld this book, which seemed so exactly suited and devised to my purposes. Without delay, therefore, I entered in and from Mr. Selim Bumpass, the younger member of this firm of tradeworthy tradesmen, I procured it at a cost of ninety cents, and here and now I devote you, little bookling, to your future usages.

I count this an auspicious occasion, ushering, as it does, into the placid currents of my existence what at once shall be a new pleasure and a new duty. Nightly when the toils of the hour are done and darkness has drawn her curtains about the world I, seated in the cloistered seclusion of my rooms, shall enter herein a more or less complete summary of the events of the day that is done.

When this volume is quite filled up I shall purchase yet another, and thus it shall be in the years to come that in leisure moments I may take down from my shelves one of my accumulated store of diaries and, opening it at random, refresh the wearied faculties with memories of bygone events, past trials, half-forgotten triumphs, et cetera, et cetera. In fancy I behold myself, with the light of retrospection beaming in my eye, glancing up from the written leaf and to myself murmuring: "Fibble, upon such a date in the long ago you did thus and so, you visited this or that spot of interest, you had profitable converse with such and such a person." How inspiring the prospect; how profitable may be the outcome of the labor required!

With this brief foreword I now put you aside, little diary, meaning to seek your company again ere the hour of retiring has arrived. So be of good cheer and grow not impatient through the long hours, for anon I shall return.

Ten-forty-five P. M. of even date; to wit, April the third.—True to my promise here I am, pen in hand and finger at brow. It augurs well that I should have launched this undertaking upon this particular day. For scarce had I left my study this morning when an occurrence came to pass which I deem to have been of more than passing interest and proper, therefore, to be set forth in some amplitude of detail. At faculty meeting, following chapel, our principal and president, Miss Waddleton, announced to us that a new member had been added to our little band. Continuing in this strain she explained that a young person, until now a stranger to us all, had been engaged for the position of athletic instructor made vacant by the recent and regrettable resignation of Miss Eleanor Scuppers. With these words she presented Miss Scuppers' successor in the person of a Miss Hildegarde Hamm. Mutual introductions followed.

During the ceremonial I had abundant opportunity to observe this Miss Hamm with a polite but searching scrutiny. I cannot deny that she is rather of a personable aspect, but, in all charity and forbearance of final judgment, I foresee she may prove a discordant factor, a disturbing element in our little circle. I go farther than that. If I may permit myself to indulge in language verging almost upon the indelicate, when employed with reference to the other or gentler sex, she has about her a certain air of hoydenish and robustious buoyancy which, I fear me, will but ill conform to the traditions of dear Fernbridge and the soothed and refining spirit ever maintained by the instructor body of our beloved seminary.

Subconsciously I felt wincingly the grasp of her hand as I exchanged with her the customary salutations the while I murmured a few words of perfunctory welcome. Her clasp was almost masculine in its firmness and pressure—much more vehement than the one which I myself exert upon occasions of greeting. But since I, as occupant of the chair of astronomy and ancient and modern history, shall probably be thrown in direct contact with our new coworker but little, I anticipate no personal embarrassments, albeit I shall endeavor to hold her at a distance, ever and always maintaining between us a barrier of courteous aloofness. It is the effect upon our institution as a whole that I regard with forebodings.

In a brief period of speech with Miss Primleigh, our mathematics teacher, which ensued in a corridor subsequent to Miss Hamm's induction into the faculty, I gathered that Miss Primleigh, who is of a most discerning turn of mind, shared with me these apprehensions. Also I gleaned from Miss Primleigh certain salient facts concerning our youthful confrère. It would seem Miss Hamm is a person of independent means. Being quite completely orphaned as a direct consequence of the death of both of her immediate parents, she resides in the household of her uncle, a Mr. Hector Hamm, who recently moved into the community from the state of Maryland. Likewise being addicted to physical exertions in their more ardent forms, she has associated herself with us rather for the opportunity of exercising her tastes in this direction than for the sake of any financial honorarium or, as some would put it, remuneration of salary. At least such was Miss Primleigh's information, she volunteering the added statement that in her opinion Miss Hamm was a forward piece. From the inflection of Miss Primleigh's voice at this juncture, coupled with her manner, I am constrained to believe this term of designation is not to be taken as implying a compliment, but, on the contrary, the approximate reverse.

APRIL THE SEVENTH.—A certain salubriousness was today manifest in the air, indicative of the passing of winter and the on-coming of spring. After some cogitation of the subject, I decided this morning upon arising to doff my heavier undervestments—that is, union suitings—for garments of a less irksome weight and texture. This I did.

I recall nothing else of importance transpiring upon this date which is worthy of being recorded, except that, in the course of a short walk this afternoon, I came upon a half unfolded specimen of *Viola cucullata*—or, to use the vulgar appellation, common blue violet—pushing its way through the leafy mold and mildew of the winter's accumulation. I made this discovery in a spinney, or copse, near a small tarn some half mile to the eastward of Fernbridge's precincts. I am aware that the resident populace hereabout customarily refer to this spot as the wet woods back of Whitney's Bog, but I infinitely prefer the English phraseology as more euphonious and at the same time more poetic. With all due gentleness I uprooted *Viola cucullata* from its place in the boscage and, after it has been suitably pressed, I mean to add it to my collection of the flora indigenous to the soil of Western New Jersey, not because of its rarity, for it is, poor thing, but a common enough growth, but because of its having been the first tender harbinger of the budding year which has come directly to my attention. I shall botanize extensively this year. For with me to botanize is one of the dearest of pursuits, amounting to a veritable passion.

APRIL THE EIGHTH.—Blank; no entries.

APRIL THE NINTH.—Also blank.

APRIL THE TENTH.—It is illness and not a disinclination to pursue my self-appointed task of preserving this repository of my thoughts and deeds which for the past two days has kept me from you, friend diary. As a consequence of venturing abroad upon the seventh instant without my heavy undergarments and likewise without galoshes, I having been deceived into committing these indiscretions by a false and treacherous mildness of atmospheric conditions leading to the assumption that the vernal season had come or was impending—a circumstance already described some paragraphs back—found myself upon the morn following to be the victim of a severe cold, complicated with quinsy or sore throat. I have ever since been confined to my room, if not to my couch, in an acutely indisposed state, endeavoring to rid myself of these impairments by recourse to a great variety of panaceas applied both internally and otherwise. Not until the present moment have I felt qualified, either mentally or bodily, to address myself to the labor of literary composition. Indeed, what with trying this vaunted cure or that—now a gargle, now a foot bath in water heated well nigh to boiling, now a hot lemonade, and again a bolus, a lotion or a liniment—I have had no time for writing, even if so inclined.

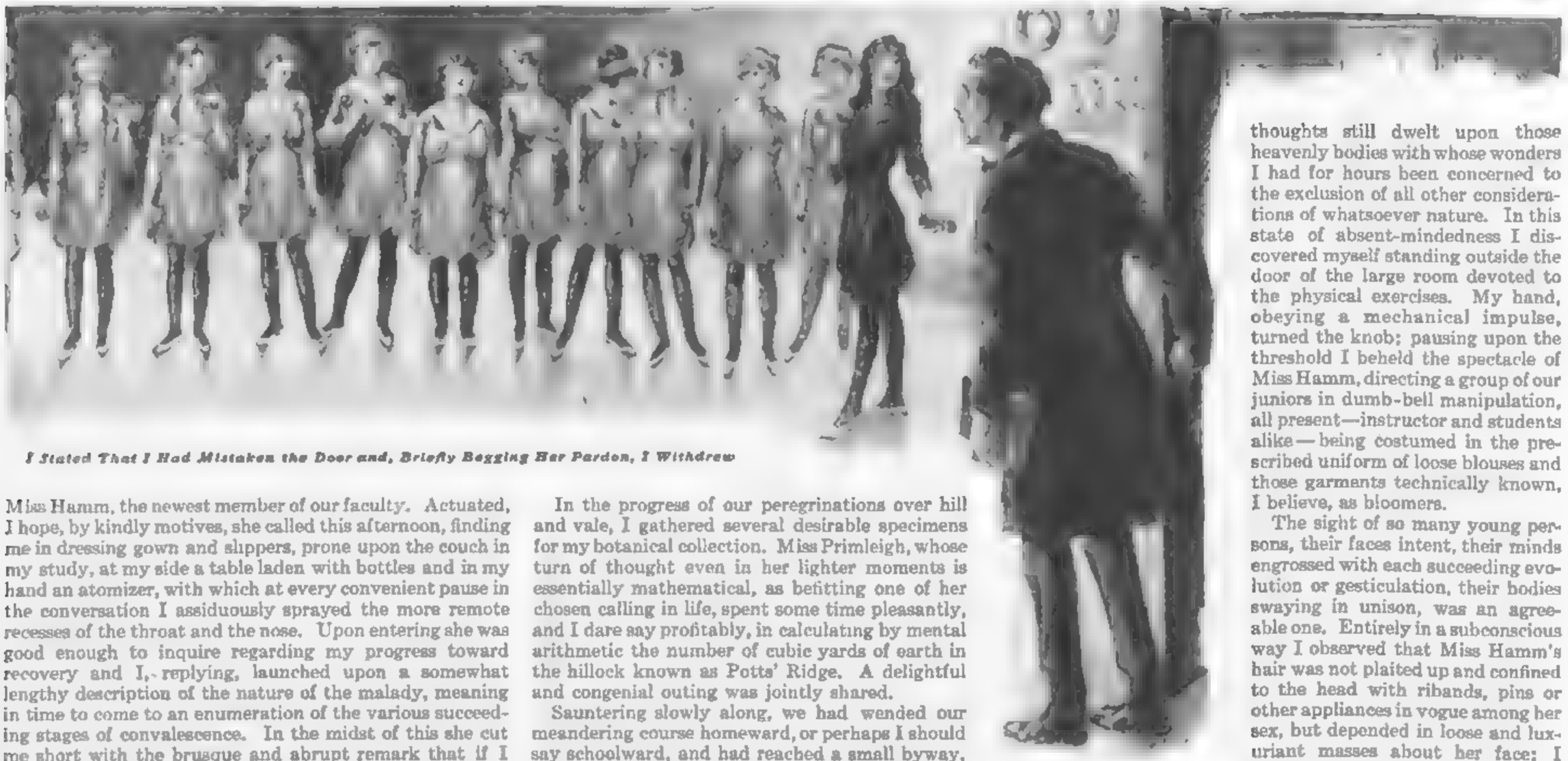
I am struck by the interesting fact that when one is ill of a cold practically every one with whom one comes in contact has a favorite suggestion for relieving one of one's symptoms. Scarce a member of the faculty these two days but has prescribed this or that thing, each in turn extolling the virtues of her own remedy and at the same time vigorously decrying the merits of all others whatsoever. To avoid showing favoritism and to guard against giving offense in any quarter, for such is my nature, I have faithfully endeavored to accept the advice and obey the injunction of each and every well wisher, with one exception. I shall refer to that exception in another moment.

To-night I am greatly improved, although weakened. In fact I should almost entirely be my former self were it not for a blistered condition of the throat, a pronounced tenderness of the feet, and an inflamed area of the cutaneous covering of the bosom—the first due, I think, to swallowing an overhot lemonade, the second to the constancy with which I resorted to foot bathing, while the third indubitably may be ascribed to the after effects of an oil of great potency and pronounced odor which Miss Waddleton with her own hands bestowed upon me and with which I anointed that particular portion of my anatomy at half-hour intervals.

To-night these quarters are quite oppressively redolent of the commingled scents of drugs, unguents and ointments. But in view of the sharpness of the evening I shall for the time forbear to air my chambers. Nor, as I do now most solemnly pledge myself, shall I again venture forth unless suitably fortified and safeguarded against the uncertainties of our northern climate, until the springtime is well advanced and a reasonable continuation of balmy conditions is assured.

The exception to which I referred in a preceding paragraph was none other than

She Cut Me Short With the Abrupt Remark That if I Threw All the Medicines Out of the Window I Should Feel a Lot Better



I Stated That I Had Mistaken the Door and, Briefly Begging Her Pardon, I Withdrew

Miss Hamm, the newest member of our faculty. Actuated, I hope, by kindly motives, she called this afternoon, finding me in dressing gown and slippers, prone upon the couch in my study, at my side a table laden with bottles and in my hand an atomizer, with which at every convenient pause in the conversation I assiduously sprayed the more remote recesses of the throat and the nose. Upon entering she was good enough to inquire regarding my progress toward recovery and I, replying, launched upon a somewhat lengthy description of the nature of the malady, meaning in time to come to an enumeration of the various succeeding stages of convalescence. In the midst of this she cut me short with the brusque and abrupt remark that if I threw all the medicines out of the window and put on my things and went for a long walk I should feel a lot better in less than no time at all—such substantially being her language as I recall it.

Between inhalations of the fluid contents of the atomizer I replied, stating in effect that the fact of my having taken a walk was responsible in no small measure for my present depleted state. Naturally I made no mention of a certain contributory factor—namely, the unwise and hasty step taken by me with regard to undergarments. I went on to say that in no event, even though so inclined—a thing in itself inconceivable—would I harbor the impulse to cast from my casements the accumulation of vials, pill boxes, et cetera, with which I had been provided by my friends, since inevitably the result would be to litter the lawn without, thereby detracting from the kempt and seemly aspect of our beloved institution, of which we who have learned to venerate and cherish Fernbridge Seminary are justly so proud. Upon this point I spoke with especial firmness. Perhaps it was the manner of my administering this gentle but deserved rebuke—or possibly the words in which I couched my chidings—at any rate she endeavored to conceal the discomfiture she must have felt beneath an outburst of laughter ere she withdrew, leaving me to welcome solitude and my throat douche.

How different was the attitude of Miss Primleigh when she came to offer her ministrations—all sympathy, all understanding, all solicitude! It is to Miss Primleigh that I stand at this hour indebted for the loan of the atomizer. She assures me that she has ever found it most efficacious, and I, too, have found it so, although I admit the use of it tends to produce a tickling sensation upon membranes already made sensitive by other applications.

APRIL THE ELEVENTH.—Am entirely restored to normal well-being except for a stoppage of the upper nasal region which at times proves annoying—I might even say vexatious. The inflammation of the throat having subsided, I derived much comfort this afternoon from imbibing tea; being the first time, in the scope of half a week, when tea has had its proper zest and flavor.

APRIL THE TWELFTH.—Returned to class-room duties, taking up, in the history course, the life and works of Marcus Aurelius, a character for whom I have ever entertained the liveliest sentiments of regard and respect, for did he not, in an age of licentiousness and loose living, deport himself with such rectitude as to entitle him to the encomiums and the plaudits of all right-thinking persons forever thereafter?

Otherwise, nothing noteworthy upon this day and date.

APRIL THE THIRTEENTH.—I went abroad to-day for the first time since my recent indisposition, taking the precaution first to muffle well myself as to throat, wrists and pedal extremities. For my associate in the pleasures of pedestrianism I had Miss Primleigh, from whose company I have ever derived a certain calm and philosophic enjoyment. In a way, one might say Miss Primleigh is almost purely intellect. The qualities of her mind shine forth, as it were, through her earthly tenement; rendering her in sooth a most admirable companion.

In the progress of our peregrinations over hill and vale, I gathered several desirable specimens for my botanical collection. Miss Primleigh, whose turn of thought even in her lighter moments is essentially mathematical, as befitting one of her chosen calling in life, spent some time pleasantly, and I dare say profitably, in calculating by mental arithmetic the number of cubic yards of earth in the hillock known as Potts' Ridge. A delightful and congenial outing was jointly shared.

Sauntering slowly along, we had wended our meandering course homeward, or perhaps I should say schoolward, and had reached a small byway, known locally as Locust Lane, when there came to our ears a sound of joyous voices and a clattering of nimble hoofs mingling together. Almost instantly a merry cavalcade swept into view round a turn in the path. It was composed of a number, perhaps six in all, of our young lady students, taking a lesson in horseback riding under the tutelage of Miss Hamm, the young person previously mentioned in these chronicles. She—I speak now with reference to Miss Hamm—led the procession, mounted upon a mettlesome steed and attired in a costume including a short coat, boots, and bifurcated garments of a close-fitting nature. Her hair, beneath a stiff hat such as I myself customarily wear, was braided in heavy coils. As might be expected, she rode, as the saying goes, astride, evincing great adeptness for this form of exercise, which has been described to me as being healthful in the extreme, although I should denominate it as bordering upon the dangerous, unless the equine one chooses for one's use was more docile than so frequently appears to be the case.

As the party dashed by us with appropriate salutations, to which I replied in kind, I was suddenly impressed by a grace of movement—or shall I call it a jaunty abandon?—in Miss Hamm's bearing, aspect and general demeanor. To the casual eye the effect of this was far from being displeasing. I was about to venture as much to Miss Primleigh and had, in fact, cleared my throat as a preliminary to making the statement, when she broke in, speaking in a tone of severity. I quote her:

"You needn't say it, Doctor Fibble—I know exactly how you feel, before you speak a word. And I agree with you perfectly in all that you think. Didn't I tell you that creature was a forward piece? Did you see how the little minx was dressed? Did you see how she carried herself? If we both live to be a thousand years old you'll never catch me wearing such clothes!"

I nodded in a noncommittal fashion, not caring at the moment to take issue with Miss Primleigh. Arguments I abhor. If she chose to misinterpret my sentiments, so be it then. I shall, however, add here that while my own opinion in the matter was not absolutely in accord with the burden of Miss Primleigh's criticisms, there was one point brought out by her in her remarks upon which I could not conscientiously take issue with her. To paraphrase her own words, I believe I should not care ever to catch Miss Primleigh costumed as Miss Hamm was. In confidence I may confide to my diary that I do not believe the former would appear to the best advantage in such habiliments as I have briefly touched upon, she being of a somewhat angular physical conformation, although not until now do I recall having been cognizant of this fact.

To-night, sitting here, the picture of Miss Hamm upon horseback persists in the retina of my brain as a far from unseemly vision. One is moved to wonder that a circumstance so trivial should linger in one's mind. How truly has it been said that the vagaries of the human imagination are past divining.

APRIL THE SEVENTEENTH.—Shortly after three P. M. of this day, following the dismissal of my class in astronomy, I accidentally stepped into the gymnasium hall. I cannot account for so doing, unless it be upon the ground that my thoughts still dwelt upon those heavenly bodies with whose wonders I had for hours been concerned to the exclusion of all other considerations of whatsoever nature. In this state of absent-mindedness I discovered myself standing outside the door of the large room devoted to the physical exercises. My hand, obeying a mechanical impulse, turned the knob; pausing upon the threshold I beheld the spectacle of Miss Hamm, directing a group of our juniors in dumb-bell manipulation, all present—instructor and students alike—being costumed in the prescribed uniform of loose blouses and those garments technically known, I believe, as bloomers.

The sight of so many young persons, their faces intent, their minds engrossed with each succeeding evolution or gesticulation, their bodies swaying in unison, was an agreeable one. Entirely in a subconscious way I observed that Miss Hamm's hair was not plaited up and confined to the head with ribands, pins or other appliances in vogue among her sex, but depended in loose and luxuriant masses about her face; I remarked its color—a chestnut brown—and a tendency upon its part to form into ringlets when unconfined, the resultant effect being somewhat attractive. At the moment of my entrance her side face was presented to me; a piquant and comely profile I should term it, without professing in the least to have judgment in such matters.

Presently discovering that an intruder had appeared upon the scene, she paused in her work of directing her class and, turning toward me, inquired whether there was anything I desired. Having no excuse to account for my presence, I stated that I had mistaken the door and, briefly begging her pardon for having interrupted her, I withdrew. Later I found myself striving with a vague and unaccountable desire to return and witness more of the dumb-bell evolutions.

APRIL THE EIGHTEENTH.—A strange lassitude besets me. I first discerned it this forenoon soon after the burden of the school day was taken up. A marked disinclination for the prescribed routine of classroom and study hall appears to be one of its most pronounced manifestations. I am strangely distraught; preoccupied with truant and wandering thoughts having no bearing upon the task in hand.

Seeking to throw off these distractions, I quite casually dropped into the gymnasium. It was empty. Upon finding it so, a small sense as of disappointment beset me. I then went for a walk, trusting to the soft and gentle influences of out-of-doors to dispel the meaningless vaporings which beset my consciousness. My wandering feet automatically carried me to Locust Lane, where for some time I lingered in idleness.

The class in horseback riding did not pass, as once before. Presumably our young equestriennes, if abroad, had taken some other direction. In pensive thought not untinctured with a fleeting depression, I returned at dusk, hoping with books to cure myself of my bewilderments.

An hour agone I took up a volume of Tasso. Than Tasso in the original, I know of no writer whose works are better fitted for perusal during an hour of relaxation. But Tasso was dull to-night. The printed page was before my eyes, but my thoughts sped off in tangents to dwell upon the birds, the trees, the flowers. The thought of flowers suggested my botanical collection and to it I turned. But it, too, had lost its zest.

It must be that this mental preoccupation has a physical side. Beyond peradventure the lassitude of spring is upon me. I shall take a tonic compounded according to a formula popular for many generations in my family and much favored by my sole surviving relative, Great Aunt Paulina, now residing at an advanced age, but with faculties unimpaired, in the city of Hartford, Connecticut. Haply I have a bottle of this sovereign concoction by me, Great Aunt Paulina having sent it by parcel post no longer ago than last week. I shall take it as designated by her in the letter accompanying the timely gift—a large dessert-spoonful three times daily before meals.

APRIL THE TWENTY-FIRST.—Have been taking my tonic regularly but apparently without deriving beneficial results. Its especial purpose is for the thinning of the blood.

Assuredly though, if my blood has been appreciably thinned my mental attitude remains unchanged. Perversely I continue to be the subject of contradictory and conflicting moods impossible to understand and difficult to describe. Certainly I have never been in this state before. Query: Can it be I am upon the verge of a serious disorder? Temporary exaltation succeeds to melancholy, and vice versa. On two separate occasions to-day I was aware of this phenomenon—a passing sense of exuberance and cheerfulness, shortly afterward followed by a morbid and gloom-tinged longing for I know not what.

This serves to remind me that twice to-day I had conversations of brief duration with Miss Hamm. The first meeting was by chance, we merely exchanging commonplaces touching upon our respective fields of activity here at Fernbridge; but the second eventuated through deliberate intent on my part. With premeditation I put myself in her path. My motive for so doing was, I trust, based upon unselfishness entirely.

I had formed an early and perhaps a hasty estimate of this young woman's nature. I wished either to convince myself absolutely upon these points or to disabuse my mind of all prejudice.

I am glad I took this step. For I am constrained now to admit that my first impression of Miss Hamm's personality may have done her an injustice. With what care should one guard oneself against o'erready appraisals of the characters of one's fellow beings!

It is not to be gainsaid that Miss Hamm lends to our institution a picturesqueness of outward aspect as well as a light-heartedness and a buoyancy of viewpoint which heretofore have been quite utterly lacking among our instructor corps. Despite a pronounced tendency betrayed by her to give to serious subjects a perplexingly light and roguish twist, an inclination, as it were, to make chaff, to banter, to indulge in idle whimsicalities, I think I discern in her indubitable qualities of mind which, properly guided and directed by some older person having her best interests at heart, may be productive in time of development and expansion into higher realms of thought.

I feel within me a desire to assist in the blossoming forth of what I plainly discover to be this young person's real self. I shall not count as wasted the hours I may devote to this altruistic and disinterested endeavor. My payment shall be the consciousness of a duty well performed—that and nothing more. Indeed at this moment, as I indite this pledge, speculation as to its outcome engenders in me an uplifting of the spirit which bodes well for the future fruitage of my ambition.

In such mood was I when, shortly having quitted the company of Miss Hamm, I met Miss Primleigh. She suggested another excursion into the wildwood. Upon plea of a slight indisposition, but without explaining its symptoms, I excused myself and continued upon my way. I felt that I should prefer for the nonce to be alone. I shall ever value my friendship with Miss Primleigh as a great privilege, for in truth she is one of deep culture and profound mental attainments, but during the last few days I have several times detected myself in the act of wishing that she were not quite so statistical in her point of view and that her thoughts upon occasion might take a lighter trend than she evinces. I have even found myself desiring that to the eye she might present a plumper aspect, so to speak. For, in all charity, it is not to be denied that Miss Primleigh is what the world is pleased to call angular—painfully angular, I am afraid. Only to-day I noticed that her feet were large, or at least the shoes she wore lent a suggestion as of largeness. One owes it to oneself to make the best of one's personal appearance; this reflection came to me as I was turning away from Miss Primleigh. Possibly it is because she has failed to do so that I have found her company, in a measure, palling upon me here of late. Or can it be that spiritually I am outgrowing Miss Primleigh? I know not. I do but state the actual fact. Yet always I shall esteem her most highly.

To-night a sense of loneliness, a desire for the companionship of my kind, assails me. I can only opine that my blood is not thinning with the desired celerity. Beginning to-morrow I shall take a large tablespoonful of the tonic before meals instead of a dessert-spoonful.

A telephone was to-day installed in my study. Heretofore Fernbridge has been connected with the outer world only by a single telephone placed in the reception hall of our main building, but now, by Miss Waddleton's direction, each member of the faculty will hereafter enjoy the use of a separate instrument. Thus, without the surrender of any of its traditions, does Fernbridge keep abreast of the movements of this workaday world.

I think of nothing else of moment. I seek repose.

APRIL THE TWENTY-SECOND. A most annoying incident has marred the day. As I think back upon it, adding deduction to deduction, superimposing surmise upon suspicion and suspicion in turn upon premise and fact, I am forced, against my very will, to conclude that, forgetting the dignity due one in my position, some person or persons to me unknown made a partially successful attempt to enact a practical joke of the most unpardonable character, having for a chosen victim none other than myself. I say partially successful, because at the moment when the plot approached its climax a subtle inner sense warned me to have a care and I refused to proceed farther, thus robbing the perpetrator or perpetrators of the anticipated laugh at my expense.

I shall set down the history of the entire affair. On yesterday, as I have stated, a telephone was duly installed within the precincts of my study. This forenoon I chanced to mention the matter to Miss Hamm whom, by a coincidence, I encountered as she was entering the seminary grounds. Indeed as I recall, I spoke upon the topic to a number of persons, including fellow instructors and students, remarking upon the added opportunities thus afforded for broadened intercourse through the medium of a device which has grown well-nigh indispensable to the conduct of our daily affairs. Some one—Miss Hamm as I remember, although it may have been another—was moved in this connection to ask me whether the inspection department of the local exchange had made the customary tests of the instrument in my study, to which I replied in the negative.

But at five of the clock or thereabout, as I sat here enjoying the refreshing solace of tea and basking in the mild spring air wafted to me through my opened windows, the telephone bell rang. Arising promptly, I went to where the instrument is affixed to the wall and responded to the call in the conventional manner by placing the receiver to my ear, applying my lips to the transmitter and uttering the word "Hallos!" Over the wire then a female voice spoke, inquiring if this was Doctor Fibble. Upon my stating that such was the case, the voice said:

"Doctor, this is the inspection department. We wish to test your telephone. Will you be so kind as to help us?"

To which I responded: "Willingly, if it lies within my power to render such assistance."

"Thank you," said the other. "Are you ready to begin?"

"Quite ready," I said.

"Very well then," bade the voice. "Kindly stand back two feet from the mouthpiece and say coo-coo three times, with a rising inflection on the final coo."

The request appeared reasonable; accordingly I complied.

"Splendid," praised the unknown when I had concluded. "Now put your mouth close up to the transmitter and do the same thing all over again, but slightly louder."

No sooner requested than done.

"Now stand two feet to the left of the phone and repeat."

I repeated.

"Now two feet to the right, please."

Once more I obeyed.

Then came this message:

"Doctor, have you a chair handy?"

I said a chair was at the moment within arm's reach of me.

"Excellent," said this person who professed to be in charge of the test. "Please draw the chair close up to the wall, climb upon it and, standing on tiptoe, say coo-coo clearly and distinctly and keep on saying it until I call out 'Enough.'"

Marveling that such a prolonged test should be deemed necessary, I nevertheless obliged by acting as instructed. I had repeated the word for what seemed to me an interminable space of time and was rapidly becoming wearied by the exertion of maintaining the position required when the voice said "Enough." I lost no time in dismounting to *terra firma*, or rather the floor.

"Thank you so much," stated the unknown. "Just one more little test, doctor, and we'll be through. Have you a good singing voice?"

In proper modesty but with a due regard for the truth, I admitted that although I never enjoyed the advantages of vocal culture friends had more than once commented upon the quality of my voice when uplifted in song.

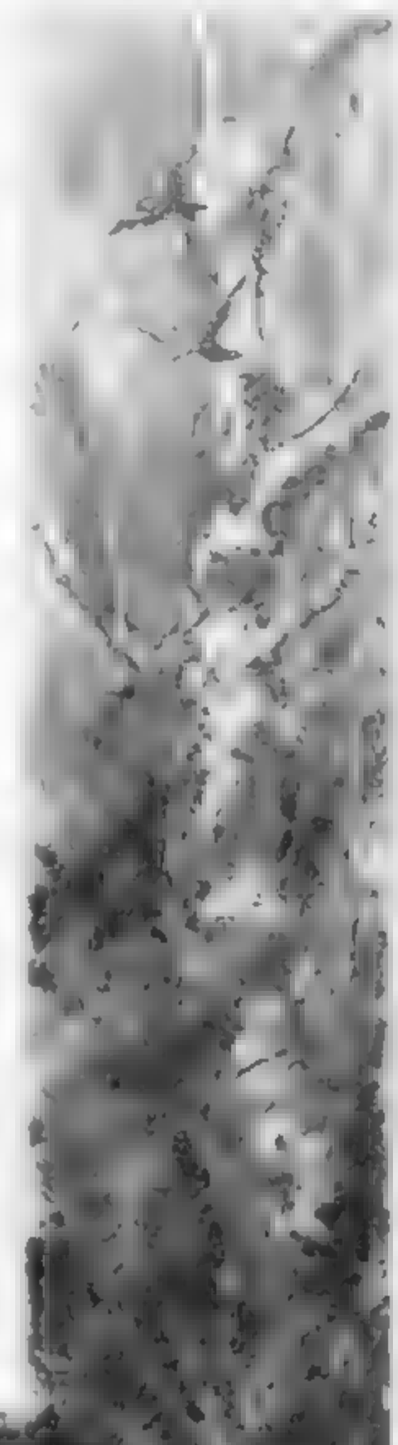
"I sing tenor," I amplified, for as yet I suspected nothing.

"Very well then," bade the stranger; "are you holding the receiver to your ear?"

"I am."

"Keep it there. And now stand on your head and sing Just as I am Without One Plea."

I started back astounded. Instantly I divined, in a lightning flash of intuition, that



As the Party Dashed by Us I Was Suddenly Impressed by a Grace of Movement in Miss Hamm's Bearing

apparently an effort was being made to perpetrate a hoax. In the same moment I arrived at the definite conclusion that the object of that hoax could be none other than myself. For a fleeting period my natural indignation was such that language almost failed me.

Simultaneously I became aware of a sound as of suppressed laughter outside my study window. Releasing my hold upon the receiver which, until then, mechanically I had retained in my grasp, I stepped to my casement and peered out, first looking this way, then that. No one was in sight; I must have fancied I heard something.

When I had in part recovered myself I lost no time in calling up the manager of the exchange, my intent being to explain the entire circumstance to him, with a view to demanding condign punishment of the person in his inspection department, whoever she might be, who with willful design had sought to debase the organization of his office to purposes of ill-timed merrymaking. He cut me short to say he had no such testing department whatsoever. From his tone I was impelled to accept his statement as a truthful one, all of which but served to confirm my suspicions without in the least explaining the mystery which at this hour remains unsolved. I am puzzled — nay, more, I am nettled, and did I not possess the power of holding my emotions under a well-nigh perfect control I would go so far as to say that I have been outright irritated.

APRIL THE TWENTY-THIRD.—My earlier suspicions stand confirmed. To-day, as I was passing through a corridor of the main building, I twice heard the word "coo-coo" repeated in a sibilant undertone. Spinning upon my heel I detected a group of our seniors who with difficulty stifled their merriment; and I saw, too, Miss Hamm, her face illumined by a smile, with one hand upraised as though in gentle admonition of them. This helped to explain much. The raillery could not have been intended for me, since already I had passed on. Moreover, none here knows of the experience through which I passed, and the *contretemps* averted by my own presence of mind. Therefore, it is quite plain that the would-be joker has been playing similar pranks upon others at Fernbridge.

I wonder whether Miss Hamm herself could have been a victim of such outrageous imposition?

Botanized this afternoon alone, feeling strongly the desire for congenial companionship. Why does this longing so frequently beset me when I go forth to commune with Nature in her gentler moods? I know not, unless it be the influence of the vernal season.

Secured several desirable specimens. Returning through the gloaming I felt a desire to indulge in poetic composition, and did in fact compose several well-balanced lines, being finally balked by an inability to recall a word which would rime with a certain female name I had in mind.

In its entirety a disappointing day, albeit not without its moments of what I may term a softly soothing melancholy.

APRIL THE TWENTY-SIXTH.—Word came this morning that Miss Hamm was confined to her home in an ailing condition. As a member of the faculty and because of the interest I take in the prospective development of this young woman's character, I felt it my bounden duty to send her a short note expressing my regret that she should be indisposed and my sincere hope that she may soon be restored to her customary health. Did so. Upon finishing the note an impulse to accompany it with a small nosegay culled from my window box came upon me. Obeyed the impulse, note and nosegay being dispatched by special messenger to the home of her uncle.

APRIL THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.—Miss Hamm still absent from her post and no answer forthcoming from my note of yesterday.

Altogether a dismal and dispiriting day, several members of my history class evincing great stupidity during the lesson periods.

To-night a threat of rain in the firmament, with clouds gathering and a murky twilight. Being of a nature more or less sensitive to atmospheric influences, I feel a corresponding gloominess.

APRIL THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.—A line of thanks in Miss Hamm's handwriting received; short but couched attractively, methought. Was particularly struck by one-line phrase: "So very good of you to think of me!"

Weather clearing and promising!

APRIL THE THIRTIETH.—Miss Hamm returned to her work betimes to-day, a slight but becoming pallor in her cheeks. Took occasion to congratulate her upon so speedy a recuperation, incidentally exchanging with her comment upon contemporaneous events, not only within the scope of our seminary life but in the great world at large.

Rarely, if ever, do I recall a more beautiful sunset than the one of current date. Merely to behold the orb of day descending beyond the western horizon in all its magnificence of prismatic coloring was sufficient to awaken within one's bosom the desire to burst into song.

Am reminded that the morrow will be May Day when, in the olden days in Merrie England, the happy populace were wont to frolic about the May pole, to indulge in morris dances, to witness mummeries and mystery plays.

How great the pity that such pleasant customs should have fallen into disuse! I would they were revived here at Fernbridge! Fain would I myself lend my energies and talents to such an undertaking. At least so do I feel at this moment.

Eleven-thirty-eight P. M.—Have arisen from my couch to jot down several rhythmic lines which came to me subsequent to retirement; a continuation in spirit and theme of the verses which I began some days ago. However, the work still remains incomplete, for after much pondering I am unable to find a word riming to the word with which I had intended to conclude the composition.

How euphonious to the ear and yet how unusual is the name Hildegarde! I imagine that the difficulty of suitably riming it is the very reason for my having chosen it.

MAY THE SEVENTH.—To-day at faculty meeting Miss Primleigh evinced toward me a marked coolness of demeanor and shortness of speech, for which I am totally unable to account. I cannot recall having given offense by either word or deed. Indeed, for a fortnight past I have been so engrossed with other matters that barely have I spoken ten words to Miss Primleigh.

To-night reread A Dream of Fair Women by the late Lord Tennyson, finding everywhere in it new beauties, new meanings which upon the occasion of earlier readings had entirely escaped me.

Found opportunity this afternoon to pay another of my little visits to the gymnasium hall. Complimented Miss Hamm upon the indubitable progress made by her disciples. I find these small casual calls upon various departments of our work form agreeable interludes in the monotony of the day.

Her hair is not chestnut brown; I was wrong there. It is of a rich, golden-reddish tint, a shade to which I am quite partial, especially when observed in conjunction with large hazel eyes, as in the present instance.

MAY THE EIGHTH.—To-night, being minded to seek relaxation in literature, I picked up my Tasso, but, soon tiring of the work, I exchanged it for Shakspere's Romeo and Juliet. I am gratified that I made this second choice, for from it has sprung an inspiration which may prove fruitful. Hardly had I opened the latter volume when the idea, darting forth, so to speak, from the typed page, found congenial lodgment in my intelligence.

It is our custom, upon the occasion of our annual commencement in June, to present a scene selected from the realms of classic drama, with members of the faculty and of the student body enacting the characters. Last year, by mine own suggestion, we presented an act of one of the old Greek tragedies, I, as sponsor for the conception, rehearsing the performers beforehand and upon the final day personally superintending the performance; stage managing it, as the cant term runs. Although I gave great pains and care to the production, it did not prove in all essential regards an unqualified success. The audience, made up of friends and patrons of Fernbridge and of townspeople, manifested toward the last a regrettable lack of interest. Some betrayed impatience, some fitfully slumbered in their seats, some even laughed outright at periods fraught with solemn meaning. One could but feel that one's efforts went unappreciated. But scarce an hour ago, as I read sundry immortal passages of the Bard, I said to myself:

"Why not offer this year, as our dramatic *pièce de resistance*, the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet? Happy thought! Why not indeed? And now tentatively to cast it."

As one well qualified for the part, I naturally pictured myself as Romeo, clad appropriately in doublet, hose and feathered cap, but without my glasses. Casting about in my mind for a suitable Juliet, the name of Miss Hamm occurred to me.

Reading from the book I proceeded to enact this most touching scene, alternately speaking in my own voice as Romeo and then imparting to Juliet's line a more dulcet tone and a softened inflection such as my copartner in the rendition would employ. Carried away by the beauty of the thought, I had progressed as far as those exquisite lines Juliet's lines in this instance:

Oh, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb.
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable—

when I became cognizant that for some moments past an insistent rapping against the outer door of my rooms had been in progress, and then as I came to a pause I heard through the keyhole the voice of Miss Tupper, our matron, inquiring whether anything serious was the matter.

I Had Meant to Stay on Until He Had Betaken Himself Away, But He Persisted in Remaining

"I thought I heard somebody carrying on in there as though they might be raving or something," she added in her inept fashion of speech.

Much annoyed, I answered with some acerbity, bidding her kindly to be gone. She withdrew, grumbling as she went. When I had assured myself, by a glance out of my door, that she had entirely departed, I undertook to proceed with the scene, but as a consequence of this untoward interruption was quite out of spirit with the thing.

However, I am still greatly attracted to the idea, and on the morrow I mean to take advantage of suitable opportunity to address Miss Hamm upon the project with a view to enlisting her sympathies and coöperation, as no doubt I shall succeed in doing. My powers of persuasion frequently have been the subject of compliment.

Finished the bottle of Great Aunt Paulina's blood tonic this evening. Shall not have the prescription renewed as originally contemplated. Diverting thoughts appear to be succeeding where herbs and simples failed.

MAY THE NINTH.—This forenoon upon my broaching the topic of our prospective coappearance in the annual commencement entertainment, subject, of course, to Miss Waddleton's approval, I found, as I had anticipated would be the case, that Miss Hamm was quite thoroughly in accord with the proposition. However, at the outset she misunderstood one point. Plainly it was her idea that she, in medieval masculine attire, was to essay the rôle of Romeo. She asked who was to be Juliet to her Romeo. When I had corrected her in this error, explaining the proposed bestowal of the rôles—she as Juliet upon the balcony, I as Romeo upon the stage below—she seemed quite overcome with gratification, managing, however, in part to cloak her feelings beneath smiles and laughter.

I then voiced the suggestion that I should be very glad indeed to call upon her some evening in the near future at her home, there to outline the plans more fully. Pleased that she should so freely welcome this advance upon my part, I was moved to suggest the present evening as a suitable time for calling. But she, it appeared, had an engagement for this evening, and we then fixed upon to-morrow evening at eight o'clock.

To-night I find myself looking forward with pleasurable anticipation, not unmixed with impatience, to this hour twenty-four hours hence. I shall wear a new suit which this day, by a fortunate chance, came from my tailor. It is of a light gray tone, a deviation from the black which uniformly I have worn for some years past.

Before retiring I shall again rehearse the balcony scene, but this time in a low key to preclude eavesdropping.

I wonder what the nature of Miss Hamm's engagement for the current evening may be?

MAY THE TENTH.—The hour is eleven and I have but just returned from a visit of several hours' duration to the home of Miss Hamm's uncle, of which domicile she seems to be the light and the joy. Excluding herself—and this I would be the last to do—the only member of the household, save and except domestic servants, is her uncle and guardian, Mr. Hector Hamm, a widower by reason of death's ravages and a retired business man of apparent affluent circumstances. This gentleman, it developed, is much given to the sports of the chase. His study, into which I was first introduced upon arriving at his domicile shortly before seven-forty-five, abounds in trophies of his marksmanship, the walls upon every hand being adorned with the stuffed forms and mounted heads of birds and animals, testifying not only to his prowess afield but to the art preservative as exercised by the skilled taxidermist. Miss Hamm, in her quaint way, spoke of the uncle as an old dear, but accused him of wasting all his money in the buying of new firearms. It would appear that no sooner does he behold an advertisement touching upon a new and improved variety of fowling piece than he is actuated by an overmastering desire to become its possessor. Strange fancy!

Mr. Hamm is likewise the owner of a number of members of the canine kingdom, all of them, I should assume, being docile beasts and well meaning enough, but with an unpleasant habit of sniffing at the calves

(Continued on Page 30)

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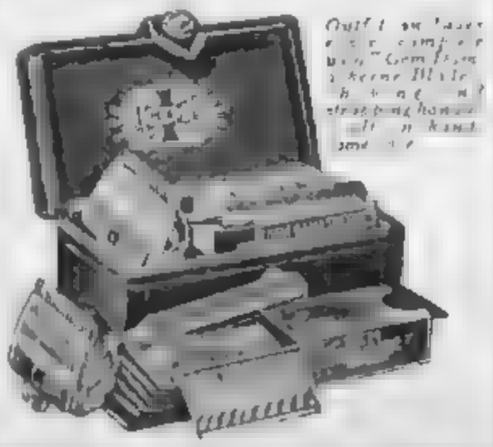

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(Continued from Page 28)

of the legs of strangers the while they emit low, ominous, growling sounds. Possibly detecting in me some natural apprehension consequent upon the stealthy approach of one of these pets, Mr. Hamm hastened to inform me that they rarely bit anyone unless they took an instinctive dislike to him at the moment of meeting. As I drew my limbs well under me, since it seemed it was my legs which especially aggravated the creature, meanwhile uttering such soothing remarks as "Good doggie" and "Nice old Ponto," I could scarce refrain from remarking that if one felt the desire for the presence of dumb creatures about one, why did not one choose a cat, of which at least it may be said that its habits are restful and its customary mien without menace to the humans with whom it may be thrown in contact?

Presently the uncle withdrew from our society, to my relief, taking with him his pack, whereupon Miss Hamm and I repaired to the parlor adjacent, where a most delightful evening was had. Miss Hamm's conversation, even though marked by a levity not at all times in keeping with the nature of the subject under discussion, is, I find, sprightly and diverting in the extreme. All in all, time passed most swiftly. A suitable hour of departure had arrived before I remembered that I had altogether failed to bring up the topic which was the occasion for my visit—to wit, our prospective part in the commencement entertainment.

Accordingly I arranged to call again to-morrow evening.

MAY THE SIXTEENTH.—According to my custom of late I spent the evening at the residence of Mr. Hamm, the time being devoted to the pleasures of conversation, riddles, anagrams—at which I am adept—interchange of views upon current events, et cetera, et cetera.

Reviewing recent events here in my study as the hour of midnight draws on apace, I own frankly to an ever-deepening interest in this young woman. There are moments when I feel strangely drawn to her; moments when her society exhilarates me as does nothing else.

How marvelous, how incomprehensible are the workings of the manifestations of the human imagination! Consider the differences in our modes of life, our fashions of speech, our habits! I refer of course to Miss Hamm and myself. I am sedentary in nature and utterly without sentimental leanings—I use the word sentimental in its most respectful sense—toward members of the opposite sex; I am wedded to my profession, devoted to the life of a scholar, while she, upon the other hand, is ardent and exuberant in temperament, frolicsome, blithe, at times almost frivolous in conversation, given to all forms of outdoor sport, filled with youthful dreams. Consider, too, the disparity in our respective ages, she being, as I am informed by her in a burst of youthful confidence, still in her twenty-second year, while I shall be forty upon my next birthday, come Michaelmas.

Yet, despite all this, the fact remains that frequently I feel a longing, amounting almost to a yearning, for her company. Undoubtedly the explanation lies in my increasing desire to develop, by precept, by proverb and by admonition, the higher side of her nature. Moreover, it is to me evident that this intercourse must prove mutua y helpful. Quite aside from the beneficial results to her, I myself derive, from these friendly and purely altruistic endeavors of mine, a glow of intense satisfaction. How true it is that a worthy deed ofttimes carries with it its own reward!

MAY THE SEVENTEENTH.—I have decided to take up horseback riding. Miss Hamm is fond of horseback riding.

However, I have not informed her of the decision at which I have arrived. It is my intention to prosecute my lessons in private at the establishment of the village liveryman and then, when I have fully mastered the art, I shall some day appear before her, properly accoutered and attired, bestriding a mettlesome charger. I picture her astonishment and her delight at thus beholding me in my new rôle of a finished and adept equestrian. In order to confer a pleasant surprise upon one's friends I feel that I would go farther even than this. Indeed, a desire to do valiant and heroic deeds, to rescue imperiled ones from burning buildings or from floods, to perform acts of foolhardiness and daring upon the field of carnage, has often stirred within me here of late. I struggle with these impulses, which heretofore have been foreign to my being, yet at the same time would welcome opportunity to vent them. However, all things in their proper order and one thing at a time. I shall begin by becoming an accomplished horseman.

In anticipation of such an achievement I feel, as it were, youthful—in fact, almost boyish. After all, what matters a few years' difference in age as between friends? Is not one as young as one feels?

MAY THE EIGHTEENTH.—Spent the evening at the Hamm residence as usual.

A perfect day and a perfect evening, barring one small disappointment. Miss Waddleton vetoed my plans for the rendition of the balcony scene at commencement next month. Yet I do not count as wasted the time spent in private rehearsals of the rôle of Romeo, but have, on the contrary, derived much joy from repeated conning of the speeches attributed to him by the Bard. At a time not far distant Lear was my favorite among Shakspere's plays. Now I marvel that I should ever have preferred any of his works to Romeo and Juliet.

MAY THE TWENTY-SECOND.—After reflection extending over a period of days, I have abandoned my perhaps o'erhasty intention of taking up horseback riding, my preliminary experiences in that direction having been rather disagreeable as to the physical side. Even now, forty-eight hours after the initial lesson, I am still much bruised about the limbs and elsewhere and, because of a certain corporeal stiffness due to repeated jarrings, I walk with painful difficulty.

Either I shall acquire the rudiments of this accomplishment from standard works upon the subject, or I shall bide my time until I may avail myself of the services of an animal of a more docile nature than those available at the local liveryman's. His horses, it would appear, are subject to queer vagaries of conduct when under saddle, betraying an idiosyncrasy as to movement and a pronounced tendency to break into rapid gait without the approval or indeed the consent of the rider.

My thoughts recur to the recreation of botanizing, which for a period lost some of its savor for me. At least botany is fraught with no personal discomforts.

Called as usual this evening. Nightly our acquaintance ripens toward a perfect mutual understanding.

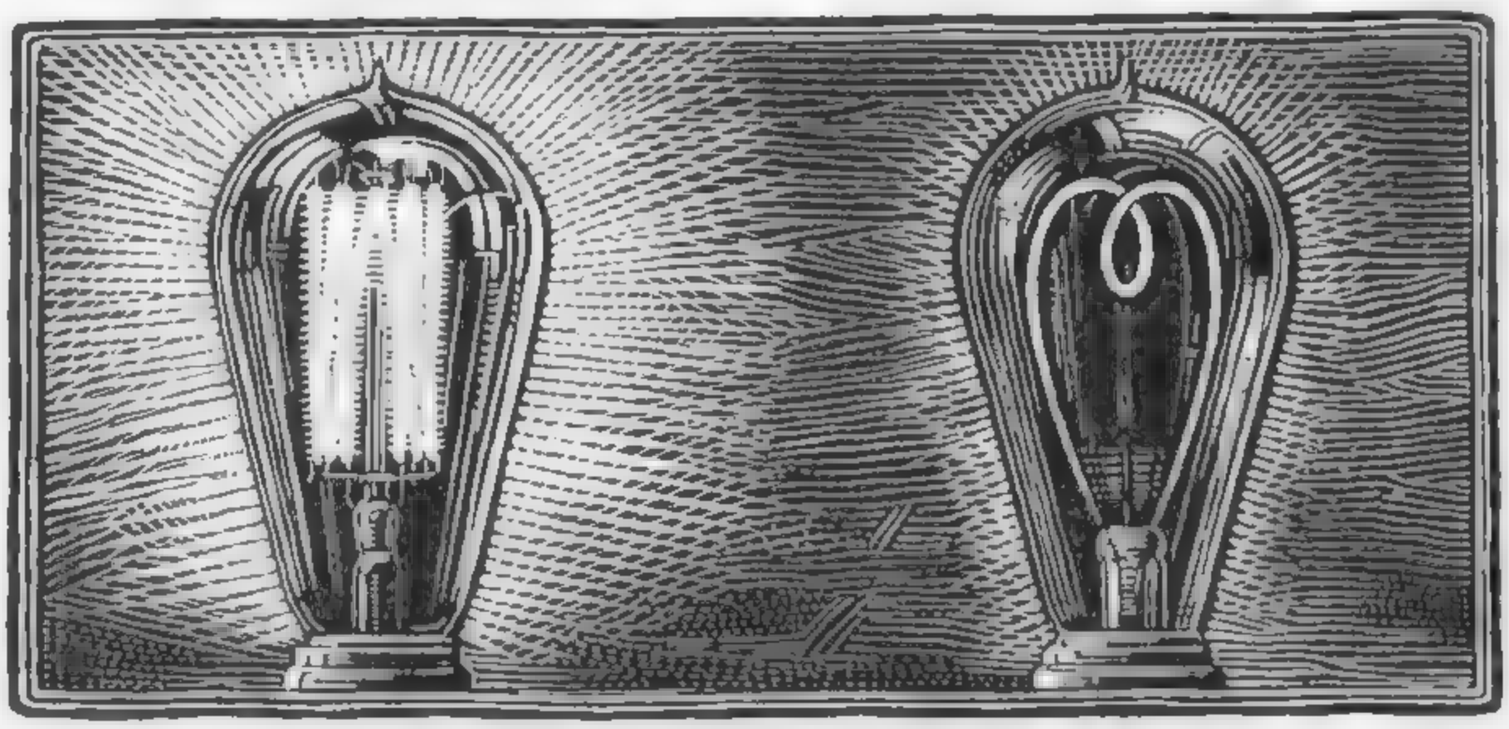
This has indeed been a lovely spring!

MAY THE TWENTY-THIRD.—It is with a sensation of more than passing annoyance that I record the events of this evening. At seven-fifteen, immediately after tea, I set forth for the Hamm residence, carrying under my arm a book of verses intended for bestowal upon the young chatelaine of that happy home, and much buoyed and uplifted by prospects of a period of agreeable divertisement spent in her society. But such was not to be.

To begin with, the uncle consumed much valuable time in an interminable dissertation upon the merits of a new fowling piece which he contemplates purchasing. One was thoroughly wearied of the subject before he had the good taste to depart to his own special domain in the room adjoining the parlor. Thereafter for a few minutes all passed well. Miss Hamm accepted the gift of the book with expressions of deep gratitude. Her mood was one of whimsicality, into the spirit of which I found myself entering with hearty accord. Being a most capable mimic, she gave a spirited and lifelike imitation of Miss Primleigh in the act of reprimanding a delinquent student. One could not well restrain one's laughter at the aptitude with which she reproduced Miss Primleigh's severity of expression and somewhat acid quality of voice. One gathered also, from chance remarks let fall, that Miss Primleigh had lately treated Miss Hamm with marked aversion bordering upon actual discourtesy. How anyone, thrown in contact with her, could regard Miss Hamm with any feelings save those of admiration and respect is quite beyond my comprehension.

However, I contented myself by saying that Miss Primleigh had likewise displayed a coolness to me for some weeks past. "I wonder," I said, continuing in this strain, "why this should be and why she should likewise single you out as a recipient of her disapproval—or let us say her disfavor?"

(Continued on Page 33)



More from less! Science now gets more light from less current—greater motor power from poorer gasoline

As the quality of gasoline has gone down—*and down*—Packard motor quality has come up—*and up.*

Greater refinements in Packard mechanisms have met and overbalanced the lowered standards of refinement in liquid fuels.

Hotter gas, Packard cylinders now feed upon.

As the vapor is scientifically heated before it enters the explosion chambers, greater power is wrung from smaller charges.

More mileage on less fuel! More power from low-test gasolines! Here again Packard owners profit by Packard advances.

If you have not examined—and ridden in—the new model Twin-six you may not realize what these things mean—for you. Why not—now? The prices are $2,865 and $3,265, f. o. b. Detroit.

Ask the man who owns one

Packard TWIN-6

RICORO

Imported Cigars

from Porto Rico

INFANTA SIZE—Box of ten for 15 cents
SARATOGA SIZE—6c each. Box of fifty, $3.00
CABINET SIZE—3 for 25c. Box of fifty, $4.15
INVINCIBLE SIZE—7c each. Box of fifty, $3.50
CORONA SIZE—7 cents each. Box of fifty, $3.25
Ricoro
PERFECCIONADO SIZE—3 for 25c. Box of 13, $1.00
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EXCEPCIONALE SIZE—10 cents each Box of 25, $2.50
PANETELA SIZE—6 cents each. Box of 50, $3.00
Ricoro
PACIFICO SIZE—6 cents each. Box of 50, $3.00
COQUETA SIZE—5 cents each. Box of 25, $1.25

RICORO is the sensational seller that is making new cigar history every day. Sales have jumped to over two millions a week in the few weeks since we first advertised this remarkable value.

Try RICORO and you will understand why UNITED CIGAR STORES have built the largest business of its kind in the world.

This great business is built solely upon *bigger values* and *better service*. One *trial* of RICORO will prove this statement more quickly and completely than all the advertising in the world. *Advertising is deaf and dumb compared to a trial of the goods.*

If every smoker knew the actual value we are giving in RICORO cigars, few other cigars would be smoked.

It is a matter of history that gold sovereigns were once offered for a shilling—and nobody would buy them. We know that not *all* men will try RICOROS, no matter what we say about them, but we know also that the men who *do* try them will thank us for putting the facts before them.

Don't think that you are smoking a six, seven or ten cent cigar when you buy RICORO at these prices. You are only *paying* these prices, but you are *smoking* one of the two or three best cigars that money can buy *at any price.*

Prove it at our risk.

THANK YOU.

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY IN UNITED CIGAR STORES AND UNITED AGENCIES

United Cigar Stores Company

1000 STORES OPERATED IN 300 CITIES — EXECUTIVE OFFICES NEW YORK

TO CIGAR DEALERS: One reliable retail dealer in any town or city where we are not represented may handle our cigars. Such dealers are invited to apply for Agencies, giving references, etc. *United methods will teach you how to increase your business and your profit, by serving the public better.* Ask for booklet telling you in their own letters what this Plan has done for our Agents. Address:

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY, Agency Department, 44 West 18th St., New York

CIGARS UNITED

MAIL ORDERS: We prefer that every customer visit one of our stores in person and in this way not only secure the exact shade suited to his taste, but also become familiar with our store service. If no store is convenient to you, we will ship one or more boxes by mail or express, all charges prepaid, on receipt of price. Address mail orders to

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY, at nearest city named below.

New York Flatiron Bldg. Chicago, First National Bank Bldg. San Francisco, 555 Howard St.

(Continued from Page 30)

"Can't you guess?" said Miss Hamm with an arch expression and a peculiar inflection in her words. Puzzled, I shook my head.

At this juncture another interruption occurred. A caller in the person of a Mr. Pomeroy was announced by the maid-servant. I had heard Miss Hamm refer to this person on divers preceding occasions and from the outset had taken a dislike to the sound of his name. It would appear that he resides in the city of Baltimore, Maryland, and that he knew Miss Hamm and her uncle ere their removal to these parts. It would appear also that he arrived here this afternoon with the avowed intention of remaining several days in our peaceful community—why, though, I know not, unless it be that perversely he would inflict himself upon a young lady who conceivably cannot possibly be interested in his society or in the idle vaporings of his callow mind.

Almost immediately this Mr. Pomeroy was ushered into our presence. His appearance, his demeanor, his entire ensemble were such as to confirm in me the prejudice engendered against him e'en before I beheld him in the flesh. His dress was of an extravagant and exaggerated style, and his overly effusive manner of greeting Miss Hamm extremely distasteful, while his attitude toward me was one of flamboyant familiarity; altogether I should say a young man of forward tendencies, shallow, flippant, utterly lacking in the deeper and finer sensibilities which ever distinguish those of true culture, and utterly disregardful of the proper and ordained conventionalities. In conversation he is addicted to vain follies and meaningless witticisms, and his laughter, in which he is prone to indulge without due cause so far as I can note, has a most grating sound upon the ear. In short, I do not care for this young man; freely and frankly I confess it here.

I had meant to stay on until he had betaken himself away, being minded to have a few words in private with Miss Hamm touching upon Miss Primleigh's peculiar and inexplicable attitude toward us, but since he persisted in remaining on and on, I, having a proper regard for the proprieties, was constrained shortly after eleven o'clock to depart. As I was upon the point of going, he halted me, saying in effect:

"Doctor, you're a college professor—I want to ask you a scientific question and see if you can give me a scientific answer."

"Pray proceed," I said, smiling gently in Miss Hamm's direction.

"Why," he said, "is a mouse that spins?"

He then paused as though awaiting my reply, and when I confessed myself unable to hazard an answer, or even to understand so peculiar a problem, he with a great discordant guffaw said:

"Why, the higher, the fewer!"

Upon coming here I cogitated the matter deeply, but I am as yet far from a solution. Why is a mouse that spins? And if so, what does it spin? Patently the query is incomplete. And what possible bearing can comparative altitude as contrasted with the comparative infrequency of a species have upon the peculiarities of a mouse addicted to spinning?

I shall now to bed, dismissing all thought of a certain boorish individual from my mind.

MAY THE TWENTY-FOURTH.—He lingers on—the person Pomeroy. It developed this forenoon that he had succeeded in extorting from Miss Hamm a promise to permit him to call this evening. I can only assume that through goodness of heart and a desire to avoid wounding anyone she again consented to receive him at her home.

This afternoon, in thoughtful mood not untinged with vague repinings, my footsteps carried me, unwittingly as it were, to that beetling promontory from which our peaceful hamlet derives its name. For long I stood upon the crest of that craggy eminence wherefrom, so tradition tells us, a noble young chieftain of the aborigines who once populated this locality, being despairful of winning the hand of a fair maid of a neighboring but hostile tribe, flung himself in suicidal frenzy adown the cliff to be dashed into minute fragments upon the cruel rocks below. Meditating upon the fate of this ill-starred red man, I communed with mine own inner consciousness. I asked myself the question: "Did you, Fibble, emulate the example of that despondent Indian youth and leap headlong from this peak, who in all this careless world other than your Great Aunt Paulina would bemoan your piteous end? Who would come to place with reverent, sorrowing hands the tribute of a floral design such as a Broken Column or a Gates Ajar upon your lowly bier? Ah, who indeed?"

It was with difficulty that I tore myself away from a spot whose history so well accorded with the dismal trend of my thoughts. Presently, passing through a leafy lane leading back to the village, I espied at some distance in advance of me a couple walking together and apparently engaged in engrossing conversation. A second glance served to inform me that one of the pair was Miss Hamm and the other the insufferable Pomeroy. In a fit of petulance for which I am unable to account, unless it be due to my displeasure that he should continue to press his unwelcome attentions upon a young woman so immeasurably his superior, I dashed my eyeglasses upon the earth, thereby breaking the right lens. Yet I count the damage as naught, nor do I regret giving way to so violent an exhibition of temper.

To-night, finding the seclusion of my study dispiriting, I went forth upon a long and purposeless walk beneath the stars. Through chance I found myself, at or about eleven o'clock, in the vicinity of Mr. Hector Hamm's place of residence. Aimlessly lingering here in the shadow of the trees, I soon espied Pomeroy issuing from the gate of the residence and making off, whistling gayly as he went. He disappeared in the darkness, still whistling in a loud and vulgar manner. I could almost wish he might be choked by his own whistling. As for myself, I never do so.

In this mood I have returned here to pen these lines. I fear me I shall sleep but ill the night, for distracting and gloomy thoughts race through my brain. I feel myself not to be myself. I wonder why?

MAY THE TWENTY-FIFTH.—The odious Pomeroy has betaken himself hence. Quite by accident I happened to drop into our local hostelry, the Briggs House, this morning and ascertained by a purely cursory glance at the register that he had paid his account and departed. I may only add that I trust he sees his way clear to remaining away indefinitely or, better still, permanently.

This is Sunday and I shall be engaged with our services. But upon to-morrow night, when it is my intention to resume my friendly visits to the Hamm home, I mean to take an important step. For long I have been cogitating it and my mind is now firmly made up. As yet I have not fully memorized the language in which I shall frame my request, but I have convinced myself that our acquaintanceship has now advanced to a point where the liberty I would take is amply justified. I shall formally ask Miss Hamm that in our hours of private communion together, if not in public, she call me Roscoe, while in return I mean, with her consent, to address her as Hildegarde.

None need know of this excepting ourselves. It will be, as I conceive, a secret between us, a bond, a tie, as it were.

Good night, small russet-clad confidante. Prithee be of good cheer! When next we meet perchance I may have happy news for you.

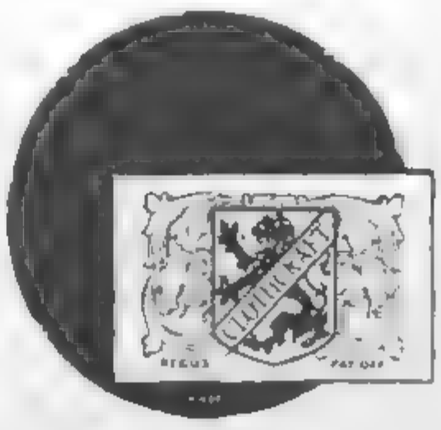
MAY THE TWENTY-SIXTH.—No entry.

MAY THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.—No entry.

MAY THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.—A terrible, a hideous, an inconceivable catastrophe has descended upon the devoted head of Fibble!

With a fevered, tremulous hand, with one leg—to wit, the right one—inclosed in a plaster cast, with a soul racked by remorse, by vain regrets and by direst apprehensions, I pen the above words. My brain seethes with incoherent thoughts, my very frame quivers with suffering and with frightful forebodings. 'Tis with the utmost difficulty that I manage to inscribe these piteous lines. Yet inscribe them I must and shall. Should the worst befall, should the dread hand of violence strike me down ere I have succeeded in fleeing this perilous spot, this confession shall remain behind, a testimonial, to tell the world and *her* that I perished a martyr upon the altars of unrequited affection and to explain the innate purity of my motives, however far I may have fallen, in one rash moment of uncontrollable impulse, from the lofty pinnacles of honor. Though I lie weltering in my

(Continued on Page 35)



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"5130" Blue, $16.50
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Clothcraft Clothes for Men and Young Men, Ready-to-Wear, $12.50 to $25.00

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We make all three types; therefore we are free to give *unprejudiced* advice. We have 78 years' heating experience to draw from—data covering every size and type of building under every conceivable condition.

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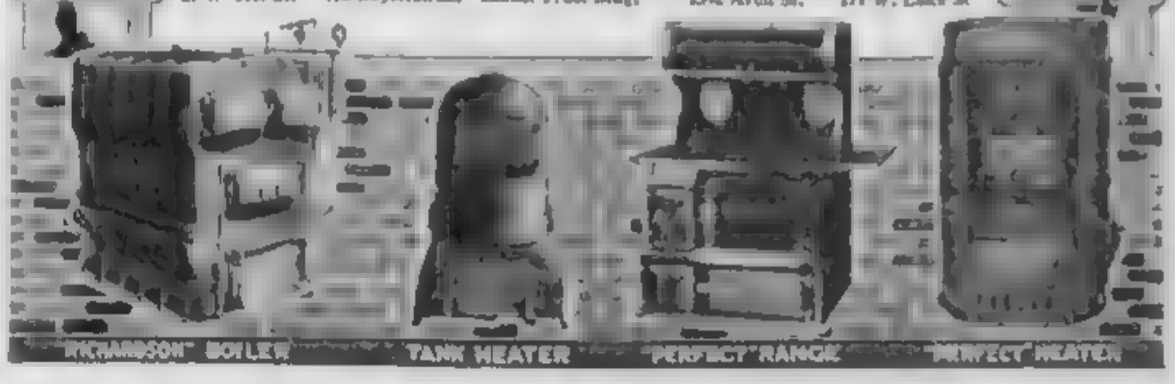
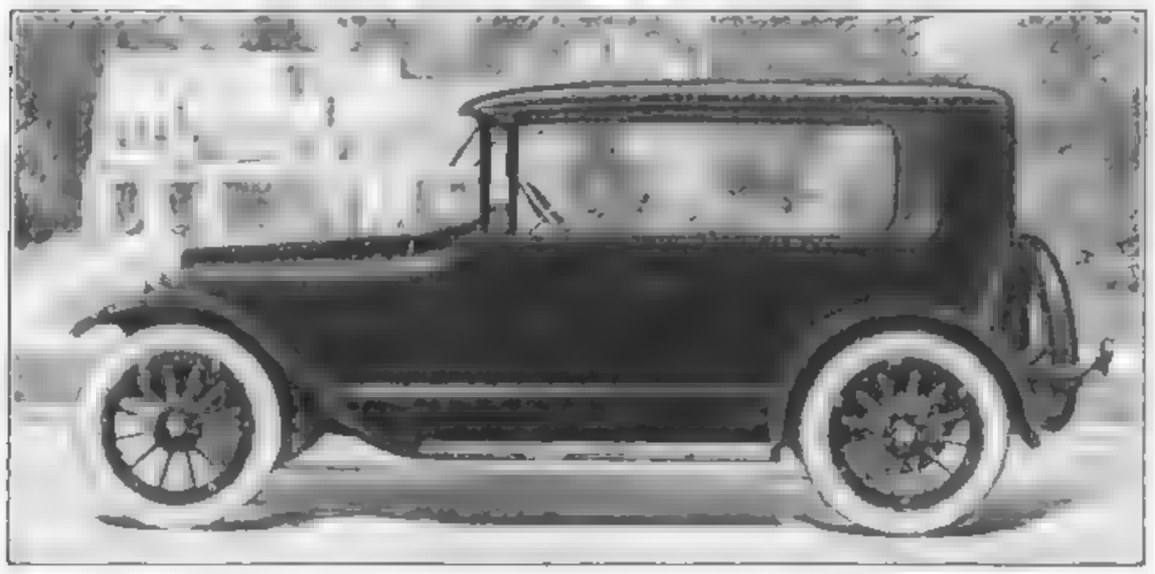
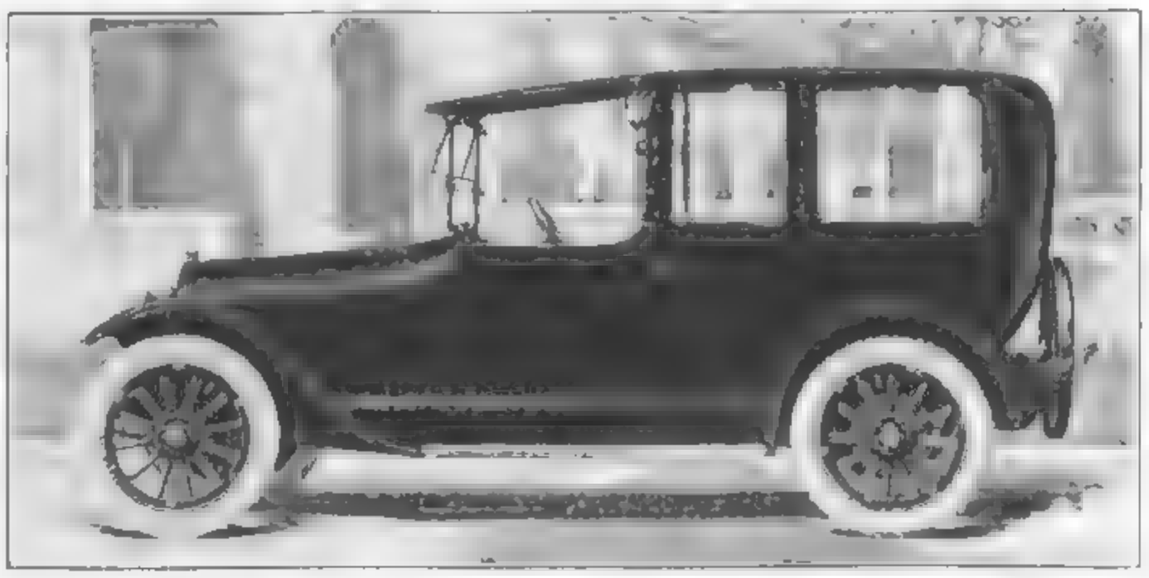


Springfield Type Touring Sedan



The Superb Mitchell Limousine



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73 NEW CONCEPTIONS

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MID-YEAR MODEL

20% EXTRA VALUE
DUE TO FACTORY EFFICIENCY

500 Exhibition Cars

Advance Designs in Bodies, for the January Shows

The Mitchell designers — under John W. Bate — have just completed five types of enclosed bodies for exhibit at next year's Shows.

They are built to make Mitchell bodies — like the Mitchell chassis — studies in efficiency.

We are building only 500 of these luxury cars. The trebled demand for Mitchell open cars prohibits building more. We wish to scatter those 500 all over America—a few in each locality. And in the hands of people who delight in extra-luxurious cars.

All Ideas Combined

Mr. Bate has applied to these body designs the same genius he applied to our chassis.

First, he had his experts and artists examine 257 this-year models — all the finest cars produced in Europe and America. So they started with the best that had been done, and added all they could.

Thus you will find here, combined in one car, about all the existing attractions. All the dainty touches, all the new ideas. And you will find in each at least a score of appeals which no other one car embodies.

That's Mr. Bate's idea of efficiency.

All the Favorite Types

You will find in this line all the favorite types. And in each you will find the model of that type — an advanced conception.

Two are all-weather models, which with thousands are displacing Touring Cars and Roadsters.

One is the Springfield type — a Touring Sedan whose windows drop. In any weather, any season, this is a perfect car—a Touring Car combined with a 7-passenger Sedan, appointed like a Limousine.

One is the Cabriolet, whose windows drop and whose top falls back. This is both a Coupé and a Roadster.

We have also a demountable top. In the Mitchell Limousine and the Mitchell Coupé you will see the queen-cars of those types. They give a new meaning to luxury.

Go see these models at your Mitchell showroom before the local allotment is sold.

$1325 F. o. b. Racine

For 5-Passenger Touring Car or 3-Passenger Roadster

7-Passenger Touring Car $35 Extra

Equipped with Demountable Top Only, $300 Extra

Limousine,	$2650	Touring Sedan,	$1985
Coupé,	$1850	Cabriolet,	$1775

High-speed, economical Six — 48 horsepower; 127-inch wheelbase. Equipment includes 26 extra features—one a power tire pump.

The Bate-Built Chassis

These bodies come mounted on a Mitchell chassis, in which John W. Bate has made 700 improvements. It is now the last word in efficiency.

Every part has at least 50 per cent over-strength. All major strains are met with Chrome-Vanadium steel. All vital parts are oversize. And 440 parts are either drop-forged or steel-stamped.

It is built in a factory which Mr. Bate designed and equipped. A model plant, where factory costs have been cut in two. You will find in this car at least 20 per cent extra value, due to these factory savings. You will find 26 features which most cars omit.

You will find a car which, in every detail, is built for a lifetime car.

Go see this car with these new smart bodies. It will give you new respect for John W. Bate, and the methods he applies to car building.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 33)

gore, my lips forever closed, my hand forever stilled, the record shall endure to show that I, the disgraced and the deceased Fibble, would beg, from the confines of the silent tomb, forgiveness for my criminal indiscretion. I shall write all! My tears descending as I write bedew the sheet, and beneath my swimming eyes the lines waver, but in haste I write on, lest the slayer find me before my final task be done.

We were alone together. We were side by side. Upon a couch we sat in close juxtaposition. The hour was approximately nine-thirty; the time, two nights agone. I bent toward her, half whispering my words. With all the fervor of which I am capable I told her I had a request to make of her; told her that compliance with this request would have a bearing upon all our future communions, bringing us nearer to each other, forming a link between us. My executors will understand, after a perusal of the paragraphs immediately preceding, that I meant to ask her to call me Roscoe and in return to vouchsafe to me the boon and the privilege of calling her Hildegarde.

Bending her head she said, with that simple directness so characteristic of her, "Go right ahead." Suddenly I found her hand intertwined in mine. I do not attempt to explain this phenomenon; indeed, I was not conscious of having sought to encompass her hand within my own; I merely state it a verity. Her fingers pressed against mine—or so to me it seemed.

"Go right ahead, doctor," she repeated; "I'm listening."

The touch of her hand laid a spell upon me. Instantaneously all my forces of self-reserve were swept away. With the startling abruptness of a bolt from the blue, realization of a thing which I had never before suspected came full upon me, and for the first time I knew that for Hildegarde Hamm I entertained a sentiment deeper than that of mere friendship—yes, far, far deeper. I knew that I cared for her; in short, I knew that I loved her.

Madness was upon me; a delicious, an all-consuming fire burned within me. I forgot that I was a guest beneath her roof, enjoying the hospitality of her beloved and revered relative. I forgot the mede of respect I owed to her, forgot the responsibilities imposed upon me. I forgot all else except that I, Roscoe T. Fibble, loved Hildegarde Hamm.

I became as the caveman, who by brute force would win his mate. I obeyed a primeval impulse. Without a word of warning, without excuse, without prefatory remark of any nature whatsoever, I acted:

I kissed her. To be exact, I kissed at her.

For, in this moment fraught with such consequences to all concerned, she averted her head to yet a greater angle. The implant of the osculation was destined for her cheek. It reached her nose—the tip of her nose only.

I do not plead this circumstance in partial extenuation. The intent had been plain, the deed was consummated. I had practically kissed her.

She leaped to her feet, as I to mine. Her eyes, alight with an inscrutable expression, looked into mine; her cheeks became diffused with the crimsoned glow of righteous indignation; her form was convulsed; she quivered from head to feet. For a moment this scene endured. Then ere my lips, but lately contracted for the chaste but unbidden salute, could frame the first stammered syllable of an apology, she buried her ensanguined face in her hands, and hysteria assailed her—a hysteria so acute and so violent that not tears but an outburst of resembling laughter—laughter wild, startling and most distressing to hear—came from her. She dashed from the room.

My heart paused in its quick beating. In one mad moment of indiscretion I had destroyed her confidence in me, had brought down in crashing ruins my hopes, my dreams, my new-found joy.

I felt that I must go hence—that I must quit that domicile forever, and the sooner the better. With my brain in a whirl I looked about me for my hat and my umbrella.

A loud and a compelling voice spoke behind me. I faced about. In the doorway through which she had just fled stood a fearsome apparition. It was her uncle, that man so given to carnage among the beasts and birds of the field, that unerring, that unfailing marksman. He was in his shirt sleeves, his arms bared to his elbows. Upon his face was a fixed grin of demoniac determination—the look of one who smiles even as he slays his prey. And in his hands—ah, dreadful final detail of this dreadful picture—he held outstretched, extended and presented in my general direction, a double-barreled fowling piece, enormous in size and glittering with metal ornamentation.

"Young man," he cried out, "have one look at this!"

In times of the most extreme peril the thoughts clarify with inconceivable rapidity. In a flash I comprehended all. She had told him of the insult to her maidenly modesty, and for it he meant to have my heart's blood. I was about to become an extinct and bleeding corse. But before he could raise the hideous instrument of death to his shoulder an expedient occurred to me. I would save myself from slaughter and coincidentally save him from the crime of dyeing his hands with the gore of a fellow being. A low window at the west side of the room, immediately adjacent to the couch whereon I had been seated, providentially stood open. I would leap from it and flee. Without a moment's hesitation I did so.

In such emergencies one does not choose with care one's means of exit. One departs by the egress most convenient to one. As I plunged through the opening I remembered that a considerable distance intervened between the window I had chosen and the sward below. Even as I bounded forth into space I thought of this. But when one is in mid-air one does not turn back; a law of physics involving the relation of solid bodies to the attraction of gravitation prevents. Nor did I indeed desire to turn back. My one desire was to go. I dropped and dropped, as though for miles. I struck with terrific force upon a grass-covered but hard and unyielding surface. A pang of agony, poignant in its intensity, darted in an upward direction through my lower right limb and I dropped prostrate upon the earth.

But now in the window above stood my would-be destroyer, a wild gleam in his wide open eyes and that awful lethal object still in his grasp. His eyes roved this way and that into the darkness without, seeking to find the victim. The light from behind shone full upon him. Thwarted for the moment as he had been, his purpose was all too plainly revealed.

Heedless of the pain, I leaped to my feet and darted away into the sheltering night. Somehow, I know not how, I scaled the fence. There was a gate, but what time had I to seek out gates? I staggered adown the street. I reached the corner below and there I fell, unable to proceed another rod be the consequences what they might. Merciful unconsciousness succeeded. I knew no more.

When I recovered my senses after a lapse familiar objects surrounded me, and faces well known to me, yet for the time wearing a strange aspect, bent over me. I remember my first words.

"Where am I?" I uttered feebly, and would have started up had not those close at hand restrained me with gentle force.

I was in my own room. While my swoon continued Samaritans had borne me hither. Gentle hands soothed my brow; a physician was preparing wrappings for the injured limb, my right ankle being in a severely sprained state. I learned that I had been discovered lying mute and insensible upon the public highway. My lineaments had been recognized; assistance had been summoned; I had been removed to my quarters; friends now ministered to me. One and all, they assumed that, walking in the darkness, I had encountered some obstacle and, being thus injured, had fallen unconscious. Weak as I was and incoherent though my thoughts, I did not undeceive them. Nor have I yet done so.

I sought to know more, but the physician bade me be silent. His task completed, he administered a sleeping draught and anon I sank into deep slumber.

That was the night of the day before yesterday. Upon yesterday and again this morning I made fervent inquiry of my nurse as to whether any person other than those connected with Fernbridge had called. Each time I was told that Mr. Hector Hamm had come to inquire regarding my condition and to express a desire to have private conversation with me at the very earliest moment when I might receive visitors. Therefore, it is plain that he has been here at least twice, but each time—oh, fortunate circumstance—has been turned away from the door. 'Tis I and I alone who know his implacable object. His lust

(Concluded on Page 37)

AUTOMATIC IGNITION
CONNECTICUT

Identification!

IT is common sense that ignition designed to take full advantage of its possibilities is better than systems of incomplete design.

Connecticut Automatic Ignition is the one which can and does work to its full possibilities. Its automatic switch makes such design possible.

And, because the Connecticut Automatic Switch is the key to unqualified ignition efficiency, we have put the device shown here on the ignition control button of this switch, to mark the cars that are complete in this essential.

The Device of Efficiency

CONNECTICUT TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC COMPANY
Meriden Conn.

ONCE IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE
The Night Watchman's Story
COLT
THE ARM OF LAW AND ORDER
"You can't forget to make a Colt safe"
COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO. HARTFORD, CONN.

Firestone

Perfect Service

A set of Firestone Tires doubles your motoring pleasure and is a mighty stroke towards most miles per dollar in car and tire upkeep.

Firestones are tires of brawn, balance and beauty —backed by an organization of specialists whose watchword is "Service to the Motoring Public."

Let Your Dealer Serve You

Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio—Branches and Dealers Everywhere

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

(Concluded from Page 35)

for vengeance is not assuaged. He will accept no defense, will pause not to hearken to my prayers for mercy. Even now he may be lurking without, seeking opportunity to destroy me utterly.

Infirmity chains me to my couch, but when the injured limb may bear my weight I shall flee, even as the hind before the huntsman. Should I escape I shall, in different surroundings, far, far from here, take up anew the shattered threads of my existence, a broken-hearted wretch, seeking by good deeds done under an assumed name to atone for this, the one blot upon the fair escutcheon of my life. Should I fall before his fatal aim this confession, written during the temporary absence of my nurse from the chamber of invalidism, will be found among my belongings.

Even though as I pen this, perchance my last declaration, I am strangely torn between two all-consuming wishes. I desire above all things to be gone, ere it is too late. And yet above all things I desire to look again upon the face of my adored one. But alas, that may not be! 'Twould be folly multiplied upon folly to dare attempt it. I cannot think upon her. I must think upon her uncle.

Hildegarde, farewell—a long, a last, a fond farewell! I have sorely sinned, but 'twas for love of you! Adieu, adieu, all that I hold dear.

THREE HOURS LATER.—Oh Little Diary! O Great Joy!

In a transport of delight I add this postscript. She has been here—Hildegarde—my Hildegarde. All is explained, all is atoned for.

But an hour agone she came. She burst in upon me. Heedless of the presence of others, she threw herself upon my breast. I found her arms entwined about me, my arms entwined about her. With her head hidden upon my bosom, in sweet confusion, and with tears of thanksgiving coursing adown her cheek, she made it clear to my understanding—oh, so sweetly clear—that I, most woefully, had been misled. As yet my delighted intellect can scarce grasp the purport of her disclosures, but from the rest these salient, these soothing, these beautiful facts stand out:

I was deceived. The kiss I would have impressed upon her countenance was not to her displeasing. Rather it was the circumstance of its being misdirected which caused her to be overcome, not with the hysteria of indignation but with mirth. Why mirth at such a moment, I know not. But are not the ways of a maiden past finding out?

Hurrying from my presence to stifle her laughter, she entered the adjoining room, to come upon her uncle engaged in the, to him, congenial occupation of oiling a newly purchased firearm of augmented caliber. A waggish inspiration leaped into her mind. It would appear by her own admissions that she has oft been given to the practice of practical joking; but because of the glorious consequences I find it in my heart to forgive her.

"Uncle," she said, "Doctor Fibble wants to see your new gun!"

With no murderous desires in his heart, and actuated only by gratification and friendliness, he entered. Yet under the circumstances, how natural, how inevitable, that I should misread his expression and his gesture, misinterpret his motives. I saw the window near by, offering a possible avenue of escape. I leaped. You diary, and you alone, know what has ensued from that moment until now.

But there is more to tell. She believed my limb was shattered—in fact, broken. She blamed me not at all; it was herself she blamed. Until she could bear the separation no longer, she remained away. Then impetuously, remorsefully, lovingly she came. She loves me—she herself has told me so—Hildegarde loves me. And stranger still, she has known for weeks that I loved her, even though I myself remained in complete ignorance of being in that enraptured state. How wonderful is woman's intuition!

She has foresworn practical joking. We have exchanged vows. We have plighted our troth. She is mine and I am hers. She has gone from me to win her uncle's consent and to invoke his blessing upon our banns. Soon she will return to me.

In her absence I fondly dwell upon her words. "Dearest," she said, "you need some one to take care of you. And I am going to take the job."

Sweet child! In her confusion she twisted her meaning. She meant of course that she had need of me to care for her.

"And now"—she said a moment later—"and now I'm going to teach you how to kiss a girl."

Under this head I shall say naught, except that she has taught me. There are things too sacred, too beautiful to be described in detail in the written word. Suffice it to say she has taught me!

And then she called me Fibbey. Oh, precious diminutive! Evermore I shall be her Fibbey!

With one final statement I close this recital of the crowning chapter of my life. Our union is to take place at an early date in this dear spot.

O well-named town of Lover's Leap, New Jersey!

For I, too, have taken the lover's leap, not to death upon the cruel rocks but to happiness everlasting.

Her Fibbey!

My Hildegarde!

THE WARTIME TOURIST

(Continued from Page 8)

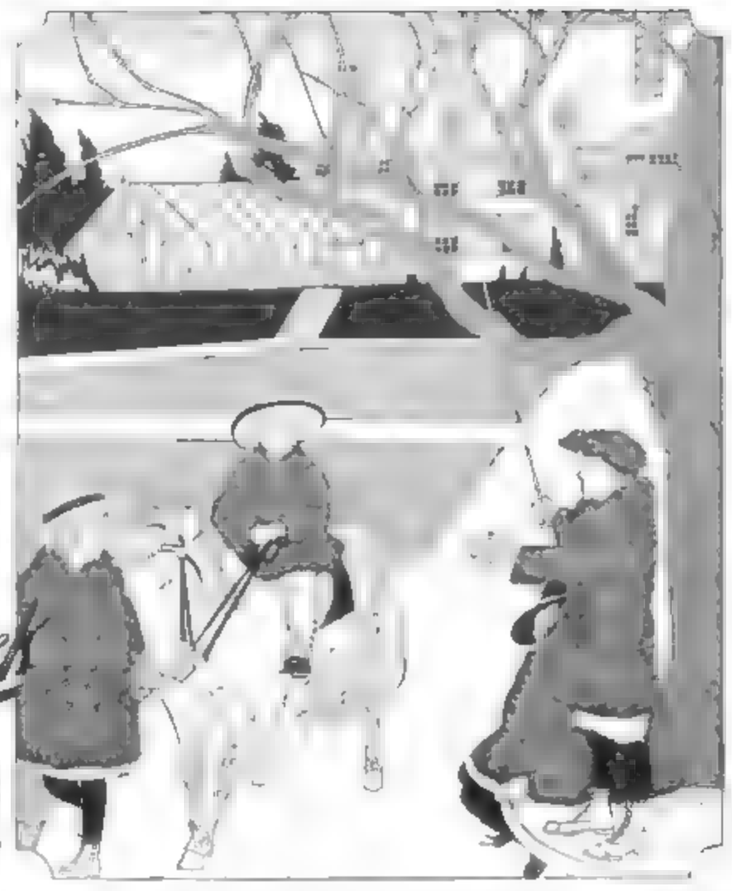
The galleries, the churches, the old palaces, all that makes Florence the artistic Holy of Holies for the world, were open and receptive, though no tourists came, save natives and soldiers. When I arrived, in the character of a real, live American tourist, the caretakers and attendants almost kissed me. The official custodians followed me from room to room, explaining everything in English and French if they had any, or in Italian if they had neither. It did not matter that I understood no Italian, and made it plain; they explained just the same, and smilingly awaited the tip as they handed me along to the expectant custodians next in line.

Yet I am not sure that the populace, except those who live by the hotels and museums, quite welcomed me. Everyone who has visited Italy knows the freedom with which tourists used to circulate in the churches during services; so long as they kept to one side no one paid any attention to them. Now it was different. The worshipers looked up from their prayers with an expression that said: "We thought the war had rid us of this, at any rate!"

In Rome, also, everything the tourist comes to see was open. I am one of those tourists who always hire a guide on the slightest excuse. He saves looking it all up in the guidebook. What though he lie a little? It merely stimulates imagination. I am aware that by this confession I become at once an object of contempt to the elect of my class; but the fearful secret is out. And the Roman guide nowadays is the cream of his trade. That city, which used to entertain yearly a number of pilgrims and strangers equal to its permanent population, had a special class of "lecturers"—university men, often former university professors, who held forth to classes on the art or history of Rome, illuminating the subject with "field work" in the ruins of the galleries.

These men, thrown out of employment by the war, have taken to common "guiding"; by their merits they have largely driven out the inferior guides. The perfunctory personages of old times used to stop before the tomb of Romulus and say in broken English, which I despair of imitating phonetically: "The undoubted, genuine tomb of Romulus, buried under a black stone; a place of reverence and worship for the ancient Romans. You are expected to give a small fee to the caretaker. Look out for the step, lady! We shall now witness the havoc wrought by the Normans, and the coins embedded by the conflagration in the pavement."

The guide who took me through the Forum this year gave the historic reasons for believing pro and con that this was the tomb of Romulus. He related, with verse and chapter, the assaults of German scholarship upon the authenticity of this relic, and described the new discoveries by which Italian scholarship had refuted them. My guide to the Vatican Galleries and Museum probably knew more about art in general than almost any professional art critic in America.



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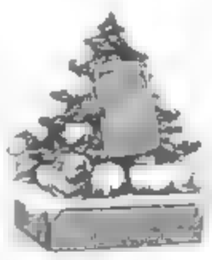

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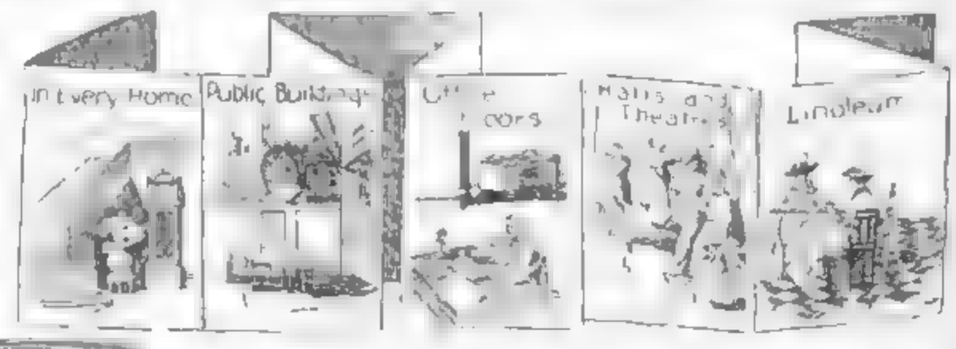

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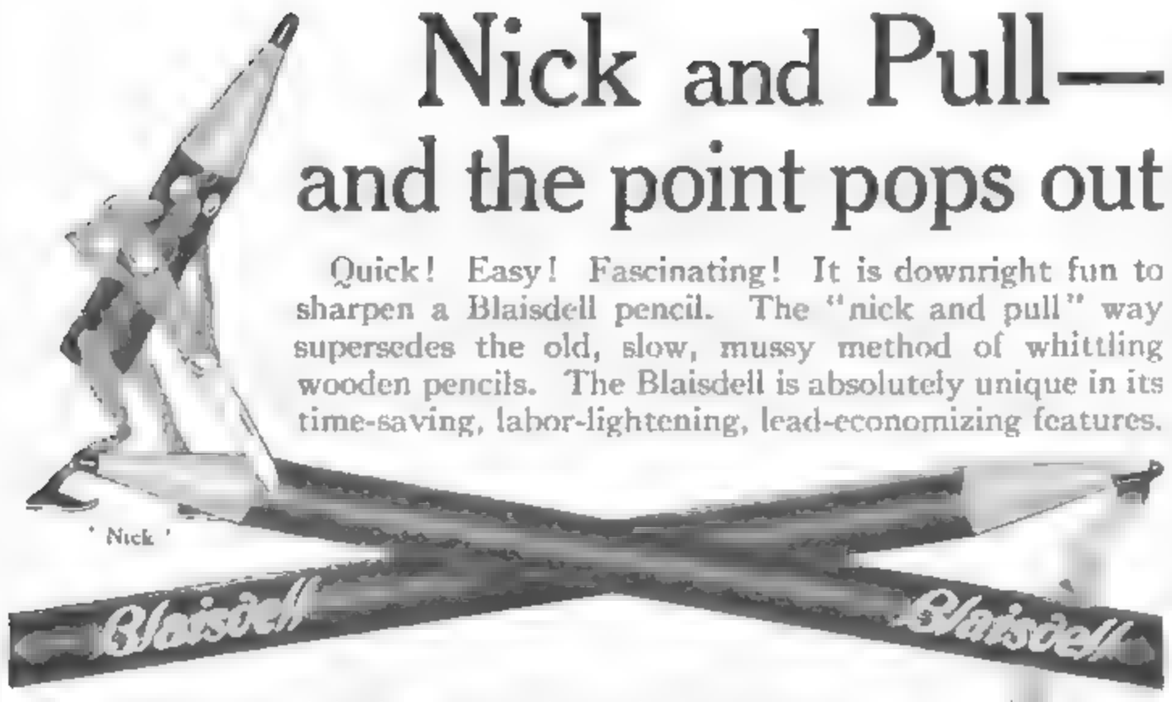

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With Asphalt Shingles
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Thousands of Roofers, Carpenters and Contractors are making the week of Oct. 9 to 14 a *National Re-roofing Week*. They are specializing on applying *Asphalt Shingles*—the *repairless* roofing. See your Roofer or Contractor during this week and arrange to have *your* roof put on a repairless basis.

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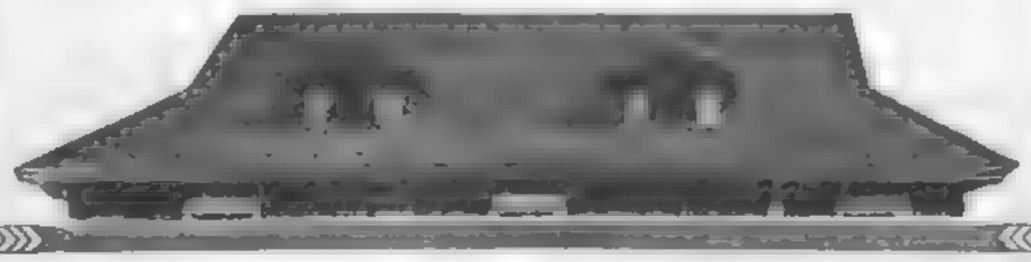

As for Venice, it is hundreds of years since she looked as she does now; you must visit her in wartime to know what night in Venice meant when the Doges ruled the Adriatic. I am violating no military secret when I say that she is always in peril from Austrian aircraft. To save the immortal stones of Venice they have made her a black city by night. Here and there, at very long intervals, a tiny, low-hung shaded light burns at a busy corner or a bridgehead.

Your gondola takes you down a Grand Canal lighted only by stars or moon, with mysterious, bulky, beautiful shades of buildings rising on each hand, or through black chutes of shadow, which are the smaller channels. Your gondolier, listening for the splashing of the water ahead, perceives that another gondola is passing; he hails it; back and forth they call in musical Italian, until the bulk of the other craft looms dimly on your beam. There comes across the waters the chugging of an engine—a naval or military launch. Your gondolier stops and hugs the shore until it has safely passed.

Dark it is, but not deserted, even in these nights of brooding peril; it takes more than aircraft to kill the gay earth-spirit of the Italian; for always from the bridges, the side canals, the streets bordering your waterway, come chatter, laughter and singing. I passed only two nights in Venice, using up in that fashion the end of my military permit to the war zone; and, though I stayed up late, I was always put to sleep by singing from the lagoon.

It is a tight-shut town; few strangers have entered it since the war. Besides two or three correspondents, I know of but two Americans who got passes—woman buyers of antiques and Venetian glass for a New York firm, admitted because Venice needs the money. There are now just eight permanent American residents. On the morning of my arrival my friend in Venice advised me to walk by street and bridge before taking a gondola for the regular canal tour.

"But I'm going to knock off work and go with you," he said.

"That isn't necessary," I said; for he is a busy man just now.

The Antique-Hunter's Paradise

"Yes, it is!" he replied. "You don't speak Italian. You're a fat blond, and you wear glasses, which makes you look German. They're so unaccustomed to strangers here that you may start a riot!"

In the middle of that morning we brought up at an antique shop, where I was tempted by a stock of quaint and attractive earrings from which I eventually bought two pairs as presents. My friend is well known in Venice as an expert in such things, and the shopkeeper came down to hard facts with him, telling us frankly which were genuinely old and which clever imitations. My friend tipped me the wink and did the bargaining in Italian, with much drama on the side. The shopkeeper came down, figure by figure, until we secured a pagodalike pair, gold and enamel, of quaint, involved, seventeenth-century Paduan work, for forty lire, or, at present rates of exchange, about seven dollars.

A pair made of many old, crudely cut little diamonds, set in lumps of beaten silver—sixteenth-century Venetian work—cost thirty lire, or a little more than six dollars. Later I saw in Paris a set closely resembling that silver-and-diamond pair. The price was two hundred francs. When the bargain was complete I had my friend ask the shopkeeper how he could afford to accept such prices.

"It is my first sale this month," he said. "I had no sales at all last month, and only two or three in March. And I must find, somehow, two hundred lire a month for rent." Venice is now the antique-hunter's paradise—only he cannot get there!

Indeed, that large class in Italy which depends on selling things to tourists finds itself hard hit all round. The soldier, true tourist of these days, spends little or no money; the foreigners, especially the North and South Americans, most liberal buyers of all, come no more.

On the Piazza di Spagna, at Rome, there is a shop famous for the sale of Roman pearls. Everyone who has toured in Italy must know the place. I bought there a few small articles. The Italian woman in charge insisted on adding a necklace to my purchases.

"It's a gift," she said. "You bring me good luck. I used to sell thousands and thousands

(Continued on Page 41)

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THE KANTLEEK HOT WATER BOTTLE can't leak. It has no seams to open up. There's not a weak spot in it. By a secret patented process the Kantleek is moulded—it *must* be free from any imperfection two years from date of purchase or you get a new bottle FREE.

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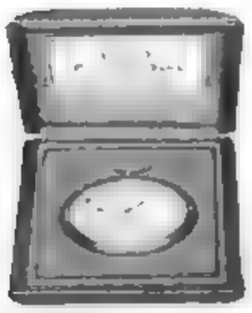
Owning or giving, you will always be proud of an Elgin—even as we are proud of the world-famous quality that prompts its selection.



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HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Don't make the mistake of under-rating this Super-Six invention. It is not one of the passing sensations. It is not one of those claims to motor supremacy which yields in a year to another. Learn the realities of it. Mark what its records mean. There is plenty of evidence now to convince you that it cannot be superseded

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The Super-Six, in the same size, delivers full 76 horsepower. It has increased motor efficiency by 80 per cent, by lessening vibration. Thus it comes within 10 per cent of an absolutely frictionless motor.

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In choosing a car for years to come, don't minimize the Super-Six advantage.

You may not care for the speed it makes. You may not need its power. You will rarely, it is true, utilize half its capacity. But it is good for a motor to be always undertaxed.

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The Super-Six, in official tests, has outperformed all other types of stock cars. In speed, in endurance, in hill-climbing—in flexibility and quick pick-up—it has proved itself supreme.

Now there are 18,000 owners who find themselves the masters of the road.

In beauty, quality and luxury, there is no way known to excel this car. So it marks, in our opinion, about the apex in a high-grade motor car.

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The Super-Six output has quadrupled since April. Men no longer wait months for delivery. So there exists no reason nowadays for not getting the car you want.

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Fastest time up world's highest highway to summit of Pike's Peak—against 20 contestants—made with a Hudson Super-Six Special.

Also these records all made under American Automobile Association supervision by a certified stock car or stock chassis, and excelling all former stock cars in these tests.

100 miles in 80 min., 21.4 sec., averaging 74.67 miles per hour for a 7-passenger touring car with driver and passenger

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One mile at the rate of 102.53 miles per hour

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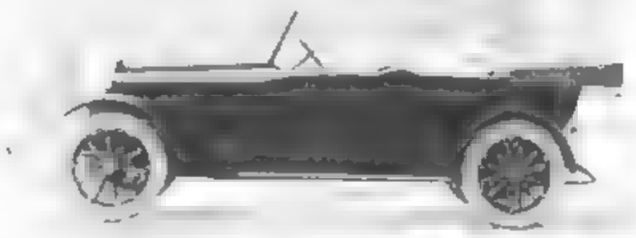
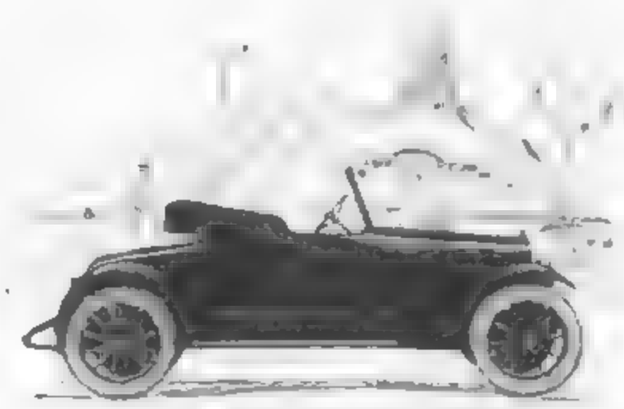
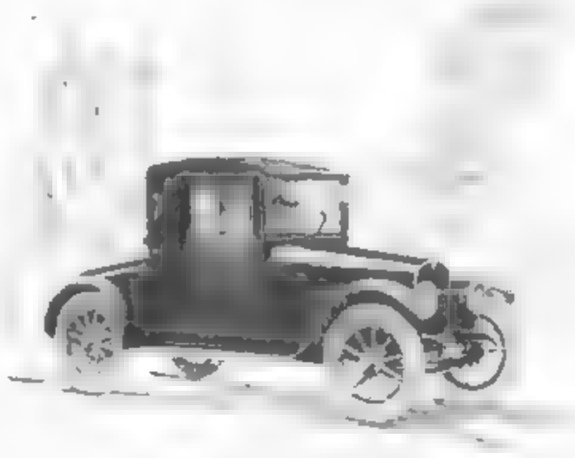


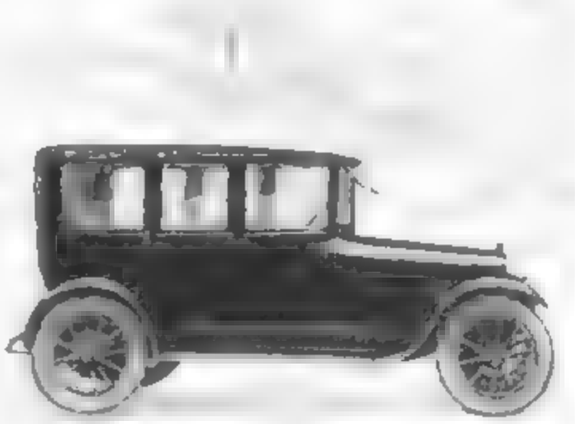
Phaeton, *7-passenger*, $1475



Roadster, *2-passenger*, $1475



Cabriolet, *3-passenger*, $1775



Touring Sedan, *7-passenger*, $2000

Limousine, *7-passenger*, $2750

Town Car . . $2750 Town Car Landaulet . . $2850 Limousine Landaulet . . $2850

(All prices f. o. b. Detroit)

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 38)

of lires' worth to Americans every week in spring. You are the first Americans I have seen since Italy went to war. I must pay my rent, and this location is expensive; but I can't keep it up forever. I was thinking of closing the shop—but you bring me luck!"

The hotel keeper is hit just as hard. In Florence, which lived of old years by pilgrims and strangers, most of the hotels are closed entirely. I found that the comparatively modest place where I stayed before the war was still running, though its big suite of dining rooms was shrunken to one tiny apartment. I asked for rooms, with a private bath. They had none such; but, rather than lose a customer, they partitioned off with folding doors one end of a floor, including a public bathroom, and gave it to me for the price of two rooms. In one of the vast Roman hotels I got a fairly princely suite for the old "minimum price." I shall be spoiled for ordinary conveniences after the war.

The hotel keepers of Paris are not hit quite so hard. There are two well-recognized "seasons" in the French hotel business. In winter occurs the normal native flow of travel; in summer, when the affluent natives have gone to the country, there arrive the American, South American and Continental tourists, both hands full of gold. Now in winter, since the war, there has been a good deal of hotel traffic—officers, officers' families, munitions salesmen from the provinces and abroad, rich refugees. But in summer the hotels are flattened out. Though they have not generally reduced their minimum rates very much, they have become liberal about the accommodations. At a very good Parisian hotel I secured last year a suite of two large bedrooms, living room, hall and bath for just about the old minimum rate.

The Inn-Keepers of the War Zone

The Frenchman cannot cook badly if he tries; the Italian is almost his equal. The very army cooks turn the monotonous army rations into creations. The war has not stopped production of those delicious French "wines of the country," the best of which we never get in America, because they do not stand exportation. The only effect of war on the French cuisine has been to limit its variety a little, since certain staples are expensive.

At half past nine one evening last July a party of us reached the hotel at Bar-le-Duc, near the St.-Mihiel salient. This town has probably suffered more from aircraft than any other on the French side of the Western line; when the Germans "shoot it up" they use not single planes but squadrilla of twenty or thirty.

We were dinnerless; we were raging hungry after a long drive; and we appealed for something cold—anything—before going to bed. "If the gentlemen will wait half an hour we can give them a dinner," said the head waiter. We waited—and were rewarded. We had soup, fish, entrée, roast, dessert, cheese, fruit, gray wine of the country—Paris itself could have furnished no better meal at the price.

France still gives you white bread; you miss only those variegated little rolls that used to come with your morning coffee. Italy has taken to war bread, the adulterant being corn meal. The German war bread, with its mixture of rye and potato flour, is said to be unpalatable stuff. I liked this Italian war bread, and others of more delicate taste than mine bear the same testimony.

If the hotel business in Rome, Florence and Paris is drooping, that in the war zone, and especially the sector near the lines, is flourishing. The innkeepers are the only people in that sadly bombarded, burned, crushed district who have profited by the war. The officers, together with civilians traveling to the front on matters pertaining to military supplies, are responsible for all this. Frequently, on arriving at towns just behind the guns, in constant danger from air attacks, one must try and try again before he can get a lodging.

Especially prosperous are the hotels in the zone of British occupation, your Briton being a free spender and your Colonial the freest of all. In June, 1915, the Franco-Swiss head waiter at the best hotel in a British base-town approached me, with news that he had resigned and was returning to Switzerland. That called for a tip; as I bestowed it I asked:

"Why are you leaving just now?"

"Well, sir," he said, "I had made up my mind that when I had saved a certain sum I'd retire and buy a business which I've been watching for some time. I expected I'd have enough money about five years hence, but I've done so well since the war began that I bought the business last week! The British officers are very liberal gentlemen, sir."

"I should think you'd stay here a while longer if the going is so good," I remarked.

"Ah, but it's all in the family, as you say, sir. My brother is taking my place."

Only one professional care—besides aircraft—troubles the hotel keeper of the war zone. His stock in trade has deteriorated fast. Soldiers are careless fellows. One cannot ask them to take off their spiked boots, and spikes play the dickens with floors, rugs and carpets. When anything is broken or damaged it is nearly impossible to find the expert workman to make repairs. The characteristic hotel of the war zone still manages to keep itself pretty clean. Otherwise, what with scratched floors, frayed carpets, broken windows, stained and ragged wall paper, it has gone to seed.

The Fête-Dieu at Chartres

"Motoring through France"—what delights of travel that called up in old years! Now there is no more automobile touring for pleasure. Most of the machines are commandeered for the direct or indirect uses of the war; the supply of gasoline is circumscribed; the government hedges you about with restrictions. I had done much motoring near the lines, mainly in beautiful, high-power limousines, painted now in uniform army gray-blue; but this was scarcely pleasure touring. However, as the day of the Fête-Dieu approached, a party of us found a car in Paris that had a bona fide permit to go a certain distance from the capital, engaged it, and went down to Chartres for this characteristic French religious festival.

The Fête-Dieu—or Feast of God—is celebrated in France on the Sunday nearest to Corpus Christi Day. It is marked by outdoor religious processions, wherein the clergy of the church or diocese carry the Host for the adoration of the Faithful, who line the streets or roads.

In old times virtually every provincial town or city had its procession. It was a pretty ceremonial and, aside from the solemn moments in presence of the Host, an innocently merry one. No people can get so much joyful sociability from a groat's worth of expense as the French. In those days, as the guilds, sodalities and Sunday-school classes marched up to the church, preliminary to the procession, they marched like people making holiday. The men, perceiving a stranger, grinned and waved; the young girls, walking as often as not arm-about-waist, looked you over and giggled among themselves. All Catholic France was very reverent at the proper solemn moment, and very full of fine, French human spirits the rest of the day.

As for Chartres, it is a beautiful old medieval town, cloistered about that cathedral on which James Russell Lowell wrote his great poem. Now that Rheims is gone, or nearly so, it stands, without rival, the architectural glory of France. The builders, as much by accident as design, wrought in a stone that has stood up against the weather; war and revolution have spared it. I shall not try to describe Chartres; a long line of Americans, from Lowell to La Farge, have done the job too well.

Now I had seen the Fête-Dieu last year at Boulogne, and had marked the touching difference between this festival and the old one; for at Boulogne, last year, no one smiled, at the solemn moment or at any other. It was like a Sabbath in Edinburgh. However, these people of the Pas de Calais—largely Normans, dashed with English blood—are more dour than the rest of the French. I rather expected something different from the people of Chartres, who dwell midway between sprightly Paris and warm Touraine.

The story was the same, however. Chartres ran brimful of townspeople in subdued Parisian clothes; of peasants in the costume of the district. Long before the hour when the Host issued from the church all the streets leading into the route of the procession were jammed. That route was marked, through its length of two or three miles, by white sheets strung across the first stories of the houses, this background being everywhere dotted and festooned with bouquets of garden flowers. All along this

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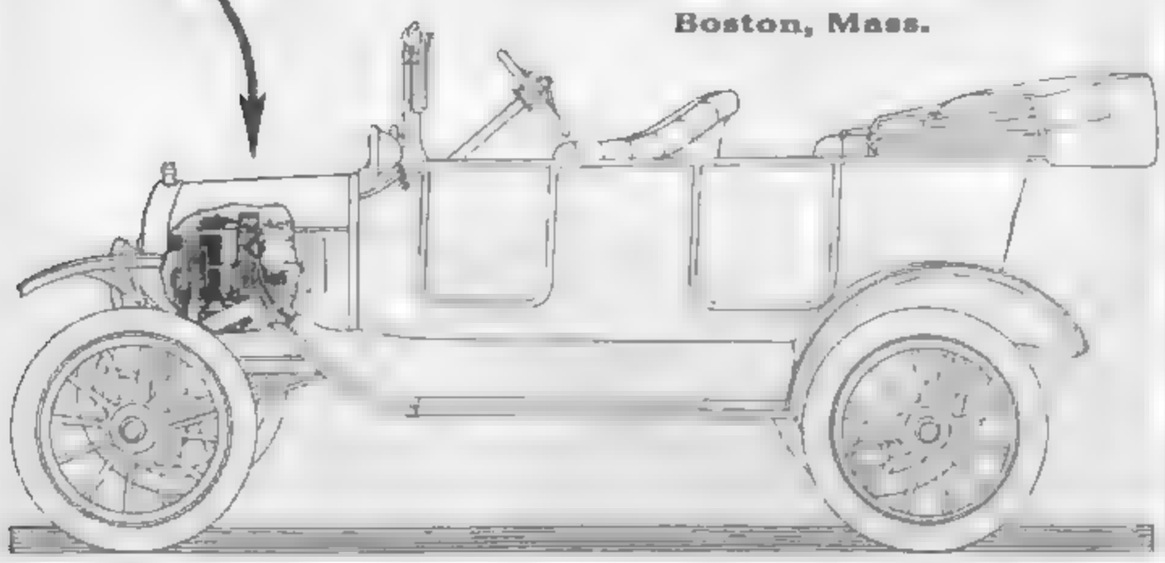

flowery way were solemn or set faces; no one seemed to jest or to gesticulate as of old. The procession, considering the size of Chartres, was very long; stopping five times, while the priests pronounced Benediction from the flower-banked wayside shrines, it lasted from three o'clock until six.

I saw no young men in line, except a squad of soldiers who carried the canopy over the Host. There were only matrons in black, telling their beads as they walked; old men in frock coats and old-fashioned top hats; and thousands of children, the little girls in veiled white, carrying symbolic gilded flower devices, the little boys with white ribbons about their arms. Midway of the procession an excellently trained choir of young girls burst at intervals into that solemn old French hymn, revived for these troubled times: God Save France!

Only twice did I see the old French spirit twinkle under the surface. I stood on the steps of the cathedral preparing to photograph a division of girls, which stood waiting for its place in the line. They perceived what I was doing and there followed the flutter of female creatures trying to look pretty. A woman monitor rushed down the line, arranging veils. I snapped my shutters; the priest at the head of the division started a hymn; instantly the expressive little French faces became all solemnity.

Little John and His Bun

Also, behind the banners of one division marched a child John the Baptist, a pretty, blond, curly-haired boy, perhaps five years old. He was dressed in pink tights and a hot sheepskin; a water bottle was slung over his shoulder; he carried a staff, with the cross at its tip. Now somewhere along the line someone had given him a bun. Perhaps it was to keep him quiet; it was a long, hot walk for a very little boy. So he trudged on, quite contented and happy, smiling, with a crumb-bordered mouth, on the spectators.

As he passed, the crowd broke into suppressed laughter and gesticulation. Otherwise, there were more tears than smiles that day of the second wartime Fête-Dieu. The French brain, so cool and clear behind its veil of apparent emotion, is at work, now as always. They are not feeding on sugary, newspaper-flavored illusions about the blessings of war. Perhaps they are fighting all the more desperately and heroically because they face the facts.

Since it was Sunday, the country carts, carrying produce to market, the hay wagons, all business vehicles in general, were off the roads between Paris and Chartres. It was like a country deserted. Four or five times, military automobiles, on some mission far behind the lines, flashed past us at the breathless speed of soldier driving. We saw three little family automobiles going to church. Otherwise, on that tour of perhaps a hundred miles—nothing.

Before the war the cars, tooting merrily, moved as in procession along these roads. Deserted as it was, that French countryside—all soft greens, dotted with the blood-red of poppies, the bright blue of bachelor's buttons, illuminated with dancing light—seemed peculiarly lovely.

If you "go in" for museums and that variety of cultivation, you would scarcely profit by a visit to Venice or Paris just now. The galleries of Venice are all closed; the immovable treasures of the churches and palaces are piled round with sandbags. Most of such Parisian institutions are closed too; and when they are open you find that the pieces formerly double-starred in the guidebooks are missing. Where are they? That secret is kept by the Ministry of Fine Arts.

The Louvre, for example, has recently opened on alternate days the Galleries of Ancient and Modern Sculpture; but the great pieces are not there. The churches, indeed, stand open all day long, but for other reasons than display to tourists. Sainte-Chapelle, the Gothic gem of Paris, no longer used as a church, has been opened again, since only one caretaker is needed, and the dribble of visitors from the Provinces make it profitable at a fee of a franc a head.

Of course the old surge of gayety along the boulevards, which was calculated to raise the heaviest spirits, exists no longer. Dull fashions of two years past, and mourning—mourning everywhere—have supplanted the smart creations of the flashy half world and the equally flashy gay world. True, the Parisienne manages to look marvelously chic in a plain gown of 1914; but the old spectacle has vanished, perhaps for a generation—and perhaps not.

Early last July, the sun broke out after a May and June that tried their best to resemble March. Simultaneously Hope broke like the sun. The new British Army came into action at last; the terrible pressure on Verdun ceased; the Austrian advance into Venetia was checked; the Russian drive turned from an uncertainty to a victory.

Suddenly smart costumes, which none had dared to wear before, flashed out along the boulevards; the Bois, of afternoons, was crowded with carriages, taxicabs, even a few private motors; the Revues, which had dragged along all the spring, began to make money. It was hard to find a seat, at teatime or first drink-time, before the Café de la Paix.

Nevertheless, there was a flicker of the old gayety over Paris, and people began to talk of The Day—not Germany's Day of slaughter and wrath, but France's Day of victorious joy, "when the boys come home."

On the Fourteenth of July, the national holiday, Paris turned loose a little for the first time since the war. In 1914 the day merely resembled Sunday; there was no public celebration of any kind. This year, in anticipation of the Dawn, the government arranged a military procession of France and her allies. From the Belgian infantry, which marched in the van—trust the French to do the dramatically courteous thing—to the troop of French cuirassiers in the rear, there were twelve or fourteen races represented.

I heard that day the first spontaneous cheering which has gladdened these ears since the war. The French shouted for their own stained *poilus*, just from the trenches; their Senegalese; their Tongkingese; their Alpine chasseurs. They shouted, with equal enthusiasm, for the little, sturdy Belgians; the singing, long-striding Russians; the turbaned Hindus; the stolid, even-stepping Englishmen; and the skirted Highlanders—especially the Highlanders.

A 'Arbinger of 'Ope

All that morning marching bodies of little boys and girls were passing under my window to hang floral pieces on the Joan of Arc monument, which gradually turned from a statue to a flower bed. Late that afternoon occurred another procession, more impressive in its way. The Society of Remembrance was going to decorate the Strasburg monument. By chance, Lille stands next to Strasburg in that magnificent Circle of Cities which rings the Place de la Concorde; and Lille, also, is now under the oppressor.

A group of girls in Alsatian headdresses led the way; behind them the populace fell in without order or regular alignment—men, women and children; nobles; bourgeoisie and working people—all trudging with set, consecrated faces on this pilgrimage of sentiment. The formal military display of the early afternoon moved me, for one, far less than this.

The war brought unexpected prosperity to the San Francisco Exposition. The hundred thousand Americans who used to visit Europe for their vacations were forced to see America first or stay at home. Those who depend for their living on the famous places of England have managed to pull through by virtue of a kindred situation. The few Britons who find themselves justified in taking a little holiday from the war have gone sight-seeing to Canterbury or York or Warwick or Stratford-on-Avon.

Still, it is not as in the old days. Sixty thousand people used to visit the Shakspere birthplace every year. Of these perhaps a third were Americans. From the viewpoint of custodians, hotel keepers and curio dealers, they were very welcome; for they were free spenders. At the Stratford Church, where Shakspere lies, the verger keeps separate registers for American visitors, British visitors and Continental visitors. The Americans, in old times, filled book after book every summer. On August seventh the American register for this year bore seventy-two names.

When I first opened my mouth to the guide at Grey's Cliff, Warwickshire, letting out my native accent, that stolid old functionary showed signs of losing his British self-control and embracing me.

"Americans!" he exclaimed. "S'welp me, I used to get two thousand Americans a day sometimes, before the war; an' you're the first I've seen since. You're a 'arbinger of 'ope, sir—that's wot I call it—a 'arbinger of 'ope!"

Cadillac
Standard of the World

The Man and the Motor Car

Judge the Cadillac by this Criterion

THE qualities you admire in a man——are they not also the things you most admire in a motor car?

When we speak with deep affection of a friend, we say of him that he is "always the same."

And what is there that pleases us more than this constancy in a motor car, year after year?

A friend who is always the same, and a car that is always the same—they are both valued because they never disappoint our needs, no matter how much nor how often we call upon them.

Character in a man, and character in a motor car—both are the product of principles deeply embedded.

Character in the man, expresses itself in conduct unswervingly true—under every circumstance and condition.

Character in the car, expresses itself in performance—equal to every emergency and satisfying in every conceivable situation.

We admire a man of quick decision—a man who never fumes and frets, but goes straight to the root of a decision.

We admire a car which is instantaneous in action—which does not halt nor hesitate, but does what it has to do, decisively, and without a moment's delay.

We admire power, and especially control of power, in a man—and we admire it above all else, in a motor car.

We admire the man whom we know to be possessed of reserve power—and we admire a motor car which always has power to spare, for heroic occasions.

We admire the strong man who makes no show of his strength—and we admire the car which gives no sound or sign of strain, or stress, or labor.

We admire a man who is quietly effective—and how we admire a car that is quietly effective!

We admire a man who wears the outer marks of good breeding—and we admire a car whose appearance bespeaks its quality.

The analogy could go on indefinitely.

It is interesting for one reason.

It indicates how much of themselves, men can build into motor cars.

A motor car rarely rises above the motives of its manufacturer.

The integrity of a car is measured by the integrity of those who build it.

If it is the product of high ideals and rare ability, it will express them both in performance and in length of life.

As you would inquire into the record and the ancestry of a man seeking your friendship—so it is well to inquire into the antecedents of a motor car seeking your favor.

Body Styles and Prices

The Type-55 Cadillac will be available with a complete variety of body styles, as follows:

SEVEN PASSENGER, PHAETON, ROADSTER and CLUB ROADSTER, $2080.

CONVERTIBLE STYLES: SEVEN PASSENGER, $2675; VICTORIA $2550.

ENCLOSED CARS: COUPÉ, $2800; BROUGHAM, $2950; LIMOUSINE, $3600; LANDAULET, $3750; IMPERIAL, $3750.

Prices include standard equipment, F. O. B. Detroit. Prices are subject to advance without notice.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

The Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet

Cuts Work in Half

This marvel of convenience has places for 400 articles, all within arm's reach. But it's more than a centralized store-house. The Hoosier is an *automatic servant* with 40 labor-saving inventions—*each like a helping hand!* Some cabinets have copied a few of them, but 17 of these Hoosier features can't be found in all other cabinets combined. Into the Hoosier are built the pick of the ways for saving work that the leading Domestic Science Experts have discovered.

The picture above shows the section of your cabinet that is most important—the part that makes it a real helper. Storage space is above and below; the articles most often used are placed where they are easiest reached. There is plenty of unhampered room above and around the aluminum (or porcelain) work-table.

There are no useless little partitions to chop up the space and leave no room for work. Your cabinet must have big table space to work on. The Hoosier gives it.

Six exclusive Hoosier features you must have:

1—The all-metal glass front flour bin—easy to fill—easy to clean—no springs or mechanical devices to stick or get out of order.

2—The gear-driven shaker flour sifter which is attached to the bin—sifts flour four times as fast as any ordinary sifter—makes flour light and fluffy—absolutely sanitary—can not grind grit or dirt through sieve—fully covered by Hoosier patents.

3—Scientific arrangement—articles needed most frequently easiest reached.

4—Revolving caster (shown in center of illustration) that brings the spice you want to your fingers' ends in an airtight, neatly labeled crystal glass jar—the final touch of convenience.

5—The ingenious, big-capacity sugar bin—holds more than twice as much as most other bins—and is the only one in which it is equally convenient to scoop sugar from the top or draw it from a spout at the bottom.

6—Finally, the doors that roll back at the sides of the cabinet, entirely out of the way, but *they move freely in full view and can be removed instantly for cleaning.* There are no unsanitary, concealed pockets in a Hoosier.

Prices and Terms

There are over 1,000,000 Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets in use. 75,000 Hoosier Cabinets have been sold these last few months. This enormous output makes possible our low prices, which now range from $12.75 to $52.50, according to design, equipment and your location.

Have the Hoosier delivered at once on our money-back guarantee. You may pay for it a little at a time if you wish, without extra cost or interest. And regardless of the room in your kitchen, there's a special Hoosier model to fit, at a price you can easily afford.

Write Us Now

We will send you a copy of our handsome new book that pictures and tells all about Hoosier Cabinets and how to save kitchen work. We will also tell you where you can see the Hoosier and have it demonstrated, without placing yourself under the slightest obligation. Think of the miles of steps and the hours of extra work you will save if you seize this offer at once. Write today without fail.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

1610 Sidney Street, NEW CASTLE, IND.

BRANCH: 1067 Market Street, San Francisco, California

THE MAN WHO TRIED TO BE IT

(Continued from Page 6)

"But here, Palsifer," said John, shaking his head, "that ninety-day credit let's them keep into us all the time for a hundred thousand dollars or more."

"But, let me repeat—they're very good people."

"I'm sure you're convinced of that, but a hundred thousand is a heap of money."

"I realized that when I made the arrangement. Knowing the men who are running the Northwestern I'm willing to assume responsibility."

"To whom?"

"To you."

It was on the point of Hadden's tongue to remind his treasurer that for him to assume responsibility was not to guarantee the Consolidated against a heavy loss, and that the only responsibility which counted, from John's position, was his own to Mr. Harry Anable. And what a hole in John's needful five hundred thousand would that jobber's account make if it went wrong!

Hadden reflected that he had no moral right to back the estimate of another man, no matter how able the man was, to such an extent, and especially when against that estimate stood the cold figures of an asset-and-liability statement; nor had the other man the right to ask him to do so. But he gave expression to none of this.

"I don't like the situation," was all he said.

"I'm sorry, Mr Hadden," returned Palsifer; "but I'm afraid I've committed the Consolidated."

"Um—yes," mused John; "but I suppose the arrangement could be changed—our liability somewhat reduced. I should think it might be as well to get them on the basis of all our other customers—thirty days."

"That would be embarrassing—very embarrassing—for me," retorted the treasurer.

"Not so embarrassing, Palsifer, as it would be for me if you have erred in your judgment of the Northwestern crowd and I should find myself short a hundred thousand in my earnings."

"I can only say again that to alter the arrangement would be embarrassing for me."

"Oh, I should think you could explain. Put it up to me."

"I'm sorry to say, Mr. Hadden," laughed Palsifer shortly, "that I've always found it humiliating to have to make explanations of any sort—almost as humiliating as it would now be to acknowledge that my position here carried with it so little real authority."

This pricked Hadden's resentment. Did Palsifer expect him to jeopardize his own glorious chance for the sake of the unreasonable pride of a subordinate? He was striving to frame a reply when Palsifer spoke.

"It occurs to me," he said, "that, if you don't care to accept my judgment, you might run up there and see the people for yourself. Of course I've been all over the ground, and a second visit of—well, practically of inspection will inevitably seem odd. But I should consider that wiser than a reduction of credit."

John was thoughtful. He studied his man and believed he could read Palsifer's mind perfectly. The treasurer was choosing the lesser of two possible blows to his pride: It was bad enough to have the president of the Consolidated appear before the Northwestern Jobbers in order to verify the treasurer's judgment and thus seem to belittle him; it was worse to be overruled.

"Oh, well," thought John, "it's not much to run up there." And then, aloud to Palsifer: "Very good. I'll do my best to make the trip; but if it isn't possible for me to get off I think they'd better go to the regular thirty-day basis."

There was a chilly pause. "In that case I trust you will make the trip, Mr. Hadden—for the sake of the Consolidated."

With that the interview closed and Palsifer made a stiff exit to give way for Ralph Crane. That young man dropped into a chair, resting an elbow on the arm to support his head. Hadden rubbed his eyes for a moment to banish the last thread of thought and to take up the new one.

"Wanted to see me, did you, Mr. Hadden?" asked the sales manager pleasantly; there was no arrogance about Crane.

"Yes, my boy," answered John, and again reached to the tray marked President.

He took out a sizable stack of papers neatly held together by a clip and studied the uppermost one before he spoke.

"Crane," he began, "I've got here your reports for some time back."

"Yes, sir."

"They show the current activities of your department, and—I say it very reluctantly—they're a little disappointing."

"I know they are," laughed Crane unhappily.

"Then you have realized it too?" said Hadden, watching the distressed face on the other side of the desk.

"Certainly I have, Mr. Hadden. Not a thing for months!"

"That's it—that's it exactly. Now, what's the trouble?"

Nothing could have been more kindly than John's tone.

"Oh, I don't know," despaired the subordinate. "I guess I've got to get used to these new methods of working. Nothing's been the same since that Cinapex affair."

"What about the Cinapex affair?"

"Oh, I don't know. I dug the thing up and you grabbed it."

"Well, wasn't that right?" asked the president. "That was a matter which no one but the head of the business ought to have handled. It was devilishly important, I tell you! The other stuff—the regular stuff ——"

"The little stuff, you mean," cut in Crane, and a second later brought forth: "Yes; I know."

"Oh, my boy, you must get over that!" admonished John. And then asked paternally: "Do you think you could have made the deal in Cincinnati that I did?"

"No," promptly returned Crane.

"You can't object, then, if you admit that my going was a good thing."

"Well, it's like this: Your going was good for that particular deal, but it was bum for me. I haven't been able to get on my toes since; no new ideas—nothing!" And the imaginative young salesman made a gesture of disgust before he went on. "Maybe it's my deficiency; but I can't make my work just work. It's got to be fun. If it isn't I'm no use—no use at all. And in the Cinapex affair—the biggest thing of the year and the kind of thing I've always had as my special job—you took everything, including the fun. I'm not blaming you, Mr. Hadden. I'm just trying to explain."

"Yes, I understand that," replied Hadden gravely; "but see if we can't have a little more vim and activity in the selling end."

"Well, I'll try," said Crane.

The president ate a hurried luncheon alone and early afternoon found him at the plant. Avery Fennell had six separate and distinct problems to which he said he felt that Hadden would desire to have his attention directed.

One by one Avery Fennell unfolded them; John's mind grappled with them in turn. To have these problems presented to him was, for John, to work them out. Once he had got his clutches upon a knotty issue he could not let go until he had made certain that it had been properly solved. Throughout the whole long afternoon he gave himself up to Fennell, who supplied the needed information and data while Hadden toiled. His labors ceased only at the sound of the whistle and the sudden let-up in the roar of the machinery. During his absence a mass of new work had accumulated on his desk. He bundled all this into a little leather case and took it home with him for the evening.

He arrived at his doorstep comfortably tired. His wife was there to greet him.

"A good day, John?" she asked.

"Oh, fine!" he said. "I'm getting no end of things straightened out."

"Oh, aren't you wonderful!" Louise Hadden murmured as she followed him in.

"Not wonderful," he said; "just on the job—that's all."

Weeks of this sort of thing followed. Of course he was not always in unpleasant collision with Palsifer, not always prodding Crane, or devoting himself to problems of manufacture. But he was always at something; trying to cut down, with the assistance of Mortimer Smythe, the cost of materials, or working over customers' contracts to find out how they might be improved or tightened.

Everything he touched, he touched to good effect; and he touched nearly everything—for under the system he had imposed

(Continued on Page 48)

S

It takes Cleverness to create a Style. But it also takes good fabrics and *Sincerity* of Workmanship to make that Style last.

You will always find the *Sincerest* Merchant in a City proud of the fact that he is the one who is selling Sincerity Clothes.

Send for our Style Booklet

CLEVERLY TAILORED, THOROUGHLY MADE BY

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Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S. & F. CO.

FOR DRESS OCCASIONS

The Ivory Garter is especially adapted to dress occasions. A well dressed man is dressed well over. The articles of apparel that you don't see you feel. Clothes are not the same. The man who puts on the Ivory Garter is aware that last touch that goes to make him well dressed. It has the ease and comfort that comes from knowing that everything is just right. Besides, the Ivory Garter is comfortable—it doesn't bind and it is extremely light. It has many advantages.

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DEALERS: Order from your jobber or direct.

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Hart Schaffner & Marx Style
Varsity Fifty-Five Suits
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in many variations; for men
who want the best

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WALLACE & SMITH

MOTOR WEAVE

AUTOMOBILE ROBES

Has MOTORWEAVE Saved YOU Money?

MOTORWEAVE has brought the American motorist a *new value* in money spent for automobile robes.

And the American motorist has welcomed this new economy. For a keen sense of value governs his purchases.

MOTORWEAVE at $6.75 per robe has proved a revelation to the automobilist. It embodies generously the essentials of warmth, beauty and durability demanded in a robe, and it offers these under the maker's guarantee.

So, wherever MOTORWEAVE woolen robes have appeared on the market, they have caused a true sensation. Have *you* profited by securing a robe?

MOTORWEAVE is a double-weave, reinforced woolen fabric. It is rugged and staunch—yet the long, soft nap is pleasing to the touch and assures comfort and warmth when occasion demands.

Durability is a prime virtue of these robes. The careful double-weave assures long life.

MOTORWEAVE is ideal as well for lounging, camping and all out-door uses.

There is in MOTORWEAVE that smart appearance which often prompted you to pay much more. Color and design are equal to those of the costly robes. And you may choose from a variety of pleasing colors.

The price of MOTORWEAVE is $6.75 everywhere, and every robe that is genuine bears the maker's printed guarantee.

If your dealer does not stock MOTORWEAVE, send us his name and we will send you a handsome illustrated folder and will also see that you are supplied.

THE WALLACE & SMITH COMPANY
La Porte, Indiana

(Continued from Page 45)

nothing escaped him, and his propensity to batter away at any troublesome matter, once it had shown itself in the ceaseless procession of matters that came to him, until it was safely out of the way, kept manifesting itself. There was truth in the observation he made at this period to his wife that he was confident there were mighty few mistakes being made in the Consolidated those days.

"That sort of thing lets a fellow lie easy at night," he added.

But, despite this, there was an unpleasant worry beginning to take form in John's mind. Though he felt himself tightly harnessed into his job, he did not feel himself comfortably harnessed, or that he was getting out of himself all he ought to get. Positive consideration of this matter probably began when he received the earning statement for the first six months of the year. It was proportionately up to Mr. Harry Anable's coldly impersonal requirements; the Consolidated had earned two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But to Hadden that did not seem enough; he felt that, having given of himself as he had given, and especially having given of himself oceanically in contrast with anything Simms had ever given, he was entitled to a better showing.

He dared not—or at any rate, did not—attribute the quarter million of that first period to momentum. Though John was not frightened he began to take serious thought, for his eyes were still set upon the dizzy peaks ahead which he and his wife foresaw in his career; and he knew that dizzy peaks were ascended only by phenomenal records.

One episode in the middle of the summer added point to his thinking. The question of the credit extended to the Northwestern Jobbers had never been settled. It had seemed literally impossible for John to find an occasion for the trip to St. Paul. Either an expensive new bit of plant equipment had to be installed and Fennell was securing the president's aid in selecting it, or Smythe was beseeching his inspection of a sample carload of raw material, or there was an unusually heavy run of work in the daily routine of the office—inevitably something in his multitudinous duties and activities had prevented the visit.

Once or twice Palsifer had reminded him of his promise; as often John had replied that he was on the lookout for an opportunity and if one did present itself he would go. Time dragged on. Meantime the matter intermittently worried Hadden, and more sharply after the six months' statement had revealed the narrowness of his margin. He dared not and would not gamble so heavily on Palsifer's judgment; he could not get away.

Presently he began to feel that the visit, anyhow, was nothing but a sop to the foolish pride of a subordinate. Much experience had taught him the extreme danger of long credits; the businesslike thing to do was simply to notify the Northwestern that the Palsifer arrangement was overruled. John's feeling had developed to that point when once more the treasurer appealed to him to board the train for St. Paul.

"Palsifer, I don't seem able to get away. If I could I would go. But really I don't think it's necessary. There's no good reason that I know of why those people shouldn't pay promptly. I'm afraid of the risk. It's too big!"

The treasurer crimsoned.

"Oh, I see! You don't care to take the trouble to verify my judgment in the case."

"It's not that, Palsifer," said the president, a little impatiently. "It's that I've not the time."

"Is that not really an argument for accepting my opinion?" the treasurer asked bitingly.

"I don't dare! The amount is too large."

There was a silence during which John strummed on his desk with his thick, powerful fingers, and Palsifer moistened and remoistened his lips. Finally the treasurer spoke.

"Very good," he said, getting to his feet. "I shall take those instructions as final and reduce the credit to thirty days. Kindly remember the position which, after a careful personal visit, I took in this matter, and that even now I am quite sure of the wisdom of the arrangement I made."

"All right, Palsifer; I'll remember that."

The credit was reduced. John's mind was easier, but thereafter his relation with the treasurer entered upon another phase. Palsifer, from the day Hadden issued his general order, had had difficulty in concealing his umbrage; while the matter of the credit to the Northwestern had been an open issue he had been decidedly reserved. Now set in an era when Palsifer's outraged pride apparently permitted him slight civility, and it was the acid brevity of the subordinate's manner that first focused Hadden's mind definitely upon the fact that, for effective effort, he ought to have a more frictionless machine.

He had practically determined simply to have it out with Palsifer, when a new twist in the attitude of young Crane lifted the matter to a more formidable place. After the talk with the sales manager, in which Hadden had tried to spur him to productive work, the young man had come forward with a plan. But it had been a weak, puny affair, not worth trying out, and the president had gone at him again.

"As matters stand," Hadden told him, "your department is on a dead level."

"It is; and I'm on a dead level too."

"Well, you've made a good record here. There isn't a naturally abler man in the concern. What's the trouble?"

"I've told you. I've got to get fun out of my work."

"Then get it!"

"Oh, it's not so easy as that!" returned Crane. "The fun is in the doing of the thing—in putting it over and at the same time feeling that the thing you are doing is the most important thing in the world. And there's more to it than that. A fellow can't do anything well if he knows that the moment it gets big it will be lifted out of his hands. It destroys all his sense of importance. That's mostly what's wrong with me."

For a moment Hadden was thoughtful and then brought forth:

"Crane, the trouble with you is that you give way to yourself."

Crane smiled wanly and rose.

"Think so?" he said. "Well, I suppose that's true; but it's beastly hard work laying eggs to order, and harder still when you don't know whether you'll ever be allowed to hatch 'em out to chicks."

"You get a big salary," reminded John. "Remember what you're paid for. We'll look matters over again in a little while."

Crane got himself out, and then for weeks a great silence had settled down. Report after report came through that, from Hadden's viewpoint, were blanks; the current business was being cared for well enough, but there was no progress. He went at Crane a third time; and then some of the salesman's amiability had disappeared. Without a word, his lips tight, he nodded comprehension of all the president said, and went out.

Thereafter Hadden believed that he positively dodged him. This irritated John, and once more he had Crane "on the carpet," as it were. The result was that the other, after a few moments of talk, finally jumped to his feet and burst out:

"I can't stand this! I can't be harried this way! Let me alone and maybe I can do something."

And he flung from the room.

It was that occurrence which set Hadden to thinking in real earnest. To John the attitudes of the two were inexcusable. What right had Palsifer to resent John's placing his own superior judgment above that of his lieutenant? Did Crane imagine he could go on indefinitely drawing an enormous salary—three per cent of half a million was how John thought of it—without producing? By what mental process could one expect the president of the Consolidated to pamper his pride and the other his temperament?

It was all too much, too absurd! Of course in the Kempner concern any such difficulty would have met with prompt discharge; but there seemed drawbacks and embarrassments here. To begin with, both were undeniably able men, with splendid natural qualifications, and it would not be easy to replace them. Hadden wanted to keep them if he could, because their talents had been proved; they were familiar with the Consolidated, and if they would only unsnarl themselves and be reasonable they would be as thoroughly useful implements as he was likely to find.

Then, too, a certain sense told Hadden that you did not "fire" men like Crane and Palsifer. If relations with a superior got tangled and it seemed impossible to work them out, a situation was created which both parties were expected to be big enough and clear-visioned enough to realize; and then a decent interval of time was allowed for the subordinate to solve his individual problem and resign. A suggestion that the

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Men of affairs were the first to use these rubber heels for they applied the same principles they used in business—the elimination of useless jars—in the search for efficiency. There is not only efficiency, but comfort, safety and economy in Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels—they wear longer than the ordinary kind—have no holes to fill up with mud and dirt—and the Foster Friction Plug grips and holds any kind of surface, preventing slipping. Cat's Paw heels are the most popular and most widely used rubber heels made—ask for them by name. They cost no more than the ordinary kind.

50c — Black, White or Tan
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under man "cast about" was as far, Hadden thought, as one in his place could go with a recognition of the usual proprieties.

Accordingly for a space he waited, half hopefully, a little impatiently, attempting the while to conduct his work in the financial and selling departments as best he could. For a time there was no immediate urge for action, and matters might have drifted even longer without positive resolution taking form in John's mind had not the third quarter of Hadden's first year closed disquietingly.

The certified earning figures were fetched to his desk. They were negative they were not encouraging; they were not discouraging. Almost to a penny they kept abreast of the figures of the preceding year when Simms had reigned. But they gave John pause, nonetheless, because they fell short of his hopes and expectations, and did not constitute the kind of spectacular record that, heretofore, in every other job he had ever had, he had promptly made. He let the full weight of his disappointment fall upon Palsifer and Crane.

"I've been a fool!" he said that night to his slightly dismayed wife. "Why, with those two men there, both of them entirely out of whack, I can't begin to get a maximum out of myself! No man can work with twisted tools."

"Certainly not, John! That's self-evident. Now you must do something!" said Mrs. Hadden; and almost for the first time in their married life Hadden caught a faint note of anxiety.

He himself was not anxious, but he was now determined to move. The first of the year he resolved should witness the departures of the treasurer and sales manager. He was almost angry with Palsifer and Crane for tampering, as he considered it, with his precious stakes; and he marched into the office the next day with the single thought in his mind of informing his two underlings, with such diplomatic garnishings as were necessary, that their usefulness in the Consolidated was at an end.

He was in no very pleasant mood; and, just because he realized this and wanted to make certain that when he acted he should behave with dignity, he decided to postpone the interviews. With the speeches he had framed still uppermost in his thoughts, he dived into his huge morning tasks. Work calmed him, and he was about to arrange the talks with Crane and Palsifer for the afternoon when Tyler Wrenn called up and suggested lunch. Hadden accepted and, to his friend's first question at the table as to how things were progressing, shot out:

"Rottenly!"

Wrenn laughed.

"Working hard?" he inquired.

Hadden acknowledged he was.

"I thought so."

"Why did you think so?" demanded John.

"Because you said things were going rottenly!"

"Oh, yes," returned Hadden, amused. "I remember now. Funny bunch of nonsense you gave me that day!"

"Think so?" rejoined Wrenn; and then, settling himself to the discussion, he asked: "What's wrong?"

Without reserve, John explained.

"Well!" exclaimed his friend when the case had been laid out. "You see? Don't blame those men for your failure to make a showing or for the jangled state of your intercourse with them. It's your fault."

"How so?"

"Because you're trying to run a big business organization exactly as you would a little business organization," replied Wrenn. "As I've told you before, they are radically different kinds of mechanism. And there's even more to the case than that. What meant success in Wellesville means ruin—utter ruin—here.

"It's this way: Down in Wellesville, with Old Man Kempner, you had as your tools a bunch of men who were little more than clerks. They were dull instruments at best; and the more you slugged with them, the more of a dent you made. Fine! Just the thing to have done there! But up here in Chicago, in the Consolidated, your tools have razor edges; they are fine, delicate instruments, and if you slug with them you destroy 'em. It can't be done. Such men can't be hammered or driven."

"Well, I don't want to hammer or drive them."

"But you want to boss them."

"Of course I do."

"But men like that don't have bosses. They are the kind of men who, with the

(Continued on Page 52)

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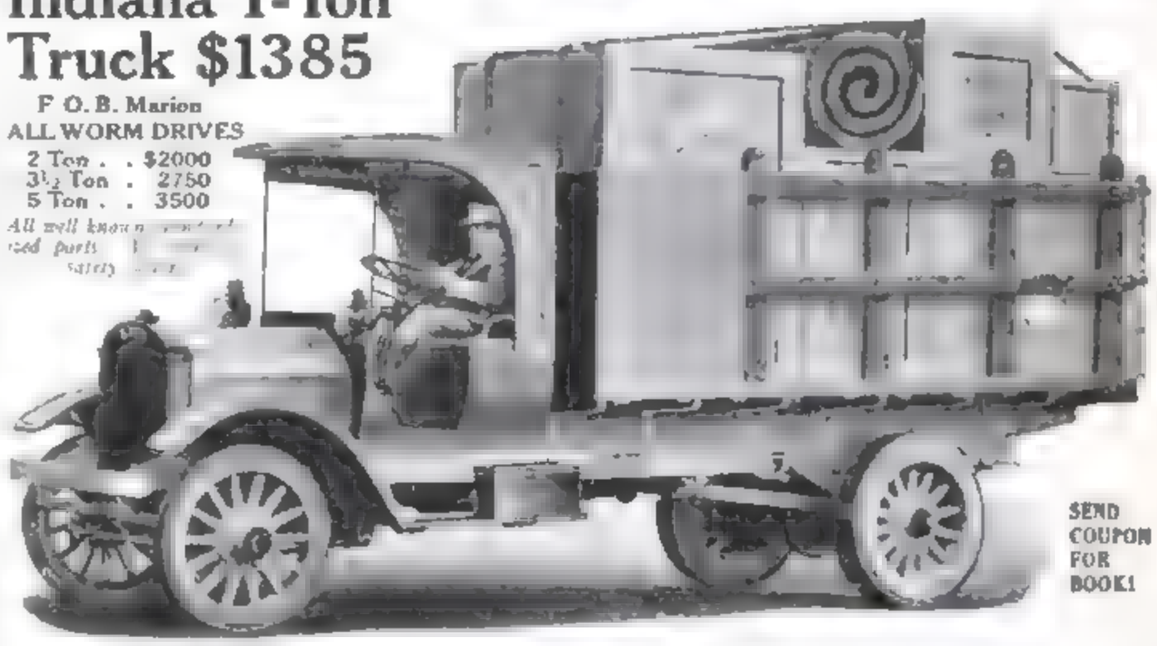

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IGNITION—Bosch magneto.
BEARINGS—Hyatt quiet high-duty type.
TRANSMISSION—Covert.
CARBURETOR—Stromberg
SPRINGS AND AXLES—Sheldon, front and rear

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Get in touch with the biggest money-making opportunity in the truck industry. Our dealers are financed to handle orders without extensive capital. Our Installment Plan actually *doubles* your truck sales! WIRE US WITHOUT DELAY for EXTRAORDINARY AGENCY PROPOSITION.

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What Goodyear Cords Will Certainly Do For You

THESE experiences of Goodyear Cord users forecast with certainty what the tires will do on your car. In one way or another, these few letters reflect the experience of all the thousands who now buy Goodyear Cords.

We have told you that Goodyear Cords are longer-mileage tires; that they are easier-riding; that they save gasoline; that they put new life and vigor into the motor's action; that they are less susceptible to common tire troubles.

We have told you that their advantages and their economies spring from Goodyear Cord construction, Goodyear quality, Goodyear features and oversize.

Now, once more, users of the tire come forward to confirm, for you, the things we already knew.

The day you equip your car with Goodyear Cord Tires, that day you will begin to enjoy their peculiar advantages and economies.

Never Had Such Mileage From Any Other Tires

I have been getting marvelous results out of a pair of your Goodyear Cord Tires, having used them on the front wheels of my Packard car. Both have covered over 10,000 miles, and look as if they were absolutely good for another 10,000. I have never had results like this from any other tires that I have previously used. I am having my Packard equipped with your Cord Tires, front and rear.

GEO. M. HENDEE,
Springfield, Mass.

Not Even a Puncture In 7,000 Miles

The Goodyear Cord Tires purchased last summer have been in constant service, part of the time over very poor country roads, for 7,800 miles, and they look nearly as good as new. Without question, they are the toughest tires I have ever used. During this entire mileage I have had absolutely no trouble with them not even the usual punctures. There is a big difference in the riding qualities of my car.

R. H. BALDWIN,
Detroit, Mich.

Worth Extra Cost In Mileage and Easy Riding

Goodyear Cord Tires purchased last summer show a mileage to date of six thousand, and have not been off the rims or wheels. They are worth the extra cost, for they make shock absorbers unnecessary; and they are good for thousands of miles additional service.

HENRY W. DAKIN,
Detroit, Mich.

Better Riding; Easier Steering; Better Car Performance

I have had two cars equipped with Goodyear Cord Tires. These tires made all the difference in the world, both in riding qualities and mileage. I also notice that they made a great difference in steering. They surely give a car velvet riding qualities and seem to inject more "pep" in the performance of the machine. I will have nothing on any car I drive but Goodyear Cord Tires.

A. J. DOWNEY,
Detroit, Mich.

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It is indeed a pleasure to have your car equipped with tires that you can practically forget about and know that you are not going to be bothered with stone bruises, punctures or trouble of any kind while on the road. Your Cord Tires are cheaper to run than any we have yet used. Besides setting off the lines of our Locomobile wonderfully (especially your Big Button treads) these tires offer the driver so many advantages that it is hard to say which stands out the most. The tires we are using now have travelled over fourteen thousand miles and are in good shape yet to go further. We can notice a marked difference in our gasoline consumption, our car picks up quicker, will coast further and rides smoother. We used to think that the Cord Tire was merely a rich man's fancy and would soon lose its popularity but now we can see that it has come to stay and it is increasing in favor every day.

POOLE & McCULLOUGH MOTOR CO.
W. A. McCullough, Atlanta, Ga.

Tires Not Taken Off In 10,000 Miles

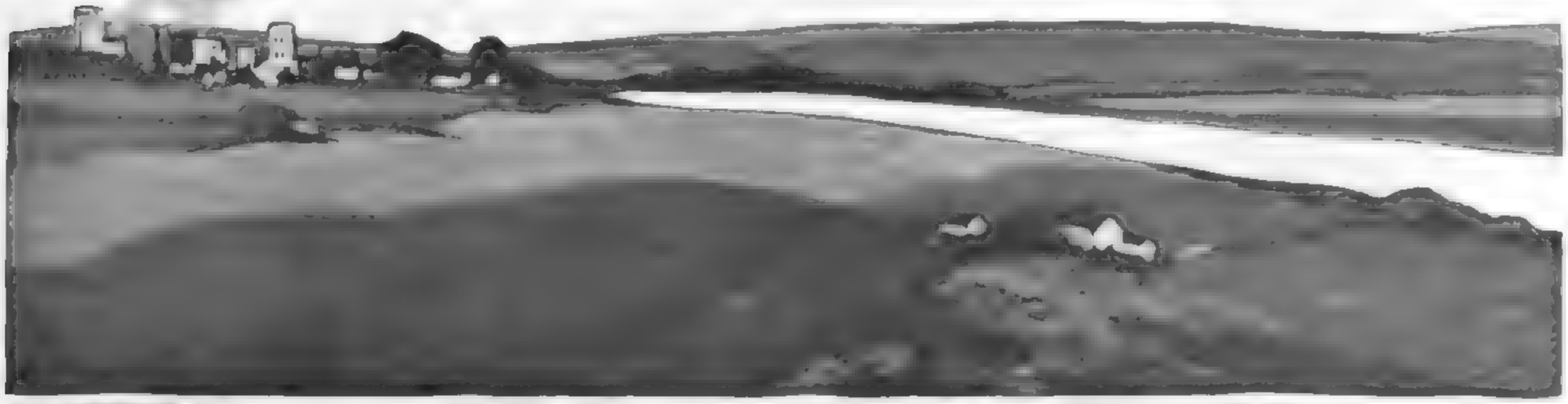
Since October 10, 1915, I have driven my Packard Twin Six—equipped with Goodyear Cord Tires—10,491 miles. The front tires have never been off. The rear tires ran 4,000 miles and were then removed in order to use up two old tires left from my last car. Until the time of their removal I never had a puncture in any of the four tires; in fact, no trouble whatever. The rear tires apparently are good for as much or more mileage than they have already given.

B. GOETTINGER,
Atlanta, Ga.

Four Miles on a Flat Tire; No Damage Done

I am driving a Hudson 6-54 which weighs approximately 4,500 pounds. I am using Goodyear Cord Tires and have driven over 9,200 miles with practically no trouble. One experience seems almost unbelievable. One day last fall one of the rear tires was punctured. We drove with it in this condition for over four miles, attributing the terrific bumping to the roughness of the road. The side walls of the tire were badly checkered and the tube slightly chafed. However, after repairing the puncture the tire was seemingly as good as new. I do not believe an ordinary fabric tire could withstand such treatment.

LEO A. ROSIER,
Detroit, Mich.



GOODYEAR
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GOODYEAR No-Hook Cord Tires get their *strength*, *safety* and *sturdy service* from these unique advantages:

The flexibility and strength of Goodyear Cord construction combats stone bruise and blow-out.

Our No Rim Cut feature ends rim cutting and lessens side-wall breaks.

Our On-Air cure diminishes loose treads.

Our Braided Piano Wire Base prevents the tire from blowing off the rim.

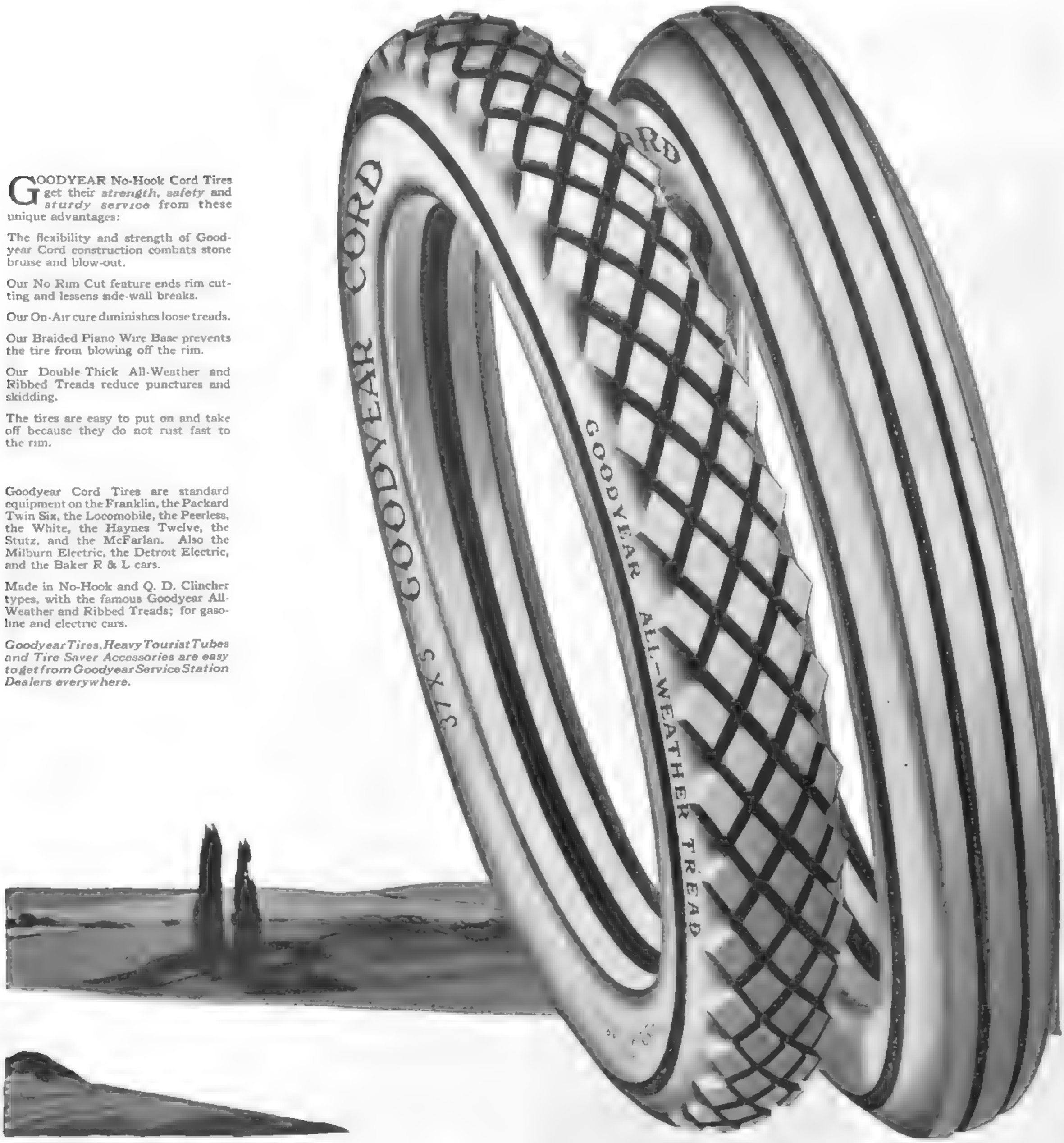
Our Double Thick All-Weather and Ribbed Treads reduce punctures and skidding.

The tires are easy to put on and take off because they do not rust fast to the rim.

Goodyear Cord Tires are standard equipment on the Franklin, the Packard Twin Six, the Locomobile, the Peerless, the White, the Haynes Twelve, the Stutz, and the McFarlan. Also the Milburn Electric, the Detroit Electric, and the Baker R & L cars.

Made in No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, with the famous Goodyear All-Weather and Ribbed Treads; for gasoline and electric cars.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and Tire Saver Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.



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NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada Columbia Batteries are made and [illegible]

(Continued from Page 49)

simple economic units of thirty years ago, would have been in business on their own accounts. They are natural members of the employer class. An outlet for self-expression is vital to them; they're not content and never will be as mere fingers and thumbs for you.

"Great industrial mechanisms such as the Consolidated have to have large wheels and cogs; and when wheels and cogs reach a certain size they become highly organized things in themselves. At any rate, you can't keep them going by standing over them and constantly spinning them by hand. If you try to do that they only half run; and, besides, you wear yourself out. Your job is to create conditions in which those big wheels and cogs will run of themselves; then to set them going and leave them alone. After that if you touch them you throw them all out of gear."

"But, my dear Tyler, take the case of this boy Crane," retorted John: "All I asked of him was to spin."

"Ah, yes—after, in one instance, you had robbed him of the glory of achievement and made him feel that you were likely to do so again! That fellow, I judge, has the soul of an artist; you treated him as if he had the soul of a hodcarrier. Temperamental? Yes, of course! That's an inevitable concomitant of his powers and hinders him from spinning unless he can spin his way—not your way; and it leaves him perfectly useless the moment he does not feel himself as free as the air."

"Well," retorted Hadden doggedly, "I don't think temperament and business go together."

"Temperament and little business don't go together. Temperament and big business are inseparable."

"How about Palsifer, then? He has no temperament—just disgusting touchiness and conceit."

"You've made his qualities just touchiness and conceit. You could have made them something very different. Palsifer is a man who craves place, position, homage. He wants to be looked up to; to be thought important; to bask in the admiration and envy of others. He's vain. You lowered him before outsiders; and, worse yet, you lowered him before his own subordinates. If you had let him alone and safeguarded his pride the very vanity of the man would have been your protection. So afraid would he have been of an injury to his position and authority, and to his proud sensibilities, that he'd never have made a serious error. You'd have been safe. But break him as you've broken him, and he doesn't care. The utmost damage has been done."

"All this," replied John, "is well and good, but you don't seem to remember that I'm responsible; I'm the one upon whom Harry Anable will take vengeance if things go wrong. Sometimes at night I can hear that man saying: 'What I require, and all that I require ——'" And the banker's tone, bloodless as the clink of coin, was in his ears. "Phew!" he added. "I daren't leave things—everything—blindly to others."

"My dear John," pronounced Wrenn, "in big business the ultimate test of greatness is the courage to leave not only things but everything to others. If you're brave enough to do that all else is easy, because you've paid your subordinates the supreme compliment of your faith, and you've bestowed upon them the supreme blessing and happiness of a free, full exercise of their powers.

"Try it; and those men of yours, in pride and gratitude, will respond like kindling to the match. They're thoroughbreds. Palsifer's pride will become, not a millstone to you but a life preserver; Crane's youthful imaginative ardor won't lie dead and leaden within him, weighting him down. It will flame; and, once he feels that his arms are free, he will fly again. And your other man what's his name?—Smythe?—why, that overcareful, naïve soul will thank you every morning in the year for the trust you give him!"

"Very nice," commented Hadden; "but it sounds more poetical than practical to me."

"Not practical?" caught up Wrenn, now warm to his theme. "Not practical? Why, it's not only a practical method—Simms worked it—but it's the only practical method there is! In leaving Kempner's you came into a new world, where your salvation is to evoke in your subordinates a high sense of responsibility and loyalty and freedom. Rob them of that and their efficiency goes. The nerve of one breaks down; the spirit of another is destroyed; the pride of

The new Underwear *for Men and Boys*

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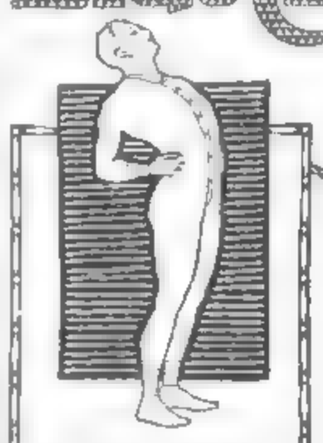

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10. Mayo reinforced crotch
11. Full size seat
12. Big, strong pearl buttons

12 Superiorities 12

What it means in Fit and Comfort

"But," says the scoffer, "is there really so much difference between 10 ribs per inch and 8?"

Some progressive dealer gives him the answer "Here," says dealer, "*stretch* this Mayo garment with your hands."

Then Friend Scoffer scoffs no more. For even doubting Thomases can't very well disbelieve what their own eyes *see* and their own hands *feel.*

The remarkable elasticity of Mayo 10-rib fabric makes it hug your body with a snug, true fit. For Mayo 10-rib knitting is the same kind of knitting that comes in *dollar* goods.

R-r-r-r! First thing you know chattering teeth will be in fashion again. Mayo 10-rib Underwear is the bulliest comfort you ever lifted off a bedroom chair on a cold, winter morning.

Men's Single Garments *Men's Union Suits*
Boys' Union Suits

Those who prefer the old-style 8-rib garments will find Mayo 8-rib Underwear an excellent value.

Mayo
Made from Mayo Yarn

The New Underwear that's knit in the dollar way.

All dealers have Mayo Underwear or can very quickly get it for you.

THE MAYO MILLS, MAYODAN, N. C.

a third rebels; and a fourth comes along and capitalizes your weakness for personal effort to get his own work done and thereby make himself invulnerable."

"What do you mean—capitalize my weakness?" shot out Hadden.

"Oh, well; never mind!" Wrenn smiled, waving away the question. "Maybe I exaggerate; but you must keep your men on the bit every minute. If you begin relieving them of their tasks they won't sit up nights worrying lest those tasks aren't properly performed. Grab things into your own hands and you lower every one of them to others, and more particularly to themselves. Don't try to be a chief working executive or a kind of exalted department manager. Your safety is to say, in effect, to those fellows: 'I know I can trust you. Leave me entirely out of it. Play the game your way.' You say you don't dare to. Once a man asked Thornton Simms, as a joke, why he didn't buckle down now and again and do a little real work. Do you know what he said?"

"What?" inquired Hadden.

"That he didn't dare to!" said his friend.

After that Hadden was silent for a moment before he asked:

"But why do you maintain that it's the only practical method? Though it sounds to me like dangerously bad business, let's, for argument's sake, admit that it is practical. But you haven't shown me why there is no other method."

"I'll tell you," said Wrenn solemnly: "It's because no one man can be all of a concern so large as the Consolidated. It's humanly impossible!"

Hadden heard this, and for a long moment he looked his friend hard and square in the eye. He seemed to perceive that his entire creed of life was in the balance. At length he relaxed and said:

"Tyler, that's exactly where I differ from you. It depends on the size of the man and the tools he's got."

"Well," declared Wrenn in conclusion, "practice that theory and you'll ruin not only the best tools in the world but yourself too."

"I don't believe it," returned Hadden; and their talk was at an end.

It was late December. For two months, during such intervals in his overwhelming daily routine as John had been able to snatch, he had been pushing his big hunched frame from the windows of his office to the wall and back again. He had told Tyler Wrenn that he did not believe in his preachments; he had tried to cast them utterly from him; he had made countless resolutions to proceed unswervingly upon his way; but, somehow, much that Wrenn had said stuck tenaciously.

Searching to explain this, Hadden had brought himself to the admission that he did feel he was in a strange, new world; and bit by bit he came to acknowledge to himself that perhaps there might be weird, hidden mysteries in it of which he was totally ignorant. That thought had held him vacillating. He had not had his talks with Palsifer and Crane; he had done nothing except pursue life with an uneasy mind. Now, however, he had come to a determination.

He had decided to compromise the situation. His two troublesome lieutenants should have another chance—a fresh start, in fact. At the same time he would take occasion to reassure the panicky Smythe in a more formal manner, and to bespeak a letup in Avery Fennell's persistent exactions. For the accomplishment of all these ends Hadden arranged a meeting. By memorandum he had given ample notice of it to his four department managers. They were to assemble in his room at noon on the last day of the year.

On the morning of that day John reached his office early. He was slightly nervous. There was just a chance that either Crane or Palsifer might not respond to his friendly advances as he hoped they would do and was counting on their doing.

The morning's work was not arduous. In the course of it an accountant stepped in to say that he would have a statement of estimated earnings ready shortly. Just before noon Hadden put on his hat and went out for the triple purpose of taking a breath of fresh air, rehearsing in his mind once more the brief speech he planned to make, and of buying cigars to be passed about while the conference was in progress.

Also, he felt that he should rather come upon the men all at once rather than have to sit and chat aimlessly with one or two while waiting for the others to arrive. Moments when folks said everything except the one thing uppermost in their minds invariably drove John frantic.

Once in the street he found a cigar store, and then he circled the block, repeating his carefully prepared words. They were, in the main, a statement of his theory of business conduct, an expression of the high opinion which in twelve months he had formed of the abilities of all his subordinates, an assurance that not one of them was to read any personal reflection in his methods, and a plea for close coöperation with the president in the coming year. It was his intention to utter these sentiments in a manner that would convey his utmost friendliness. He returned to his office.

Avery Fennell and Mortimer Smythe were there—just the kind of situation Hadden had wished to avoid. Fennell was tipping back and forth in his chair, smoking, and retailing an anecdote to the distrait Smythe, who was a bit nervous and a bit more sallow than he had been a year before.

"Hello! Hello!" said John cheerily to each in turn.

"Hello, boss!" returned Fennell, brimming with good nature and joviality.

"How'do, Mr. Hadden?" said Smythe. And the president went to his desk.

A folded paper caught his eye. He picked it up. It was the estimate—and the estimates were never far wrong—of earnings for John's first year. His hand trembled a little as he unfolded it.

"Excuse me, boys," he said absently; and read:

"$498,632.67."

He folded the paper and sat down, trying to banish thought of the figures. They would "get by" with Harry Anable, he knew; but it had been a close squeak. Why the devil hadn't he been able really to cash himself in? he wondered—even while he was trying to make light, idle talk with his two subordinates who were already on hand.

He consulted his watch. It was twelve-ten.

"Wonder where the other boys are?" he asked.

As if in answer the door opened. An office boy entered and, circling behind the backs of the chairs and round the desk, handed John two sealed letters. The typewritten addresses told nothing of the senders and he ripped open one of the envelopes.

There was silence in the room. He was conscious that Smythe was stirring restlessly; he was also conscious that Fennell's gaze was upon him. John held his features steady as he read the formal lines of the communication he had opened.

It was Timothy Palsifer's resignation, to take effect at once.

He tore the flap of the second envelope and spread the letter sheet. It was Ralph Crane's resignation, to take effect at once.

Fennell was speaking.

"I say, boss," he was saying, "honestly, there's no use of this waiting. I happen to know that Palsifer and Crane won't be here."

"So I've just learned," John managed to say.

"Perhaps you've heard the news?" suggested Fennell.

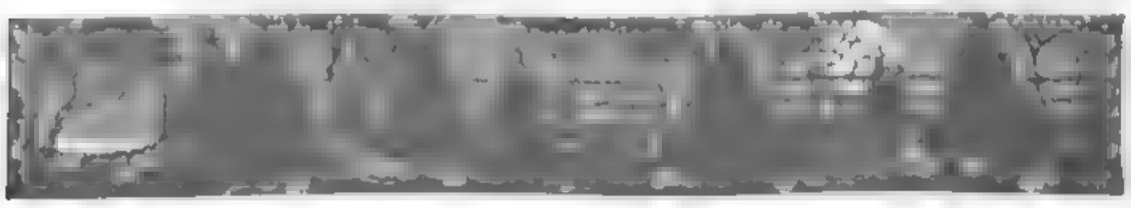
"What news?"

"Oh, they've gone into the shoe business in a big way. Got the backing. The firm's Palsifer & Crane."

"So?" said John with a lift of his eyebrows and a splendid assumption of indifference.

At the moment he was dismayed, but very promptly consoled himself with the thought that Crane and Palsifer had proved wretched instruments for him in his set task of projecting himself into half a million dollars of annual income. Tools could be found, and fundamentally nothing mattered so long as he had his own tremendous self.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



"BABY GRAND"

Brunswick—the American family's official Home Billiard Table. When equipped with convertible cushions it is adapted to all 33 rollicking carom and pocket games.

Why These Authorities Advocate Billiards

For *Your* Home and Every Home

The Mothers Say

Billiards is "First Aid" in entertaining. It keeps the boys and girls . . . It keeps them home—safe from alluring pitfalls.

The Physicians Say

Billiards is "First Aid" in keeping folks in health. It aids digestion, steadies the nerves and relaxes the tired mind.

The Hostesses Say

Billiards is "First Aid" in entertaining. It's always ready for the unexpected guests, and keeps the whole party in constant animation.

The Husbands Say

Billiards is "First Aid" in keeping wives delightful diversion from the routine of housework. It enlivens their spirits and brings the bloom to their cheeks.

CAROM or Pocket Billiards are grand old games of wit and skill that you can easily learn to play in an evening or two at home.

They stimulate everyone's spirits. There's no other indoor amusement that inspires such sport and repartee.

After school—after work—there will always be merry times in store for young and old if you have a scientific Brunswick in your home.

Brunswick Home Billiard Tables

$2.50 Monthly—Play-as-You-Pay

Skillful shots carry true on Brunswick Tables—that's why they are the choice of experts. Beautiful oak and mahogany, richly inlaid and masterfully built.

"Baby Grand," "Convertibles" and "Quick Demountables"

Some styles can be set up anywhere and taken down easily after play.

Folks all about you are buying these tables—no extra room is needed. So why should you wait when a small payment brings one on 30 days' trial at our risk.

We'll include a high-class Playing Outfit Free—Balls, Cues, Rack, Markers, Expert Book of 33 games and instructions.

Send This Free Coupon

At least see these tables in our de luxe book—"Billiards—The Home Magnet." See our low prices, easy terms and home trial offer. If you don't know the name of the authorized Brunswick store in your town, send the coupon for this interesting color-book. **IT'S FREE.** Tear out the coupon *now* so you won't forget and mail today.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY
Dept. 35F, 623-633 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago

Send FREE, postpaid, your color-book,

"BILLIARDS The Home Magnet"

and tell about your home trial offer

Name _____

Thousands of men have a terror of fire as long as their homes are unprotected.

Scarcely an hour that they do not think of their loved ones at home and wonder if they are safe.

Monday, October 9, is National Fire Prevention Day. One of the chief purposes of the day is to get these thousands who are so vitally concerned in fire prevention to act. Now is the time.

This week buy Pyrene. Next Monday observe the day by showing every member of your family the quick, safe and easy way to extinguish fires, with a few swift shots from Pyrene before the fire grows big. Then you can cease worry.

$7.50 complete with bracket.

Pyrene Manufacturing Company

New York City

Pyrene Stood Between Us and Death

"The fire must have started in the wardrobe under the stairs. When we awoke, we were trapped; escape cut off. I rushed for the Pyrene I had hung in the upper hall. In thirty seconds the fire was out—my family saved."

Pyrene
KILLS FIRE
SAVES LIFE

Makes Good Coffee Best

There's as much in the MAKING of coffee as in the berry

Take the richest aromatic coffee you can buy—one with the exquisite aromatic bouquet that turns an ordinary meal into a feast—and boiling will only make it bitter—and the more you boil it the more unpalatable it gets.

The Aladdin Aluminum Coffee Percolator has the coffee ready to serve—a rich, clear, fragrant extract, *before the water boils*. And it's all because this Aladdin Percolator has the latest and most practical valve and pumping system which makes *better* coffee in *less* time with maximum extraction.

But that's only one reason why the Aladdin Aluminum Coffee Percolator makes good coffee *best*.

It has countless other advantages, too. For one thing it's an *easy-to-clean* and *to-keep-clean* percolator. You didn't know there was such a thing, perhaps, but this shining Aladdin utensil was devised not only to make the best coffee—but to make it with the least trouble. Its removable valve and the specially-adapted cleaning brush mean absolute sanitation and pure, clean coffee at the expense of the slightest amount of time and the application of a little warm water and soap-suds.

The Aladdin Coffee Percolator is refined—a pleasing addition to the table service. Its lines are smooth and graceful and it's made of the heavy *wearing* kind of aluminum that keeps shining and working almost forever.

Its spout is aluminum welded, not soldered
—that means it can't possibly melt off.

Every one of the 300 Aladdin utensils is fashioned from the hardest, purest metal obtainable and built without seams or joints. The smooth rounded corners and heavily beaded rims make them additionally sturdy and easy to care for. Broad bottoms for the kettles, double lips for the sauce-pans and comfortable handles that fit the hands are all improvements that go to make cooking easier.

If you want to know just how convenient cooking utensils *can* be, ask your hardware, house-furnishing or department store to show you the Aladdin line, or write for illustrated catalogue.

If the Aladdin Percolator handle burns or scorches no need to pay an expensive repair man or to throw [illegible] away. [illegible] can put a new handle on the Aladdin Percolators, tea pots and other pots at a trifling cost. Aladdin dealers can supply you with handles.

ALADDIN ALUMINUM

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
CLEVELAND OHIO

Aladdin Aluminum

The Tale of the Tilefish

THE remarkable story of the tilefish can be only briefly suggested here, though it occupies many pages of reports in the annals of science.

One May morning of 1879 Captain Kirby, cruising for cod off Nantucket Island, drew in his lines and found his hooks generously hung with a fish that, in all his extended experience, he had never seen before. Knowing the ways of fish markets and venders, he promptly threw most of his two-thousand-pound catch back into the sea. He reasoned that trying to make a market take a fish with which it was not acquainted was a labor of love best left to less successful fishermen.

But the creatures were so attractive that he saved a few of them. A trial of one at his own table moved him to pronounce it the finest fish he had ever tasted. He upbraided himself for throwing away those he had caught and resolved that he would never make this mistake again. After sending a specimen from his first catch to the United States National Museum he returned to the same grounds and again took some two thousand pounds of these strange beauties

They were sold in Gloucester, but retail fish markets and venders were slow to push this untried candidate for favor. Other fishermen continued to catch them, but the barriers of tradition made the progress of the tilefish in the direction of general acceptance decidedly slow.

Then, in 1882, transatlantic steamers entering New York brought the news that along the northern border of the Gulf Stream the surface of the ocean was thickly covered with millions of dead fish. They were reported to be of one variety and of extreme beauty.

The Bureau of Fisheries made prompt and careful investigation of this strange phenomenon and found that they were of the kind caught by Captain Kirby, to which the name of tilefish had been given. This monster display of dead fish covered a water area one hundred and seventy miles long and twenty-five miles wide. In short, these mysterious strangers of the deep had been suddenly wiped out to the number, so it was estimated, of nearly a billion and a half at one stroke.

It is supposed that some great oceanic disturbance or storm brought them suddenly into a current much colder than that to which they were accustomed and this caused the wholesale slaughter. For some years thereafter no tilefish were seen, and the theory became generally accepted that they had suffered an extinction as complete as that which suddenly wiped out the wild pigeon at a time when its tribe was thought to be innumerable.

An Autumn Sea Food

In 1892 the capture of a few specimens proved that the tilefish was not literally extinct. Now it appears to be fully reëstablished. What this may mean in terms of added food supply is suggested by the fact that when the dead fish were surveyed in 1882 the experts announced that there were enough dead tilefish floating on the bosom of the Gulf Stream at that moment to give every man, woman and child in the country two hundred and eighty-eight pounds of fish.

Further proof that the tilefish is back in full force to swell our national food supply is found in the fact that the Bureau of Fisheries lately placed eight thousand pounds of freshly caught tilefish on the Fulton Market. This was the first fare of the season; the second totaled about twelve thousand pounds and two later fares aggregated approximately eighteen thousand five hundred pounds.

This was the initial step in a businesslike campaign on the part of the Bureau of Fisheries to introduce the tilefish and put it on the American table for keeps. This educational undertaking touches the fishermen and the fish dealers as well as the consumers.

Because the tilefish can be taken in the fall and winter as readily as at any other season it is not difficult to convince fishermen that a strong demand for this fish would be a stroke of Providence to at least a small contingent of fishing outfits, as it would furnish employment to quite a fleet at a time when these craft would otherwise be idle.

Popularizing neglected fish and sea foods is one of the most important parts of the job of commissioner of the Bureau of Fisheries. It calls for practical commercial talent; for the same brand of business sense that is required in putting over any manufactured article and rousing the American public to an appreciation of its merits. For this reason it is fortunate that the man at the head of the bureau is not of the "high-brow-scientist" type, incapable of thinking in the live commercial terms that spell success in putting a new product on the market and making it stick.

Making a Market

It is true that Dr. Hugh M. Smith, the present commissioner, is a thoroughbred scientist and can fairly ooze piscatorial technicalities, all done in elongated Latin, when the occasion requires; but he does not allow this accomplishment to interfere with his duties as general manager of the nation's Department of Neglected Foods; nor does he permit it to hinder him from putting a punch into a publicity campaign that wins him the admiration of advertising specialists

This part of his work is done under heavy handicaps—not that he has even admitted this, much less complained of it, but the total appropriation at his command for introducing a new food fish to the American public would be ranked by the live advertising agency of to-day as a mere starter. The smallness of the appropriation at his command for this purpose is not the only handicap that is holding back this work. There are many other restrictions the commercial man would consider decidedly hampering; but as press agent for our unappreciated food resources the commissioner has to make the best of these handicaps and make up in resourcefulness what he lacks in advertising appropriation and in special equipment for this task.

One means now being used by the Bureau in pushing the introduction of the tilefish is a small circular for the consumer's kitchen. This not only tells the good points of the tilefish but it also contains some ten or twelve recipes for cooking this fish. These recipes are not merely theoretical; they have all been carefully worked out by the Government's cooking experts. Then a striking display card urging its use is furnished to every retailer who will place the tilefish on sale. Meantime the fishing schooner Stranger, which was taken into the service of the Bureau for bringing its supplies of tilefish to the market, has been discharged.

Within one month of the time the Government entered on this work of synchronously creating a popular demand for a new food and of satisfying that demand, it has turned the tilefish over to private enterprise. At present writing seven vessels have gone into the tilefish fishery as a regular business, and tilefish is becoming a well-known food in many communities on the Eastern seaboard; and the demand is far in excess of the supply.

1917 Town Car—A New 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers Enclosed Car, $2480, Detroit

Choice of Five Color Plans

INTERIOR—by Lady Duff-Gordon

I have been engaged by the Chalmers Motor Company to select materials for furnishing the interiors of their new closed cars.

As for myself—I am not interested in the exterior of this Chalmers town car. If external things interest you, glance at the picture.

Neither am I concerned in the least with the motor. I know not and care not whether it be what mechanical men call a six, a 22, or a 3400. *Les détails m'ennuie.* I leave them to Monsieur Chauffeur.

My only interest is in the vitally important thing—the interior. All important because there is where I have to sit. It is my sun-parlor on wheels, and if colors clash or upholstery fabric grates on my nerves, how am I to love the car?

Nothing can recompense for poor taste.

When the Chalmers designers came to me for advice on their closed cars I was a bit doubtful of being able to please everyone of the hundreds of people who will buy Chalmers Sedans, town cars and limousines this year. To please everyone, when there are so many diversified tastes, seemed difficult.

But when I saw assembled the vast assortment of handsome fabrics, silks, carpets and cords, my spirits rose to the task.

I have tried above all to make the cars livable. That undoubtedly will be your first impression of this town car. It is thoroughly and unqualifiedly livable.

The woodwork is of inlaid mahogany; the floors richly carpeted.

Windows are silk curtained. There's a lounging pillow of eiderdown and silk, a dainty hassock. And the soft harmonious colorings make the picture utterly complete and a delight to the eye, viewed from the inside or whizzing past the curb.

A toilette for miladi was by no means forgotten. And it is unnecessary to mention such conveniences as electric dome lamps, a clock, a robe rail and chofone speaking tube.

Press a little button, and a smoking set or the dainty toilette case springs out from concealment.

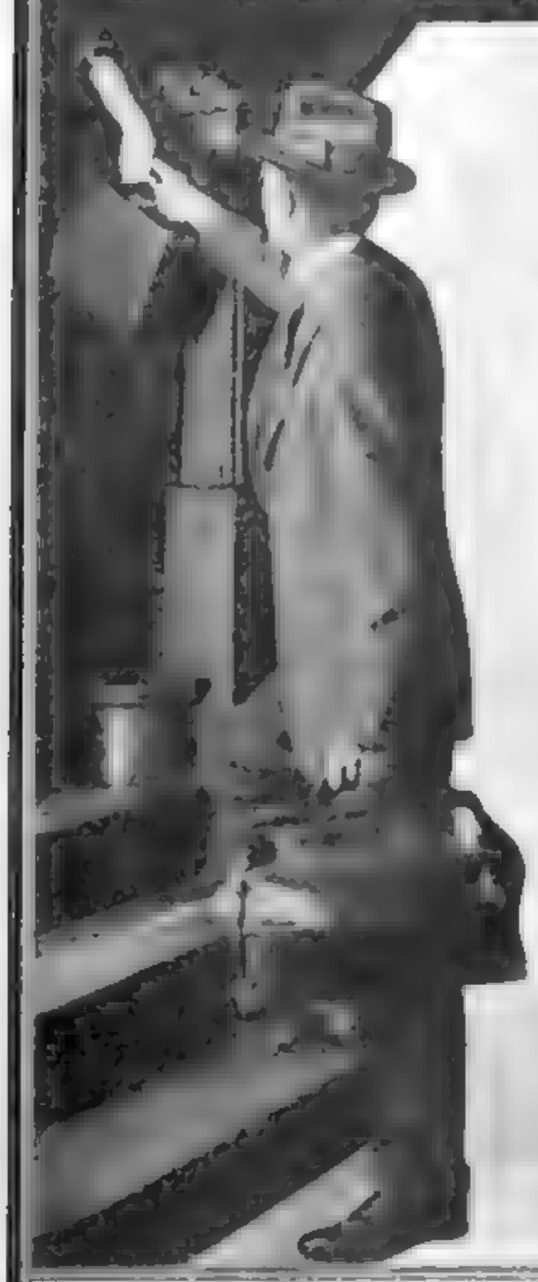
That is quite enough of detail. The colors—they are what I really intended to discuss. But after all, how fruitless it is to try to describe superb colorings. I shall resign the task, not only because it is impossible, but because I do not want to spoil your first impression of the car by a premature description of the color blendings.

Although this is my first experience in costuming a motor carriage, I am immensely pleased with the final result.

And I can say, regarding the interior of this town car, I believe 'twill please you.

Lucy Duff Gordon

He who runs may write
So he who runs may read



GOOD writing is no longer governed by *locality*. Whether you are being whirled along on the 20th Century Limited, rocked by the motion of an ocean liner, or setting foot where white men never trod, you can now write as well as in an office.

CORONA
The Personal Writing Machine

by making mechanical writing portable and *personal*, has opened a new era.

Corona is being carried everywhere by salesmen, buyers, business executives and private individuals who wish to keep their writing private but *legible*, no matter where they happen to be.

Corona has made universal typing a practical possibility by reducing all the essentials of up-to-date writing machine construction, operation and convenience to a weight of 6 lbs.

Corona and Case Cost $50.

Special two-story bags and gladstones, made by "Likly", permit carrying Corona with no increase of luggage. Write for booklet No. 1, "The Personal Touch in Typing", telling how easily you can become a coronatypist.

Corona Typewriter Co., Inc.
Groton, N. Y.

New York Chicago San Francisco

Agencies in all principal cities

PAYING GUESTS

(Continued from Page 17)

times a day to eat meals she neither earned nor took trouble for, began to get on my nerves.

I speedily mastered the first difficulty of keeping boarders—careful and economical buying. I made a profit. But I could not master the irritation of the second difficulty—the people I worked with. I liked the young working girls who boarded on my third floor because it was cheaper than the second—the girls who could not afford homes or were away from them while they worked. I tried to arrange places for them to receive their beaus, and there was always an extra place at the table for their guests.

The beaus were often a problem. They stayed too late and you were apt to stumble on them on the steps, in the hall, on the porch; but they were natural. I liked the elderly school-teachers I had; and the young society reporter who came in from teas and parties so tired, and who so carefully made over her two evening gowns that she might present herself decently garbed at these parties, in spite of her small wages. These were real women, doing real work, supporting themselves as I was—in the best way they could. But I never could bring myself to like the married woman who boarded because she didn't want to do dishes or because she hated to live in a cheap flat. And I got so many of this kind: the woman who did not want children, the shopping woman, the bridge player, the gossip—invariably the trouble maker.

The time finally came when life, spent daily with this kind of woman, in catering to her appetite and smoothing her difficulties and making my home attractive to her, was not worth living. It took me some months after arriving at that conclusion to determine to do something about it. I was making money. The mortgage was paid off. I began to have a little surplus in the bank. You would have said that was the time for me to keep right on and endure the difficulties of my work, just as any worker does. But I could not get over being what Maggie called "too much a lady." And it was my own job. I was its manager. I was working for myself and not for somebody else; and I finally determined to make it work that I liked. Why have your own job if you can't make it agreeable?

Of course the first thing that occurred to me was to weed out those boarders who got on my nerves. But that was not so easy. If I did that I eliminated the very thing that gave me my margin of profit. These were my best-paying boarders.

Miss Fergason's Story

"There must be some way," I said to myself, "of making this work pleasant now that I have mastered the technic of it. I must think it out. Where can I find boarders who board because they have to and not because they want to? How can I get rid of the kind of woman who boards rather than make a home for the man who supports her?"

About this time Miss Fergason, now well enough to get about the house, came to my room one night to talk to me. Her father had been called away on business. He had dismissed the nurse before he went. The girl was very young and sweet and shy. She thanked me prettily for all the trouble I had taken to make her illness endurable and to get her well.

Then she said:

"Miss Agnes, I had a lot of time to think as I lay there doing nothing day after day. I never knew my father very well. He was always a—a little difficult; and my mother rather stood between us until she died, two years ago. My mother was a wonderful musician and she herself taught me. Before she died she was very anxious for me to go on studying. I think she was anxious about the way father and I might get along, for she arranged for me to go into a conservatory."

She named a rather remarkable conservatory for girls who needed outdoor life—a school set on the shore of a small lake, where every effort was made to turn out strong women and good artists.

"But father would not let me go. It is a very expensive school." I knew the principal of the school and knew it was expensive. "But I came of age yesterday. That's the business my father is away on. My mother's money is now mine. He is anxious for me to give him power of attorney and to manage it for me; but —— Well, I am not going to, Miss Agnes. He has had the use of my income for two years, and I have never had even enough money for the most ordinary things. He says I am undutiful and suspicious. But I am not! He has money of his own—not so much, of course, as he would have with mine; but my mother foresaw that his—his peculiarities might—might trouble me—and she arranged it for me, so that I was to have my own money and manage it myself."

"You certainly ought to do just that; and you ought to stick to it, no matter what pressure your father brings to bear on you," I answered firmly. "It is a duty you owe your mother's memory."

Sometimes young people who are pitted against older and firmer-willed people will hold out in memory of one dearly loved when they would not just for themselves.

"I have come to think so," she replied gently, "during this illness. I didn't think so before. Indeed, I didn't think much about it at all. But I know mother would not have liked all—all that has occurred. And I know she would not be satisfied with the way I am studying music. I have not had a good teacher. Father would not pay the price of one, though the money was mine and there was enough. I haven't even enough clothes. So, while father is away, I thought I would talk to a lawyer—a good lawyer; one you can recommend, Miss Agnes. And then I want to arrange to go to the conservatory my mother wanted me to attend. I could not put it through while father was here. But perhaps I can do it while he is gone."

The New Idea

"I certainly think that is the time to do it," I answered. "There is young Hamilton, who boards here. You recall the tall young man with the blond hair brushed straight back from his forehead? He is an excellent young lawyer and he will be glad to talk with you—to-night if he is home. As for the school, I know the principal. I will telephone her. The conservatory is only three hours away. If you like I will take you out there to talk to her to-morrow. If I were you I should tell her all the circumstances. Have you any money at all?"

"No; I haven't. That's why I wanted to see a lawyer. I wanted to see if I could not check out some of this money which is now mine. I need clothes and other things."

"Mr. Hamilton will find a way. If not, I will lend you enough."

"It would be fine if I could get into the school and all moved before father came back." She looked at me wistfully. "You are so good! I thank you with all my heart." She was very winning.

I sent a maid for Mr. Hamilton. He found it easy to arrange about her money. The next day she entered the conservatory.

Both the principal and I told her she must write to her father at once about what she had done. Mr. Hamilton said he would write about her estate if she would leave it to him. He looked as if it were a real pleasure to do that writing. At the table he had been sitting opposite Mr. Fergason for some time and I think his fingers were itching for that especial task. Miss Fergason left it to him, with a shy smile.

It was during the luncheon I had with the conservatory principal that my idea about my own affairs came to me. She had regretted that there was not a decent hotel near the conservatory; nor was there any in the small town, two miles away, that was their railroad station. Many guests came to see the girls. Their mothers and sisters, and even their fiancés, came for the week-end, and sometimes for much longer. They either had to put up with intolerable food, or they had to stay at the conservatory, which was always inconvenient, since it was already taxed for space.

"That is my chance," I said—"the very chance I have been looking for! I will establish a *pension* for just such emergencies. The women who come here to be near their daughters are not women who board because they want to or like to; they are heads of families who have to stay temporarily in a place with poor accommodations."

"Yes," said my friend; "and they would stay longer if there were good accommodations. They are women of culture and refinement who would appreciate what you

could give them. They are also women of a moderate degree of wealth, for this is an expensive school and also one with original methods. The women who send their daughters here usually have both brains and money."

"That is the kind of woman I should like in my house," I said. "I have been looking for just such an opportunity. Are there enough of them to make it pay?"

"I think so," she answered—"especially if I send them all to you; and I shall be delighted to send them to such a place. There will not be anybody in the summer; but you ought to have a summer vacation. Any woman who has to be at the call of other people all day ought to have some time of each year when she can be alone. When the war is over you can go abroad for the summer and see how *pensions* are run over there. You'll make enough money to do so if you are moderately careful."

And that was what I did. On the shore of the lake I found the country house of a man who had brought up eight children there. They had now grown up and married, and the house had been long neglected. Without some imagination its advantages would not have been apparent; but one of the advantages was that, because of its neglected condition, I secured a lease with the privilege of purchase for much less money than I could have done had it been in good condition. The grounds were lovely. I put young Cartwright, who boarded with me, and who was an excellent architect, at work on the house, and we put more bathrooms in and built a dozen outdoor sleeping rooms.

I sold my city business without any difficulty, getting a substantial price for my goodwill. I leased my house for more money than I required to pay for the new one. I removed my old colonial things and such furniture as could not be bought in these days. The rest of the house I refurnished in white enamel and dainty cretonne to carry out the summer-home idea. I had a charming dining room in yellow, with yellow candles for the dinner tables. I had a broad veranda, with green rugs and green chairs on it, which in itself would have made you want to live in the house. I secured an old colored butler, with manners that amounted to a manner; and I had Maggie in my kitchen.

It was not long before my new house filled with women of an entirely different class from those who had been in the old one—women who dressed quietly and with unostentatious elegance; women whose voices were pleasant and whose laughter was low; well-bred women. My difficulties became almost wholly mechanical. They did not disappear. I led no idle life, but I led a far more interesting one.

The Routine of a Specimen Day

Let me give you just one day and you will see that even mechanical difficulties are real ones. It was my first rainy day in my new home, a day of heavy rain and high wind.

Everything is damp to the touch. It is very difficult to get a moldy smell out of the house. In the halls it smells like a cellar. I have a log fire lighted in the living room, but the rain forces itself in round the windows and under the doors. The house was not built so carefully as town houses are. There is a constant coming and going of wet people with muddy feet who leave the doors open and cause the fire to smoke. The servants, depressed by the weather, are at war among themselves.

My day begins with my bath at six-thirty, and my breakfast is served in my own small drawing-room at seven. I have a few minutes for the paper while I eat; then three-quarters of an hour to go over my accounts of yesterday and my plans for to-day.

At eight o'clock breakfast is being served in the dining room and I listen anxiously between my tasks to see whether all is going well.

From eight-thirty to nine I interview the cook, giving her careful directions about the day's meals and calling her attention as tactfully as I can to last night's bad mayonnaise. I write out the menu for the day on the typewriter and post it in the kitchen, so that there may be no mistake made by the cook or the waitresses. On a pad I carry for the purpose I write what it is necessary to order for the menu. I have to inspect the ice chest and the pantry first, to see what is left over and how it can be utilized.

I return to my room to prepare to go to market; and then enters Mrs. Morris, one of my patrons, who has a daughter at the conservatory who is giving both her mother and the principal much trouble, because she meets men friends in town instead of receiving them during the hours allowed for that purpose at the conservatory. Mrs. Morris seats herself and begins to talk about her family affairs and her daughter. I have many pressing duties at this time of the day, but I feel it is a rather delicate situation and I do not like to interrupt the lady; so I endeavor to give her my attention and sympathy, hoping she will be brief. She is not brief and the story grows really painful.

I am constantly interrupted by the telephone on my desk. In one of these interruptions I see my way of escape from Mrs. Morris and beg her to excuse me because of an emergency, which I do not name. The emergency is my necessity to get to market, which is two miles off, and to which I drive with a hired horse and phaeton. When I make more money I shall have my own automobile.

On my return I have to rearrange the menu, because all supplies are not available. I have tried arranging the menu after I do the marketing instead of before; but it is not practicable, as the first thing the cook wants to know is what desserts she has to make and the general plan for the day's meals.

The Crowded Luncheon Hour

As I am making these changes at my desk there enters a lady with a long tale about some of my servants and their misbehavior. I am obliged to listen with attention and to be gracious to the lady, though secretly I sympathize with the servants. As she concludes the story the lady is summoned to the telephone and asks permission to talk over my transmitter. She is invited to luncheon at the conservatory to meet some distinguished guests. I had to decline the same invitation, so I know what it is about as I hear her answers.

She is undecided and asks whether I will send a maid to call her sister to talk it over. She evidently wishes my help in the decision. There is much discussion in my room and they finally decide to go. Then I have to arrange some way of their getting there in the rain. It is but a short walk to the conservatory from my house, but in the rain it is impossible. They have to dress hurriedly and there is much hunting of raincoats and umbrellas, and several false starts. They finally get off and I return to my work.

There is a cry of distress from the kitchen, and I rush out to arbitrate a dispute between the manservant and the chambermaid about the mail. The man accuses the girl of having lost his letters or of intentionally holding them up. We are two miles out of town, on a rural free-delivery route, and especial care has to be taken about the mail. Both servants are very angry and are talking at the same time.

At twelve-thirty the household begins to return for luncheon—cold, wet, hungry. There are a number of young people who have come with their mothers for their older sisters' commencement and the ante-commencement festivities, and they are a trifle noisy. There are some unexpected luncheon guests. This causes a signal of distress from the kitchen. There is not enough creamed chicken. There is a moment of dismay. I instruct Maggie to add two cans of mushrooms and six hard-boiled eggs.

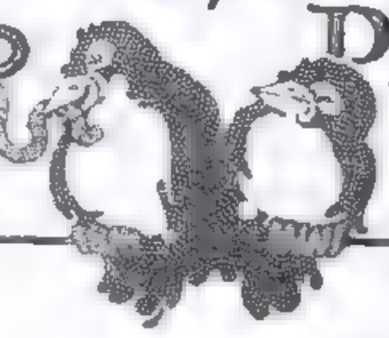
One party is leaving on an early afternoon train and each member is impatient to be served. Luncheon is a few minutes late, because of the mushrooms and eggs. I have to help each servant at the last minute. But it is a very good luncheon and there is plenty of it. The extra guests also make it a profitable luncheon. They tip the maids liberally and are a source of satisfaction in the kitchen.

At my own table I have Mrs. Morris and her daughter, who has come to luncheon with her. Mrs. Morris needs much encouragement to go to the various commencement festivities, which she discusses with me. I am interrupted by telephone calls, but I try to be interested. The members of one family do not appear and the servants are too busy to see whether they are in the house; so I have to go in search of them myself. I find them sulking in their rooms, awaiting a summons. I make an explanation, but they are not easily soothed.

(Continued on Page 61)

BLUEBIRD Photo Plays

The Play's the Thing



SUPPOSE you were a beautiful young girl, your beloved father a statesman loyal to his country. Suppose intriguing politicians falsely accused your father, causing his untimely death.

Suppose your brother was slain—your home pillaged and burned and your only sister held as a hostage. Suppose *you* were forced to serve as a spy for the enemy—and a young surgeon in the hospital . . . . .

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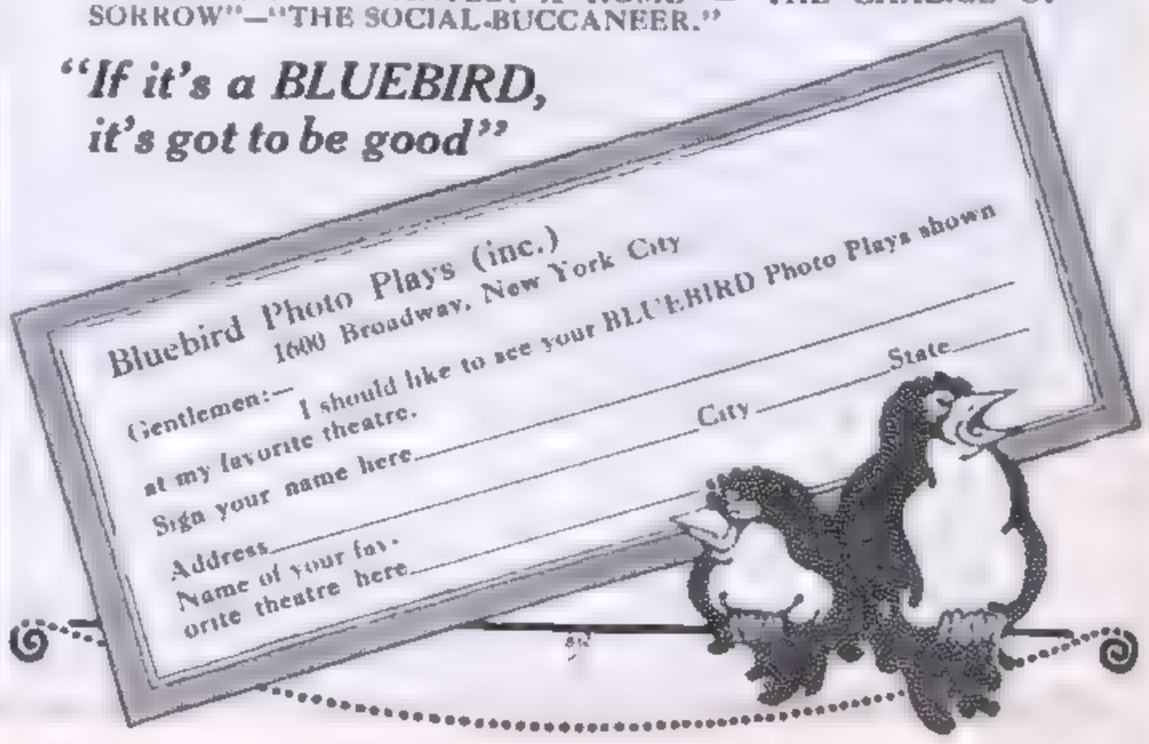
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AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 59)

As the last guest leaves the dining room a dressmaker's girl from town arrives with Miss Morris' graduation gown and Mrs Morris' frock, for lack of which they were going to stay away from the graduation party. Some guests from the conservatory have motored over to see Mrs. Morris and she will not be bothered with the dressmaker's girl, who has to wait. The girl is cold and tired and hungry; so I give her luncheon, and discover I have been so interrupted that I myself have had none. I am too tired to eat.

The living room is full of people, kept inside because of the wet day. They are playing the piano and singing, and playing cards, and are very lively and pleasant, but also extremely disorderly and tiresome to one who is too weary to eat; so I go round by the outside and in at the back door to escape them.

I permit myself a brief siesta at this hour and find it both a necessary and a helpful break in my day. I usually have tea afterward, and so get rested for any work of my own I wish to engage in until it is time to see that dinner is progressing well.

To-day I find the rain has leaked through the roof on to my bed, and I have to lie down on a most uncomfortable couch, where, to my surprise, I go to sleep at once. I am wakened after an hour's refreshing sleep by a queer noise, and discover rain pouring into my bedroom, where everything is flooded. I call my man, and we move furniture and set pans and pails to catch the water, while I congratulate myself that it is my own room and not one of my guests' rooms. No woman paying her board would forgive the ruining of a gown by a downpour of rain. This emergency uses up all the time I have for my own affairs.

Going to the kitchen at five, I find the cook behind time because of the late delivery of some supplies from a distance. I take possession of the pantry, make the mayonnaise, and whip the cream for the dessert. When I return to my room I find Mrs. Morris and her daughter waiting for me there. The dressmaker's box has been misplaced by the chambermaid. It has evidently been taken to the wrong room. The maid has gone out for the afternoon; so I have to inquire at each door. The box is finally rescued.

When Things Do Not Run Smoothly

The living room has been emptied of its noisy occupants, who have gone to their rooms to dress for dinner. I put in half an hour straightening it. Then I make a hasty toilet and return to the kitchen. I have a new waitress, who does not get along with the cook; and in the last acute stages of dinner preparation they usually have words. My presence is all that prevents it.

Unexpected guests begin to arrive and places at the tables have to be rearranged. Possible tips from the newcomers prevent the waitresses from being discouraged by the extra hurried work. I carve and help serve for an hour, so that the two girls can wait on all my guests rapidly. Then I seat myself at my own table, somewhat hungry from lack of luncheon. There Mrs. Morris continues the tale of her woes begun in the early morning. I look as interested as I can; but I keep right on eating.

It is raining harder than ever and all my guests have to get to the commencement ball; and there are not enough vehicles to go round. There are innumerable telephone calls and arrangements that I have to be consulted about. Each party gets off in a flutter. I admire all the gowns and the flowers, and encourage the young men who have come on for their fiancées' graduation. Some of the gowns I hook up, and I hunt up many belongings.

By nine o'clock they seem to be all gone; but I find the servants have gone to bed without leaving the ice water ready for the little bedroom pitchers. I cannot wake them up, so I have to make the ice water myself. When I reënter the living room I find that one family has remained at home because of the rain and the lack of a taxicab. They feel a little downhearted and I telephone to a dozen places for a carriage. I finally get one, and they spruce up and get very lively, and talk my head off during the half hour before the carriage comes. Then there is a rush, after it arrives, for handkerchiefs and opera cloaks. They have just disappeared when there is a loud rap at the kitchen door and a man wants a shovel to dig his automobile out of a rut.

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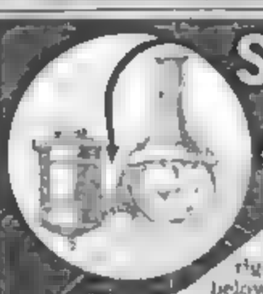

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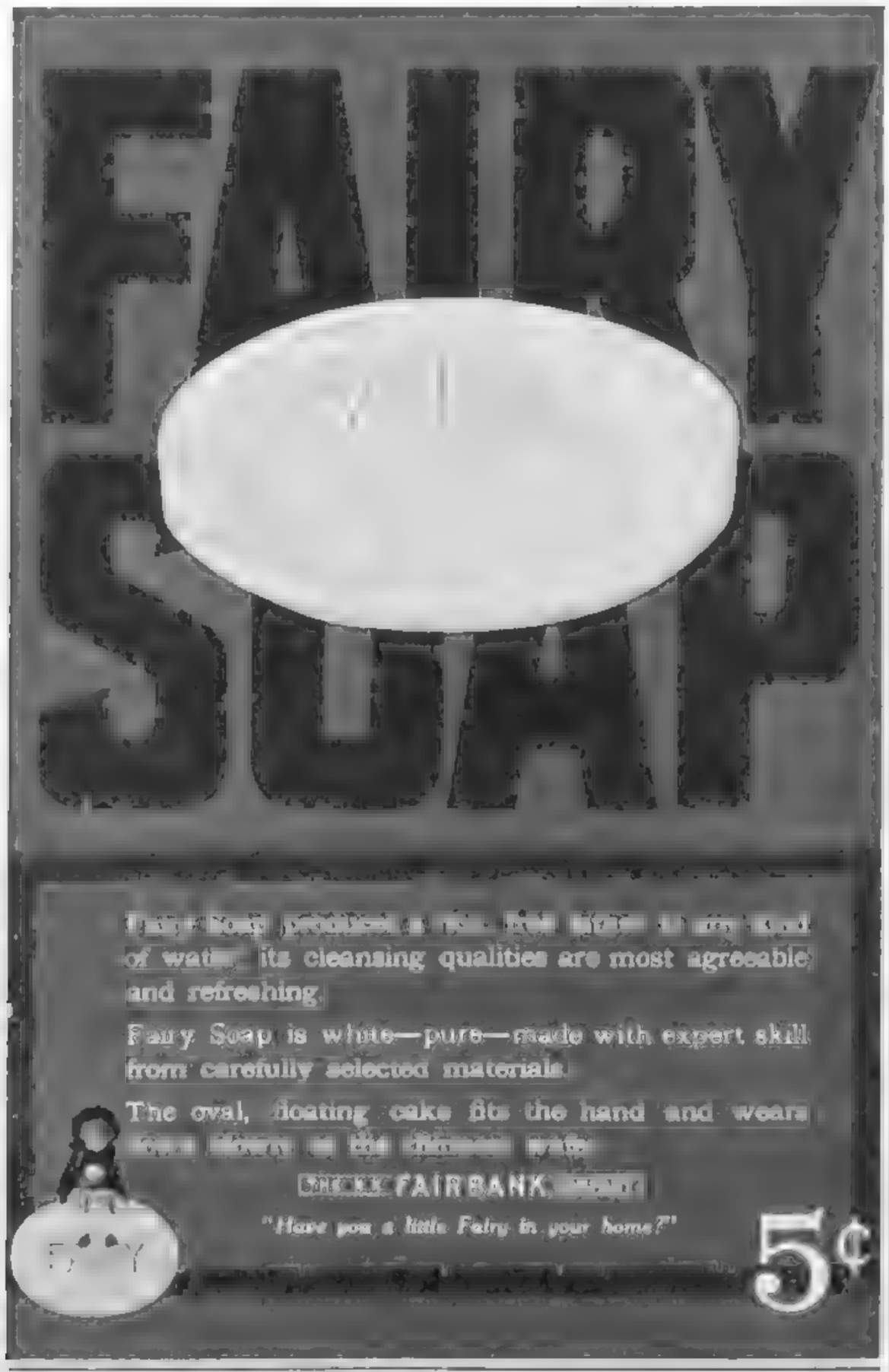
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A young man hurriedly rushes in at the front door to ask about his mother, whom he has missed I assure him she has gone on to the ball, and he leaves. In my room, to which I finally retreat, I find the walls and the floor and the rugs damp and odorous. The bed is a little less damp than the floor, yet unfit to sleep in. But I am too tired to care; so I tumble in. In an hour people begin returning from the ball, with little effort to be quiet, and I have leisure to reflect that it has been an unusually hard day. But it *has* been an unusual day!

Ordinarily the day runs systematically and smoothly enough, and emergencies are not too difficult to meet. I get my work done without using up all my strength, and I have two or three hours each afternoon to myself. I find my guests pleasant and interesting and well-mannered.

I get time to go to the conservatory whenever there is to be some especially good music. I enjoy being near my friend, the principal, many of whose difficulties are much like my own. I begin to know many charming and talented young girls, and they make friends with me. To be surrounded by so much youth is helpful and pleasing, and I find I can be useful to them quite frequently.

Miss Fergason and I are real friends. She is rapidly gaining the self-confidence she greatly needs, and I am training her in the practice of sensible business methods. Now and then young Hamilton comes out from town to consult with her about the management of her estate. Several times he has come for the week-end. He is an extremely nice young chap. If I had a daughter I should want her to know that kind of ambitious young man.

Mr. Fergason, however, cannot endure young Hamilton, but Mr. Fergason does not like anything his daughter does. He made a dreadful fuss when he came home and found her gone. I could not stay in the same room with him, he was so abusive. If she had not been of age, with a little money of her own, I cannot think what would have become of her with her father. But he sees little of her at the conservatory. He does not like the principal any better than he likes me, and so he will not visit there—and he cannot stay with me. Nor can he endure the food at the village hotel.

Should Mr. Hamilton want to ask Mr. Fergason's consent to marry his daughter, I doubt that he will get it. Still, she is of age, and my living room is a delightful room—just fitted for a wedding party.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

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A WASHINGTON business man, desiring to test the relative efficiency of two makes of mucilage, handed the bottles one morning to his shiny-faced negro messenger.

"Here, John," he said; "try these and see which is the stickiest."

John did not show up at the office again until about noontime. He approached his employer's desk somewhat cautiously and gingerly deposited thereon the two bottles of mucilage.

"Well, John," asked the boss, "which did you find the stickiest?"

"It wuz lak dis, boss," was the reply: "Dis one gummed up ma mouf de most; but de other one, de taste lasted de longest."

An Eight-Reel Production

GEORGE CREEL has a friend who went camping out in Wyoming. Upon his return he was telling Creel some of his experiences.

"The second day," he said, "the cook got sick, and it was up to me to boil some coffee for supper. Now I don't know a thing in the world about cooking; and, besides, we were way out in the desert where there didn't seem to be any firewood handy.

"So I hit on the idea of taking a box of matches and striking a light to a clump of bunch grass. As it blazed up I would hold the coffeepot over the flames until the bunch grass had all burned up. Then I would move along to the next clump and repeat the process.

"Say, George, when that coffee finally came to a boil I was eight miles from camp!"

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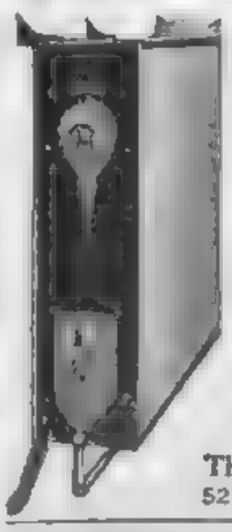

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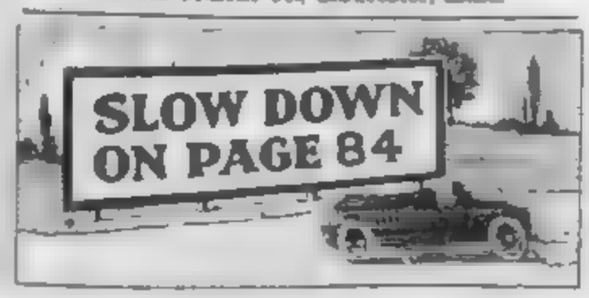

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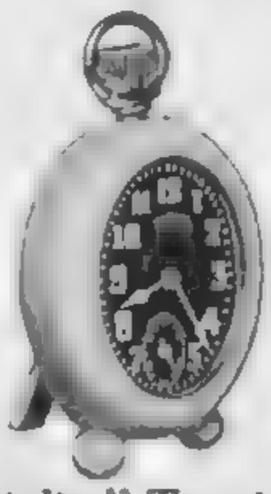

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The figures glow like so many little street lamps. And this glow continues as bright as ever for six to eight years, without need of exposing to the light.

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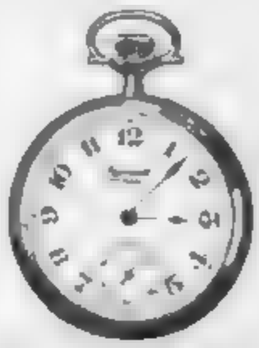
I figure that until now people have known only *two-thirds* of the value and usefulness of a watch. The other third comes in having a "RADIOLITE" with you in the darkened movie theatre, or on the bureau, or under the pillow, at night —with you everywhere. And don't forget that Ingersoll "RADIOLITES" are DAYTIME watches, too! Also don't forget that you can get the real "RADIOLITE" only on the Ingersoll watches.

The Man Behind the Counter

JEWELED MODELS
Plain and Glow Dials

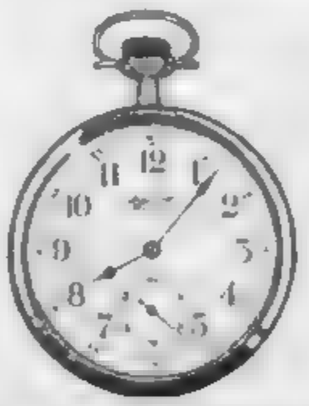


Ingersoll Waterbury

A handsome new Ingersoll with a good old name. Small, short-winding, jeweled at the points of greatest friction. Plain dial. **$3.00**

Waterbury "Radiolite"

The jeweled Waterbury pictured at the top of this column with a glow dial. It shows time at night without a light—and in daytime, too. **$4.00**



Ingersoll Reliance

The Ingersoll that took the country by storm. The first seven-jewel, bridge-model watch to sell for anywhere near $3.00. Now comes in three styles of cases:

Snap case . . . **$3.00**

Screw case **$3.50**

Ten-year gold-filled case . **$6.00**

Dealers everywhere now sell the Ingersoll "RADIOLITES" and the Ingersoll jeweled watches, as well as the other Ingersolls. The TRIUMPH, $1.25, is a good Ingersoll for boys or men. The JUNIOR, at $2.50, is small and thin. The ECLIPSE, $2.00, is not quite so small, but almost as thin. The MIDGET is a small watch for women and girls, at $2.50. In white case, like the Two-in-One, $2.75. Any model which your dealer cannot supply will be sent postpaid on receipt of price.

CANADIAN PRICES—Triumph "RADIOLITE," $2.50; *Wrist* "RADIOLITE," $4.00; *Triumph* "RADIOLITE" *Two-in-One*, $3.00; *Waterbury*, $3.50; *Waterbury* "RADIOLITE," $4.50; *Reliance*, snap case, $3.50, screw case, $4.00; *Maple Leaf*, $1.25; *Eclipse*, $2.00; *Junior*, $2.50.

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THE BARONESS de MEYER is the daughter of the Duke of Caracciolo of Naples, and the God-daughter of the late King Edward VII. Her dining room is furnished with the Patrician Design in Community Plate.

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Mrs. F. C Havemeyer, New York
Mrs. Robert Jordan, Boston
Mrs. Honoré Palmer, Chicago
Princess Troubetzkoy, New York
Mrs. James Viles, Chicago
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Photographed by Pennington

BREAKFAST ROOM *of the* BARONESS de MEYER
in her Venetian Palace, the Palazzo Balbi-Valier

When it comes to silverware, even the staunchest American is an aristocrat at heart. Surely no one could resist the charm and distinction of the Patrician design in Community Plate. A chest containing a complete outfit for the table can be bought at prices ranging from $50.00 to $[illegible].00. Or in individual sets, for instance, teaspoons $5.00 the dozen

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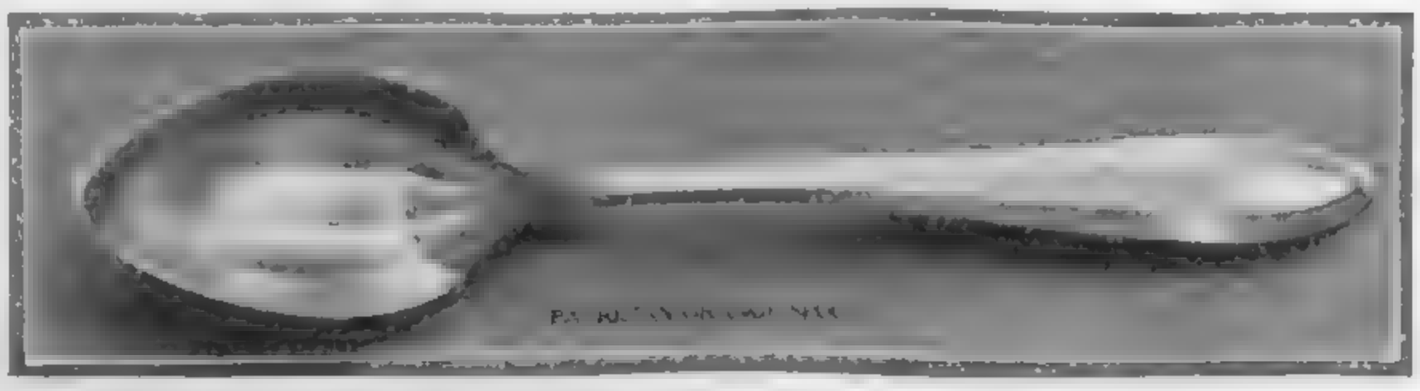

IT'S A GIFT

(Continued from Page 11)

I laughs out loud, thinkin' of what was headin' his way.

"Better be careful!" I warns him. "It costs money to fall in love in the big towns!"

"No it don't," he says, "unless you're a come-on!" And he gets up and walks out on the field, whistlin'.

He'd forgot about the piece of paper, and I picked it up on the floor near where he was sittin'. I figured I had a right to read it on the off chance that he might have been sellin' our signals to the Braves, knowin' his fatal weakness for money. I took one flash at the thing, and then I sat down on that box and fanned myself with my hat. Here's what was on it:

Mechanics' Bank	$ 7,500
Emigrants' Bank	2,000
First National	10,000
U. S. Steel Preferred . . .	10,000
	$29,500

"Well," I says to myself, "if this guy ever lets Birdie see that—fare you well!"

Jitney come to bat in the second innin' of the afternoon's fracas, and with three and two on him stops an inshoot with the middle finger of his left hand. The bat flew up in the air and Jitney sits right down on the home plate and examines the finger—when I got to him I seen it was split almost to the bone.

We run him into the clubhouse and a medico does some embroidery on it with some cute silk thread, and then he says if Jitney gets the breaks he ought to be back in the game in three weeks.

Jitney touched Mason for a cigarette and went back to the hotel.

When we get back there that afternoon I'll be darned if he wasn't glued to that switchboard again. His finger is all bandaged up and he's holdin' it on top of the board, so's Birdie can see it every time she looks up to nail the guys tryin' to win a nickel by slippin' out of the booths. A little bit later he comes up to my room and raps on the door. When I let him in he says he wants to go out that night and he'll swear on the hotel Bible that he'll be back at half past nine.

"Where are you goin'?" I asks him.

"I'm goin' to take Birdie to the theater!" he says, tryin' to laugh it off.

"What!" I hollers. "D'ye know that's liable to cost you ten bucks before you get back?"

"You're crazy!" he tells me. "Ten bucks for what?"

"Well," I says, "the tickets alone will be about four, two for a taxi and four more for the big eats afterward—and that ain't countin' the tips!"

Jitney studies me for a minute and then he grins.

"Rave on!" he chirps. "Where d'ye get that stuff? We're goin' to that movie place down the line, which will set me back twenty cents. Birdie has gone home to supper and I'm gonna meet her at the house. Ten dollars!" He laughs again. "No wonder you guys never have any money!"

"I'd rather be a panhandler," I sneers at him, "than be as tight as you are!"

"I ain't tight!" he comes back at the door. "I'm just careful, that's all! The trouble with you guys is that you're all there with a set of them nonrefillable pockets—once they're emptied, you're through for the day!"

With that he clatters down the stairs.

The minute he left I went in and told Crowthers that Birdie was doin' her part like a major and had gone out with Jitney to help the Boston storekeepers meet expenses.

"Great!" yells Crowthers. "This is where he gets it right! Ain't Birdie a regular feller to waste a night on a hick like that, eh? Well, wait till we hear her in the mornin' and listen to Jitney's moan—I'll bet it'll be a riot! Oh, boy!" He falls on the bed holdin' his sides. "Wait till he pulls that movie thing!" He sits up and slaps the table. "I'm gonna take Birdie out tomorrow night," he says, "and show her what a regular guy thinks of money!"

Jitney come back that night at half past nine like he said, and when he come to my room to report he was whistlin'.

"How did you make out?" I asks him, thinkin' it funny he didn't come staggerin' in, groanin' and holdin' his pockets.

"Fine!" he says. "Didn't cost me a nickel! Birdie wouldn't go to the movies so we stayed in at her house. Me and her old man talked there all evenin'!" And he went on in to bed, still whistlin'.

"Wow!" I says to myself. "Wait till we get the returns from Birdie in the mornin'!"

Crowthers is down at the switchboard the first thing in the mornin', and I was a good second. Birdie looks as fresh and appetizin' as ever, maybe a little more than usual, and she was hummin' away and kiddin' a necktie salesman, when we stopped at the board.

"Good mornin', Birdie!" says Crowthers, grinnin'. "How did you enjoy the opera last night?"

Birdie looks up and flashes that dizzy smile of hers on us.

"I had a lovely time," she says, "elegant!"

"What do you think of Jitney—now on the level?" laughs Crowthers. "Don't mind us—go right ahead and say it!"

Birdie laughs with him and sticks in a plug.

"3562 Main?" she says. "Hold the wire! Why—he has lovely eyes, hasn't he?"

"Oh, come on, stop stallin'," grins Crowthers. "Did he buy?"

Birdie pulls out another plug and jabs it in a hole.

"Gimme information!" she calls. "Just a minute!" She looks up at Crowthers. "What were you sayin' again?" she asks.

"I asked you if he purchased," Crowthers tells her, beginnin' to get peeved.

"He has such a cunning little dimple in the bottom of his chin," giggles Birdie, "and he thinks so much of his mother! Main 420—booth number two!"

Crowthers turns to me and shakes his head kinda worried.

"What do you make of it?" he says.

"Search me!" I answers. "Here comes Jitney—let's ask him."

Sure enough, Jitney was walkin' over to us and he's noddin' his head for me to come over.

"Mr. Mac," he says, when we had got out of traffic in the middle of the lobby, "I won't be no good to you for three weeks. Let me stay here will you and I'll join the team in New York! I got some business to look after and I want to straighten it up before I leave. Me and another guy I met last night are goin' to open the biggest delicatessen this burg every saw!"

"You met last night!" I broke in. "I thought you went out with Birdie."

"I met him at her house!" he explains. "He was there when I rung the bell!"

I clapped my hands together and laughed out loud.

I had the thing all doped out. Birdie's regular feller had been there and she had gone out with him and left Jitney flat, and he had probably talked this guy into goin' in the delicatessen game, which meant more to Jitney than Birdie!

"Who was this come-on?" I asks him.

"Birdie's father!" says Jitney. "I got thirty thousand bucks and he knows a lot about pickles—he once had his own place. We're goin' to open a place in the Back-Bay district"—and he lowers his voice—"and believe me, that guy won't take out no more than he puts in! I got him sewed up forty ways, black on white!"

Well, that sent me back on my heels, but Jitney don't gimme no chance to get set.

"The only thing is," he goes on—"the only thing is—I wanna get that two eighty-five out of that big stiff Crowthers before the club blows the town, and take it from me, I'm gonna get it! I'll see you later. I gotta hustle down town!"

And he ducks out the door.

I hustled back to the switchboard and Crowthers is gone too.

"Birdie," I says, "is your father gonna open a delicatessen with Jitney Seymour?"

She looks kinda startled, blushes and finally nods her head.

"Why, who told you?" she wants to know, still a few miles up in the air.

"It's the talk of Boston!" I tells her. "What are you gonna do now—sell liverwurst for Jitney?"

"No," she laughs, "I —"

And then Crowthers butts in again.

"Oh, Mr. Crowthers," she says, "there was a call for you a minute ago, I have the number here!" She reaches up and hands him a slip of paper.

"Call 953 Tremont at once and ask for Mr. Campbell," he reads out. "Why, that's a New York number!" he says, lookin' puzzled.

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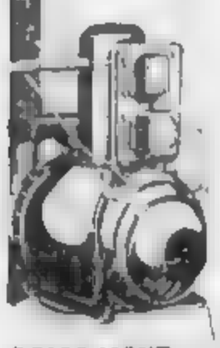
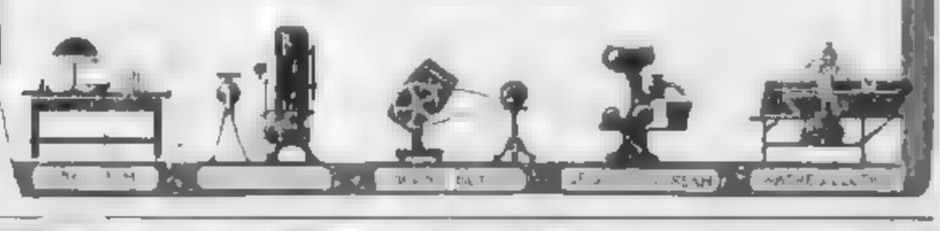




"Yes," chirps Birdie; "I'm gettin' it now Hello Long Distance—953 Tremont, please—yes—hold the wire!"

"But wait!" Crowthers cuts in. "I don't "

"Here they are now!" Birdie tells him. "Booth number one!"

Crowthers ducks in the booth, still lookin' like it's past him, and Birdie laughs up at me.

"You must come over and see our store!" she says. "I can make lovely pickled herring!"

Crowthers comes bustin' out of the booth, red in the face and kickin' a stool out of his way.

"Say," he yells, "I'd like to get the guy that pulled that one on me! Ask for Mr. Campbell, eh? That was the New York Zoo!" he snarls. He slams a ten-dollar bill down in front of Birdie. "How much?" he growls

Birdie giggles.

"Wasn't that funny?" she says. "Mr. Camel at the Zoo, eh? The charges on that call are five eighty-five!"

"What?" hollers Crowthers. "I only talked a minute!"

"Three for the call," Birdie explains, countin' out the change, "and two eighty-five for the wire!"

"What wire?" demands Crowthers, leanin' over the board. "I didn't send no wire!"

Birdie shakes her finger at him reprovingly.

"Yes, you did, you naughty boy!" she says. "The funny one, remember; the one Mr. Seymour got in Pittsburgh!"

Crowthers turns pale and falls back against the board.

"Come on, be a sport!" giggles Birdie. "You know how you hate a tightwad!"

Crowthers straightens up and makes a great try at smilin'.

"All right, Birdie!" he says. "If it's for you—I'm game! Will you go to see The Girl From Iceland with me to-night—I got first-row orchestra?"

"I can't!" giggles Birdie. "I'm goin' to get married!"

And she keeps right on yankin' them trick plugs in and out, like she was speakin' about the weather.

"Married!" hollers Crowthers. "Why, you never said nothin' to ——"

In pops Jitney, pantin' and red in the face.

"Whew!" he pipes. "Some hot day, eh? Hello, wise guy!" he flings at Crowthers. "Say"—he bends over the switchboard and calls to Birdie—"as soon as you can get off now, it's all right! I dug up a guy at the South End that will marry us for half a buck!"

Driving a Bargain

IN THE old days when Lon Housman was a newspaper writer in Chicago he fell heir to a pass good for four on the opening day at one of the race tracks. He invited three friends to accompany him. They made the trip in a decrepit automobile of ancient vintage which Housman had acquired a few days earlier in part payment of a debt.

At the gate a ticket taker examined their credentials and permitted the party to drive in. They were just inside the fence when the attendant remembered he had forgotten to collect for parking space.

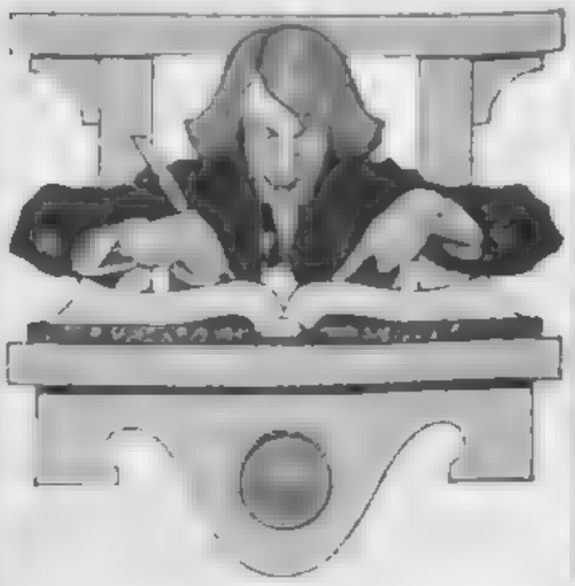
"Hey! Wait a minute!" he called, and Housman halted the machine.

"It's one dollar for the car," said the man.

"How's that?" inquired Housman.

"One dollar for the car."

"Gimme the dollar," said Housman; "the car is yours!"



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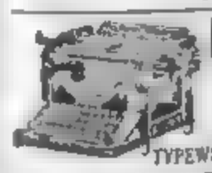

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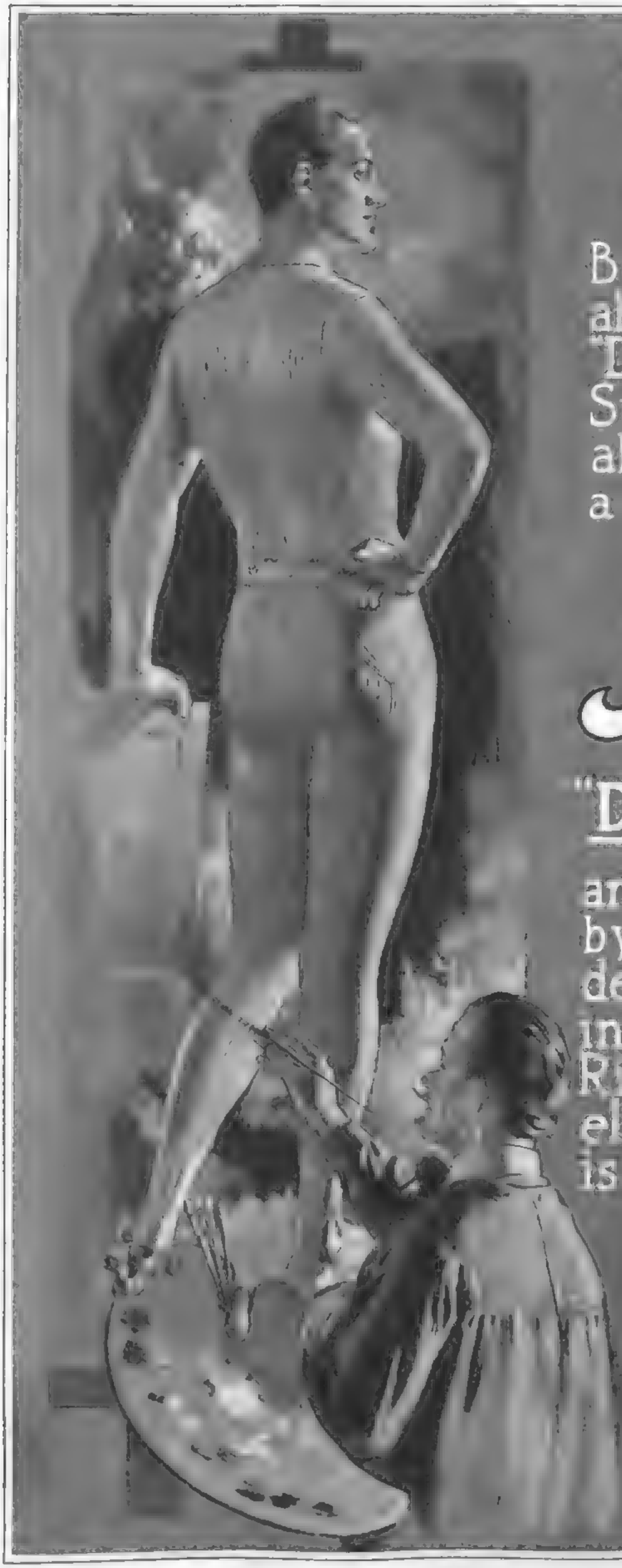

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Think of the railroad disasters if there were no rubber air-brake hose! With the disappearance of air and steam drill hose, the digging of our building foundations and the tunneling of mountains could proceed only at the pace of the pick and shovel.

Without rubber gloves and rubber surgical instruments the surgeon would be badly handicapped. Sufferings, unsoothed by the ice bag and hot-water bottle, would be unbearably acute.

This is a glimpse. Picture the rest. Imagine your everyday world abruptly set back three-quarters of a century! A startling thought—but one that need not worry you.

For in the last 74 years there has grown up a mighty rubber industry, able to supply civilization with the rubber articles it needs. With this industry has grown the group of rubber companies which form the United States Rubber Company, **the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.**

From the 47 tremendous factories of the United States Rubber Company comes every kind of rubber goods humanity demands. It is a well-balanced output, embracing not only **belting, hose, packing, mechanical and moulded rubber goods of every description, but also all styles of rubber footwear; canvas rubber-soled shoes; weather-proof clothing; tires for automobiles, motor trucks and all other vehicles; druggists' rubber goods; insulated wire; soles and heels—each in gigantic quantities.**

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United States Rubber Company

HOW MY BOY BROUGHT ME UP

(Continued from Page 12)

he ate more than I did. His appetite, indeed, seemed to be unimpaired. The apprehension that grown-ups feel as the combined and cumulative effect of any experiences is not felt by young people, whose courage is generally unconscious. Luncheon over, the boy did his task effectively. He waited back of the house for his enemy; rushing out upon him like a whirlwind, he pummeled him to a fair pulp. They came afterward to be good friends. As for myself, I was severely criticized by the superintendent of schools for encouraging fighting. I tried to explain that it was a matter of fundamentals. The superintendent—at least outwardly—remained unconvinced. What interested me most, however, was the attitude of the boy's mother, who chanced to be away at the time of the battle. It was with fear and trembling that I told her the story. To my astonishment she upheld my judgment. I have always suspected, however, that if the boy had been vanquished it would have been another story, and would have gone hard with at least one of us. Thus with boys as with nations, so many ultimate consequences follow a decisive victory.

Do you get the idea that my boy was a hero? Banish the thought. The best way to disprove this is to recite the facts. A short time after this I received a telephone message from my friend, the local justice of the peace:

"A complaint has been lodged against your son by Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, of Apple Lane. Mr. Robinson declares that your boy threw a stone at their little girl, injured her and used bad language. Then he ran away." Would I call upon Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and fix the matter up with them on the quiet, and get them to withdraw the charge and keep it out of the papers?

Many parents who read this will undoubtedly understand the shock I experienced at such disconcerting news. When there suddenly looms up in your boy a horrible something which you had never even dreamed was there, nobody but those who have actually been through the experience can define your emotions. My first thought was that after all the superintendent was right. By encouraging my boy to fight I had aroused in him all of the worst instincts of the bully. It is true that my object had been only to train him to defend himself, and that I had given him the usual Polonius lecture on never being the aggressor. But evidently the animal in him had dominated over any pacifist pleadings. Consequently my feeling was a mixed one—of disappointment and anxiety over what he had done and a genuine distrust over my own methods. I grabbed him as he came into the house.

Giving the Third Degree

"What do you mean," I blurted out, "by throwing stones at a girl?"

I got him firmly by both shoulders and forced him to look at me.

"Do you know what you've done?" I roared at him. "You're going to be arrested. You may go to jail. Why have you disgraced us? How could you hurt a girl? Anybody that would hurt a girl is a bully and a coward. Come, now, what have you got to say?"

A long time after that, one evening in a burst of confidence, he confessed to me that when I grabbed him as I did and exploded at him he was secretly scared within an inch of his life. He told me that his first thought was to run away and never come back. He said that since that time he had often thought about doing it and wished he had. But the queer part was that at the time he didn't show it at all. He was actually dumb. He just stared at me, while I continued to shake him. His silence, his apparent apathy, only exasperated me all the more.

"You tell me what you did!" I shouted. "Tell me the exact truth now. Don't you try to lie out of it."

"I didn't do anything," he stammered.

"Did you throw a stone at a little girl?"

"No"

"You know you're lying."

"But I didn't. Her mother sassed me and I got mad."

"Go on. What happened?"

If you really want to experience a feeling of genuine despair over your own hopeless incompetence, just try to get a boy to tell you something that he doesn't want to tell. You think maybe that it is because he hasn't learned how to express himself—that his young mind doesn't work properly. Well, if you think that listen to him some day when he doesn't know that you are listening, out on a ball field, and hear him explain the fine points of a particular play. Get him in a group of his own kind where there is an argument containing some subtle distinction between right and wrong. Believe me when I say that no lawyer in the world has anything on a small boy when he really wants to argue and is unembarrassed. The greatest mistake parents make is to assume that their boys don't know. But I forgot that this is not a sermon but only a confession.

After working over that boy for half an hour to get him to tell a straight story, I said at last:

"Well, come along to the Robinsons' and see if you can square yourself with them. Remember, it's apologize or go to jail."

Mrs. Robinson Relents

By this time he had wilted a good deal and was crying; so we got a cab and visited the Robinsons. It was about nine o'clock in the evening when we got there. The facts were simple. My boy had become the leader of a gang of his own. They had been playing ball and the ball had gone over into the Robinsons' yard. There had been hasty fence climbing, with certain immaterial damage. The Robinson girl, resenting the presence of the intruder, had hit him with a stick. Mrs. Robinson had come out. The boy had called her names. She had gone after him. He had jeered and run off and had thrown the fatal stone. The little girl had been hit on the head. Robinson arrived home. He had sworn vengeance. He had visited the police headquarters.

"If he hadn't used such language," he said to me, "I wouldn't have done anything about it."

And now another surprise, quite different from the first one, awaited me. Confronted by the Robinsons, no Chesterfield had any better manners than the culprit.

"I am awful sorry I did it," he said. "I just got mad and lost my temper, and I promise never to do it again."

Mrs. Robinson was not only completely mollified, but she actually took that boy in her arms. Oh, well, there is no accounting for boys—or women!

Then I found myself asking what could be done with a boy like that. But, still more important, I found myself asking what could be done with—me. I had started out with the general idea that I would always be honest with that boy and myself, that if he asked questions I would answer them frankly, that there should be no deception; yet here we were getting along in life, both of us—for he was fully nine—and we weren't getting anywhere. It was evident that he hadn't thrown a stone deliberately at a girl, that the girl had just happened to be in the way, and his dumbness had come from the feeling that I wasn't competent to judge a fine point like this. And so there you are. Of course that boy was still a thief and a liar, and I apparently was little better, for it came to me that I had often told him things which on careful investigation would not bear the closest scrutiny. It began to dawn upon me faintly that to tell the exact truth, even to a grown person, was by no means the easiest job in the world. The boy himself, of course, was actually a thief and a liar. The evidence was too strong to admit of any doubt on those points. His record dates back from his stone-throwing escapade, for this is not a chronological record; it is only an attempt to tell about the relationship of a father and a son as it really existed, and not to make a beautiful biological or psychological fairy story for old maids to read papers about at mothers' meetings.

At five years of age my boy developed gastritis, the attacks coming on at irregular intervals. He had these attacks for several years, and the last one came within an ace of putting him out of the running. Now the doctor said quite candidly, as a result of twenty-five years' practice, that there was no accounting for gastritis in small boys; and nothing particular could be done except to clear him out, stop all food until the attack had passed, and pray that he might never have another. The boy would steal things out of the sideboard and then lie out

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Boys' Suits — 75 cents, $1.00, $1.50.

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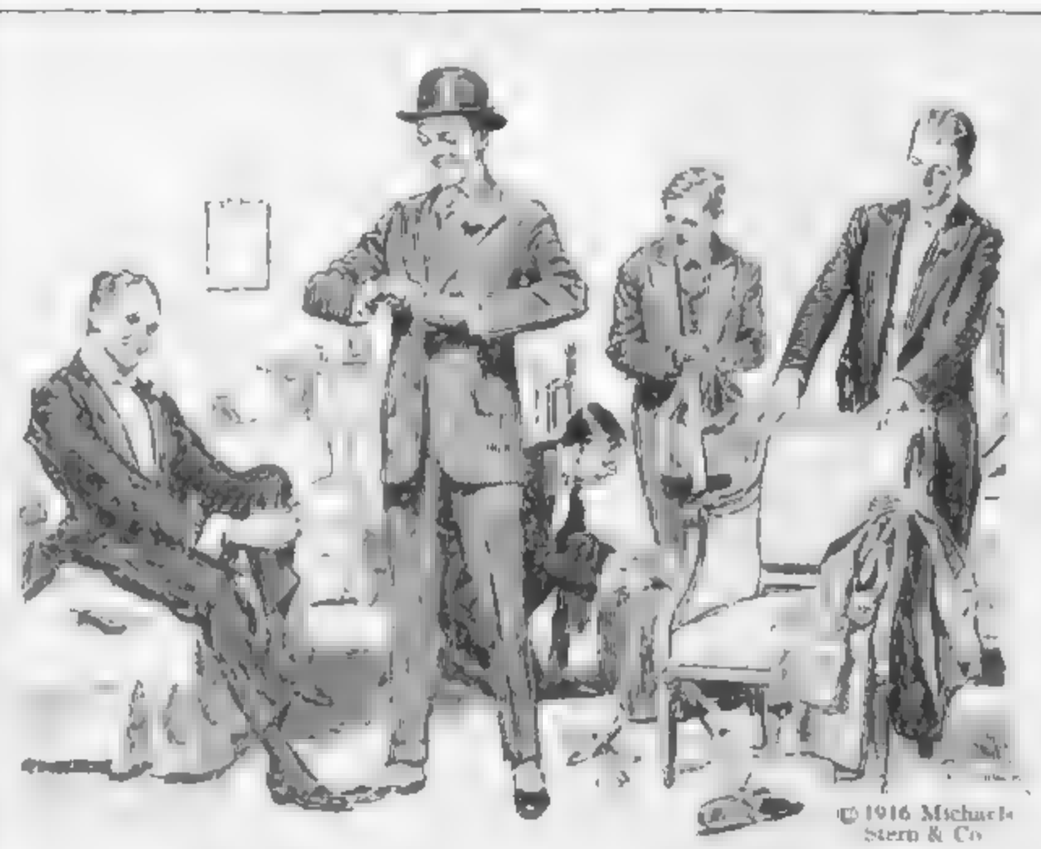

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of it. I never could get him to admit, until years afterward, that he did this. We locked up the sideboard, but he always managed to get into it; there would always come a time when he found the key. Then we stripped it bare of everything eatable, and the boy would watch his chance and break into the refrigerator. With his craving stomach he would eat anything that he could lay his hands on—lumps of sugar, odd bits of cake, everything you can think of.

Herbert Spencer, you know, says that when a boy wants sugar he ought to have it—he needs it. This boy got it, he succeeded in getting it, and in the end he would come down with another attack. No hungry wolf in his most desperate moments could surpass the ingenuity of that youngster. With his father, his mother and servants on guard he would watch his chance and gulp. And when he couldn't get what he wanted at home he would prey on the neighbors. He was often caught and punished, but the craving was too much for him. That is why I state that, so long as he had an abnormal appetite, he was a thief and a liar. Philosophers tell us that morality is a matter of expediency. I have no theory to expound. I merely state the facts. There were two main remedies at the very start—one was castor oil, the other calomel—then ten days in bed, with no food and constant anxiety. The doctor had declared that back of the boy's abnormal craving was a mysterious weakness that no amount of vigilance could remove. The immediate attack was usually due to an excess of food, a chill which prevented assimilation, a rapid internal poisoning, and then the inflamed stomach until Nature reasserted herself. The last attack the boy had came near finishing him. At the end of the usual period of six or seven days' abstention from food he did not rally. His mother was tired out and a nurse was ordered. The doctor told the nurse that it was only a matter of twenty-four hours—the boy couldn't live. He came himself for what he afterward declared was the last time. No food was possible. The boy rejected everything. Everybody had thrown up his hands. There he lay at nine o'clock at night, just breathing.

Home Treatment for Gastritis

I made up my mind to save that boy. I saw he had given himself up. When they make their last fight all human beings are about the same. All learning, all experience, all the acquired things slip away, and you just have a kind of superanimal, either refusing to be counted out or just throwing up the sponge. It's a matter largely of will. There was a look in that kid's eye that said: "I'm through."

"You're not going to die," I said to him.

He nodded his head up and down just the least mite in the world.

"No, you're not! You can't die. What's the matter with you anyway?"

I stood over him from ten o'clock until after midnight. Every once in a while I would say to him softly:

"Old man, you've got to live. I'm not going to let you die. Brace up!"

I pulled him through. He told me afterward that I just made him. It was just as if he didn't dare die with me watching him.

He never had another attack. I have always believed the doctor was wrong. I have always thought that there was something about the treatment of a young boy that none of us understood. I have no doubt the doctor thinks he just outgrew those attacks. I don't. It was at that time that I became interested in the mineral oil that people were then beginning to use internally. I gave that boy regular doses, and from that time he was perfectly well.

This narrow escape, however, directed my attention to his health. The chance of losing him made me put aside everything else. I laid a plan. It consisted briefly of his sleeping outdoors and taking a cold bath every morning preceded by exercise with a medicine ball. Every morning I made that boy jump out of a warm bed, and we tossed that ball back and forth. In a few days we had made a clean job of all the mirrors and glassware in the bathroom. The boy's mother became our deadly enemy, but it is a matter of history that in six months' time that boy and myself were quite changed human beings. Thereafter he became a boxer, a runner, a football player. Gastritis was knocked out forever.

At ten he was healthy, mischievous, careless, cowardly, cruel, lovable, kind, affectionate, unconcentrated, nonstudious, with

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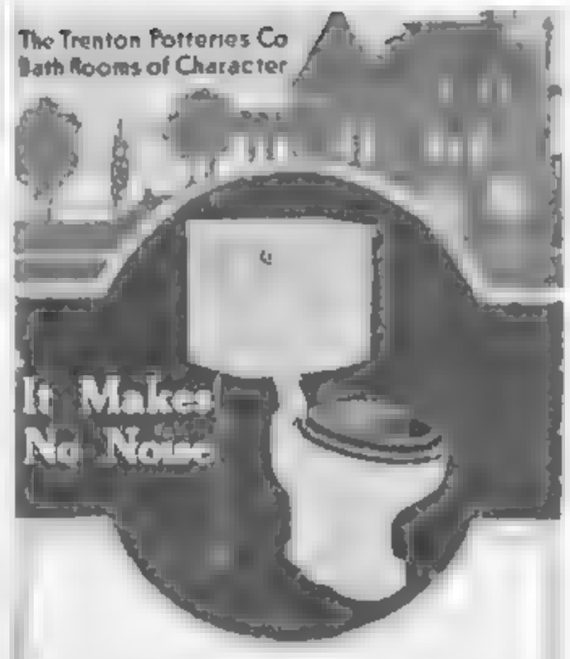

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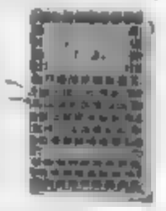

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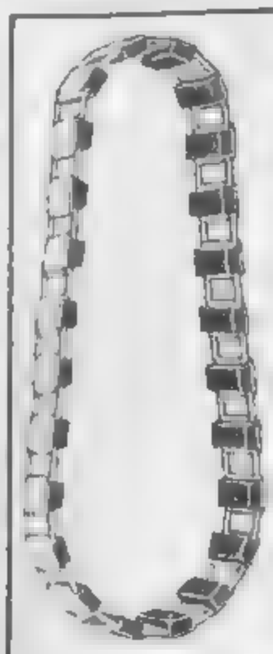

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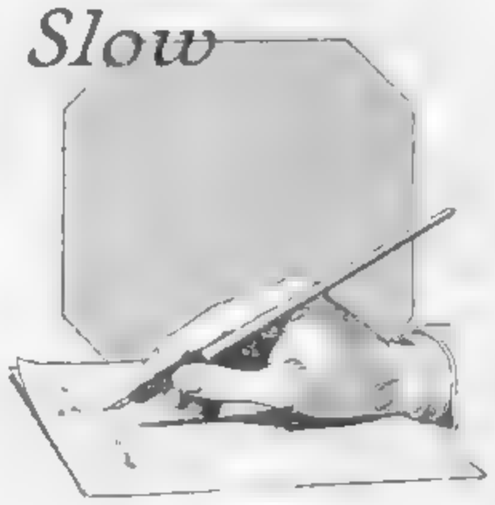

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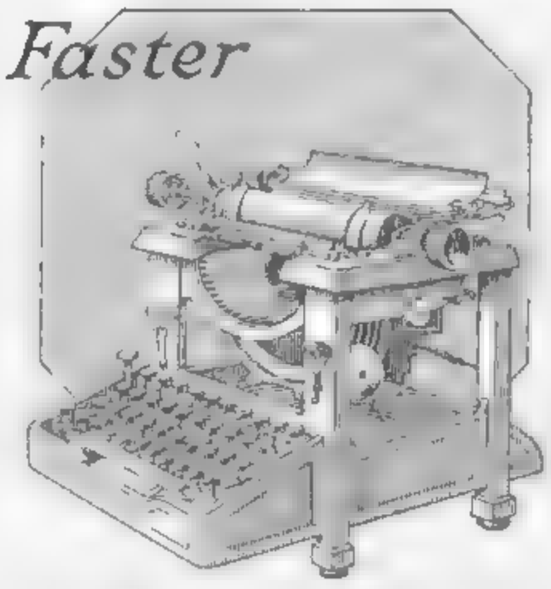

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(Continued from Page 70)

a peculiar sort of reserve power which seemed somehow to put him right just at the moment when I despaired of him most. About this time I read Kant's theory of education. Kant says:

"Moral culture must be based upon maxims, not upon discipline."

"Discipline leaves habits only, which fade away with years. The child should learn according to maxims, whose justice he himself perceives."

"Character consists in the readiness to act according to maxims."

"Even if we suppose that the child does not perceive his duty, it is none the less better that he be given the idea of it."

"Many children have a disposition to lie, which has no other cause than a vivacious imagination. It is the father's affair to see to it that they break off this habit, for mothers usually consider it a thing of no, or at least small, importance."

Kant was an old bachelor, but he had one of the few first-rate minds in the history of the world. I determined to try his plan with my boy. I would explain everything. I would withhold nothing. I started in immediately.

Not Interested in Religion

"What do you know about God?" I asked. My son stared at me in astonishment. Of course he was being brought up in a Christian home; of course he went to Sunday school; and of course he was made to say his prayers every night. But it isn't the fashion to talk religion in family circles nowadays, and the question disconcerted him. At last he said:

"What's the matter with you any way, daddy?"

"Nothing. Don't you want to talk with me about God?"

"No."

Up to that time I had entertained a vague belief that all children were secretly wondering about God, and that it needed only an invitation to start from them a flood of questions. This leads me to interpolate, as a slight contribution to the psychologists, that the result of my experience is that it is not the most intelligent children who ask the greatest number of questions.

It is quite possible that those who read this may exclaim: "Oh, well, he has only one boy and this is only an individual case." But that would not be true. I have had three boys and two girls. Another boy of mine is as different from the one I write of as night from day; but among all the boys I have known and studied, as a rule, the most intelligent are those who keep their own counsel and ask the fewest questions. But the questions they do ask, while few and far between, are always important links in their chains of thought.

"Well," I continued, "why don't you want to know about God? Other people do. Why don't you?"

"Because there's nothing to know about Him." At nine this boy had apparently arrived at the same conclusion arrived at by Kant.

Then I thought I would apply to him the same tactics that certain precocious children are popularly supposed to apply to their parents. So I said:

"You know God made the world."

"Yes."

"Well, then, who made God?"

He laughed painfully. He was plainly embarrassed.

"I don't know anything about it."

"Don't you want to know?"

"No."

He was uninterested. On another occasion I tackled him on the sex question.

"Do you know anything about babies?"

"Of course."

"Well, what do you know? Tell me everything."

"There's nothing to tell."

"I'll answer any question you ask, no matter what it is."

He shook his head.

"I can't think of anything."

Embarrassment again. He was a shy animal, but later on, by firing at him certain fundamental information as if it were incidental, I got him to talk more. I don't remember, however, of ever having told him anything that surprised him, or that apparently he didn't know already. He got the knowledge from other boys, but would never admit it. There appeared to be a certain kind of inherent modesty about him which made him feel that our relationship was not to be intruded upon by the discussion of these subjects. The thing that most interested me, however, was his apparent unwillingness to get any information from me. He had a way of chuckling to himself when I attempted to get at him, this being his nervous little manner of dismissing my attempt. This was almost in the nature of a rebuke, yet there never had been between us, so far as I can recall, any formal barrier. For example, he would often say to me "You're crazy!" or "I never saw anyone like you!" He never betrayed any awe of me, or any of that unconscious admiration expressed by one of his sisters, who, when somebody once spoke of Mr. Rockefeller as being the richest man in the world, said in surprise: "Why, daddy, aren't you?" Yet I think that he felt this in a measure in spite of his apparent indifference, for one day, in speaking to me of a certain schoolmaster, he said:

"That man has more sense than any man I ever saw. He talks an awful lot like you." At this I bowed ceremoniously, and he hastened to add: "But he's a good deal of a nut."

As he grew older and learned better how to express himself, we came to have hot verbal fights. Following Kant's theory, my idea was always to make him see what I meant—to define everything. I learned—or at least thought I had learned—to be extremely careful of what I said; otherwise he would invariably trip me up on technicalities. He always took refuge in the process of splitting hairs.

One day I caught him with a pipe and stormed at him: "You promised me you wouldn't smoke without letting me know."

"I said I wouldn't smoke cigarettes." He was an expert at this kind of quibbling.

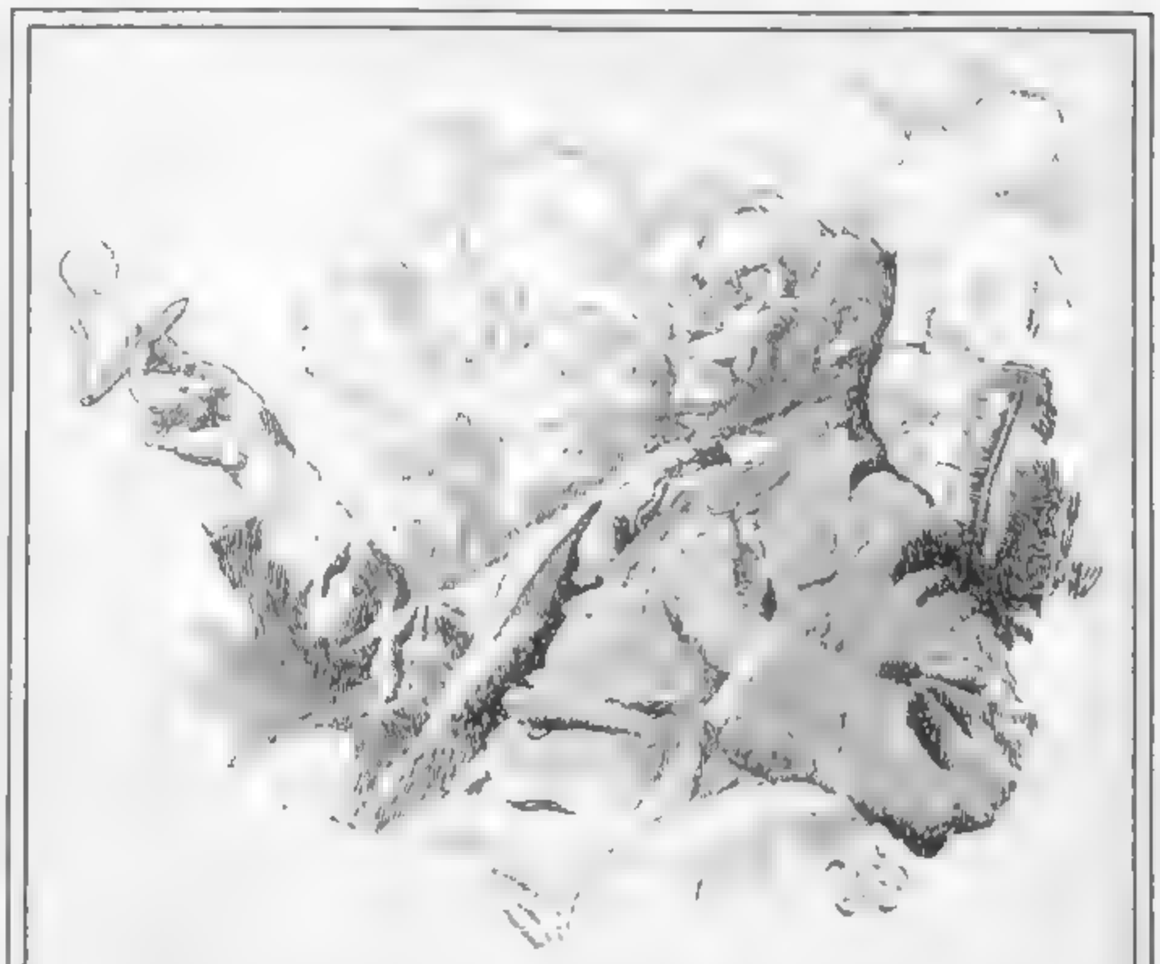
Characteristics at Fourteen

He wouldn't study. When he took off his clothes at night he would drop them just where he stood, in a heap. When he lost his temper, which was easy, he would swear like a trooper. If he wanted anything he would take it no matter where he found it, provided it was a family possession. But he betrayed a perfect horror and scorn of a boy in school and camp caught stealing. He thought he had a right to anything in the family; no amount of argument could convince him to the contrary. He would admit I was right when I argued to the contrary, and then grab the first thing he wanted. He was a natural gambler. He would gamble with other boys for anything. When he won he would boast about it; when he lost he was silent. He was tremendously sensitive to public opinion, and was popular with other boys; but he would fight at the drop of a hat. The first day in a new camp a boy teased him while he was writing a letter, and he grabbed the open inkwell and fired it at him, spreading ruin everywhere. He fought with his roommate at school, but would never talk about it. When pressed with the evidence he merely said: "Gentlemen don't talk of such things." This at fourteen.

He gave a suit of his clothes away to a poor negro boy in a railway station who told him a hard-luck story. If he went on a trip he would put aside enough money to get back with and spend all the rest the first twenty-four hours. The thing, however, that aroused him most was when he thought he had been overblamed. That gave him fits of red rage.

My awakening came at last. For the final point I am getting at is that at last he put me where I really belonged. It wasn't exactly anything he did at the moment which brought this about. It just happened one day and I woke up.

For years I had hurled definition on definition after him, but we never really understood each other until that day. Now he knows what I am and I know what he is. There is nothing any more between us. In conclusion I give the substance of the talk we had, reproduced in the exact words we used, but condensed and taken from several occasions. Remember, I had been dinging at him for years, always using plain terms. Remember that we were very close to each other, and that, side by side with my running comments on his actions, were a close affection and comradeship. He had the day before exasperated me by some piece of carelessness, what I regarded as almost criminal thoughtlessness of others. Being canny by experience, I waited, however, until the next day when he couldn't say, as I knew he was likely to say, that I wasn't in a judicial frame of mind. This, of course, was really a piece of subtle meanness on



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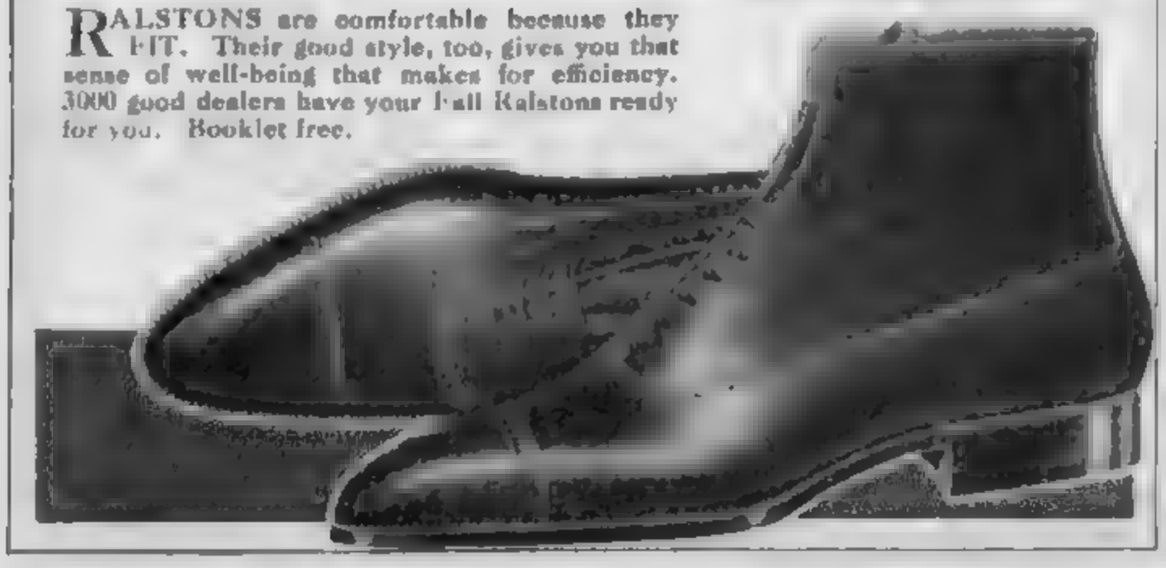

my part. It was as though I had used my superior experience and control to get the best of him. I rather think his sporting blood rebelled at this. I said to him:

"You say I don't treat you right. Tell me why."

"You told me that if I didn't do better at school they would fire me. That wasn't so."

"Weren't you behindhand in practically every study? Did you try to do any better? Weren't you lazy?"

"Maybe I was, but"—triumphantly—"did they fire me?"

"Perhaps I didn't quite understand."

"Huh! You never do. I wasn't half so bad as the other boys."

"No comparisons! You know I hate them."

"You don't understand. You made it out worse than it was. I did try. Of course I tried."

"That's all right. But how about results? That's the only thing that counts in this world. The trouble with you is that you don't want me to teach you anything. You know it all."

A grin.

"At least, if you are not utterly hopelessly stupid, you ought to be willing to take some things from me. I don't ask you to believe anything unless I prove it. I want you to make the attempt at least to begin where I leave off. How can you expect to succeed when you have no ambition?"

"There you go again, daddy! That's what makes me mad."

"How?"

"What makes you say I have no ambition?"

An Awakening

"You don't show it. Take your Latin, for example. I know how you feel about Latin. But can't you get it through your head that it isn't the amount of Latin you learn that counts—it's the fact that you have been assigned to learn it?"

"Latin's no good."

"That's not the point. Why do anything? Why care about anything? If you go out and stuff yourself with ice-cream sodas for days, you get sick and others have to take care of you. They are the ones who pay for your stupid blunders. You have no right to cause others trouble. When you do this needlessly you are not standing on your own ground."

"You're always blaming me for everything."

"Well, what of it? Suppose I do blame you too much. That's no reason why you should 'lie down' on the job, why you shouldn't take your medicine. That's what the world will do for you if you disobey certain laws. The principle is the same. You're always trying to crawl out of things, falling back on unimportant details. You don't try—that's my grievance against you. If I saw you trying I wouldn't care."

"I do try. You don't know how I try."

The words came from him almost like the wail of an anguished soul. He had never said that before in that way. I looked at him in astonishment. Something at that moment began to dawn upon me. Perhaps it was the tone of his voice. I seemed suddenly to sense the idea that perhaps after all I was the guilty party.

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that you really have tried—are trying?"

"Why, of course. I should think you would see that, but you don't."

Perhaps it was out of the terrible frankness between us existing for years that at this moment suddenly came the new light. I seemed all in an instant to learn a whole life lesson. It was a bitter pill to swallow, but I had to swallow it, and I gulped it down. Then I turned back to my own boyhood. Everything that I had accused that boy of being I myself had been, only, if anything, worse.

"I'm wrong," I faltered; "it was my anxiety to have you make good too quick that has queered my judgment. I haven't been fair to you. I have assumed that you were deliberately trying to make trouble for everybody. I'll never doubt you again. Forgive me! You will make good—why, of course!"

The boy was moved.

"I know you are all right, daddy," he said; "but give me a chance. I'll try—honest I will!"

My humility continues. But I am still in hopes, if that boy of mine will only have patience with me, that as a father I shall amount to something.

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A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIDOW

(Continued from Page 23)

"Yes, yes," he agreed soothingly as he led me up the steps in spite of my wishing to hold back. "But what's the matter?"

"I was helping to pay the expenses of a Bible woman in Siam before you were born!" I gasped as we reached the top.

"Oh, not so long ago as that!" he objected mischievously as he literally landed me in a chair.

"This church has always stood for missions, and it doesn't become our pastor to reproach us because we are not prepared to take care of Christian folk who should know better than to murder one another," I concluded with something very near a sob.

"The church of God must always be prepared, at least in the spirit, to serve and to pity and to forgive," he said, looking at me gravely.

"Well, don't we do that? For forty years I've pinched and saved and given to the church. Most of us have made sacrifices for the work," I cried indignantly.

"Yes, I am sure of it. But there is no end to these demands. We must sacrifice all, if necessary, give all, if necessary," he answered.

"And who, then, will care for us, feed and clothe us?" I demanded.

"Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head!" he repeated slowly.

Well, you can't answer that. So I just sat there feeling the tears upon my cheeks, knowing that something was wrong, not able to tell exactly what was wrong.

"Brother Wade," I began with an effort, "I'm an old woman. I have no possible way of earning my own livelihood. My income amounts to less than three hundred dollars a year. I pay fifty dollars of that to the church. But I've always stood by the pastor."

"Yes?" He made it a question as he watched me untying the corner of my handkerchief.

"Here's twenty-five cents toward that Red Cross fund."

He took it and looked up at me with scandalous wit, as if he'd won a bet which I'd just paid.

"You are as likely to raise a thousand dollars out of this church as Doctor Edd is to remain sober," I said, half crying.

He went on turning over my little slick quarter in his hand and grinning at it.

"I'm greatly encouraged," he answered after a pause. "Practically all the money has been raised."

"What's that?" I gasped.

"I say we have the thousand dollars, and the doctor is still sober!"

You could have knocked me down with a feather, I was so astonished. Then I thought of something—that others had been more generous, that my contribution must look very mean and stingy in comparison. The children of God do have their little vanities too. I fished up another quarter from my pocket and offered it to him as I arose.

"Maybe I ought to give more, since others have given so much," I said tearfully, "but—I haven't the faith to do it!"

I went down the steps feeling very poor, not because I had so little but because I dared give so little. He accompanied me to the gate, regarding me from beneath his brows with a smile half troubled, half tender.

The next Sunday he took the breath out of the congregation by announcing at the close of the service that the money for the Red Cross work of our church had been paid, and that Doctor Edd was already on his way to New York, from which port he would sail for France.

Everybody looked at his neighbor with this question in his eye: "How much did you give?" But no one appeared to be willing to let his right hand know what his left had done in this business. As for me, I'd given so little that I told Sally, feeling it was not proper to take more credit than was due.

For some indefinable reason the church's worldly confidence in Brother Wade was not strengthened by this performance. The members stood in awe of him. But no fault could be found with him. He attended to his pastoral duties as if they were not duties at all, but the natural expression of his interest and good will.

One circumstance afforded much secret satisfaction to some of us. This was his attitude toward Lily Triggs. Later, when the question arose, no one could remember introducing him to her when he first came to us. We did recall the fact that she had not gone up on this occasion in her usual amiable angel manner to welcome him. Before long it was apparent that she was actually trying to get out of the choir. She was frequently absent.

Sally said she didn't think Lily was well, she had lost interest in everything. And the Suffrage League was on its last legs.

"As for the choir," she added, "I think the reason she neglects that is on account of Brother Wade."

"What's he done?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing. But you know he's queer. Lily told Charlotte that he didn't appeal to her. She says he's so antipathetic she simply can't sing. Musical temperament, I suppose."

"I doubt that."

"What can be the matter then?"

"I don't know, but Lily's not the woman to have her singing voice quenched and her light put out by a handsome young man with the manners of a knight and the soul of a priest. She'd never be able to resist that combination, unless there was a more definite trouble than the squirming of her musical temperament."

"Mary, your suspicions of that poor girl are unworthy of you!" she chided.

"I know it, and the Lord will remember it against Lily that she fired the mind of an old woman with suspicions unworthy of a Christian," I answered shamelessly.

We had not long ago a heated municipal campaign conducted with much animus in favor of a more economical government, and upon the demand that statements of the town's expenses and balances should be published monthly. The citizens were taxed to the limit allowed by the laws of this state, but no one knew what became of the money, and so on, and so forth. It was the usual thing—one set of politicians trying to put another set out of office. But it was a popular cause. The Baptist and Presbyterian ministers were high up in the Good Government League, and Tom Warren was running on the reform ticket for mayor. Naturally the Methodists expected their pastor to "take a stand." Every Sunday we listened in vain for a sermon on the duties of Christian citizenship. Finally a committee called on him and asked for his support.

"Brother Wade, we feel that you, as a Christian minister, should let Berton know how you stand in this fight," said Sam Parks, who was the spokesman.

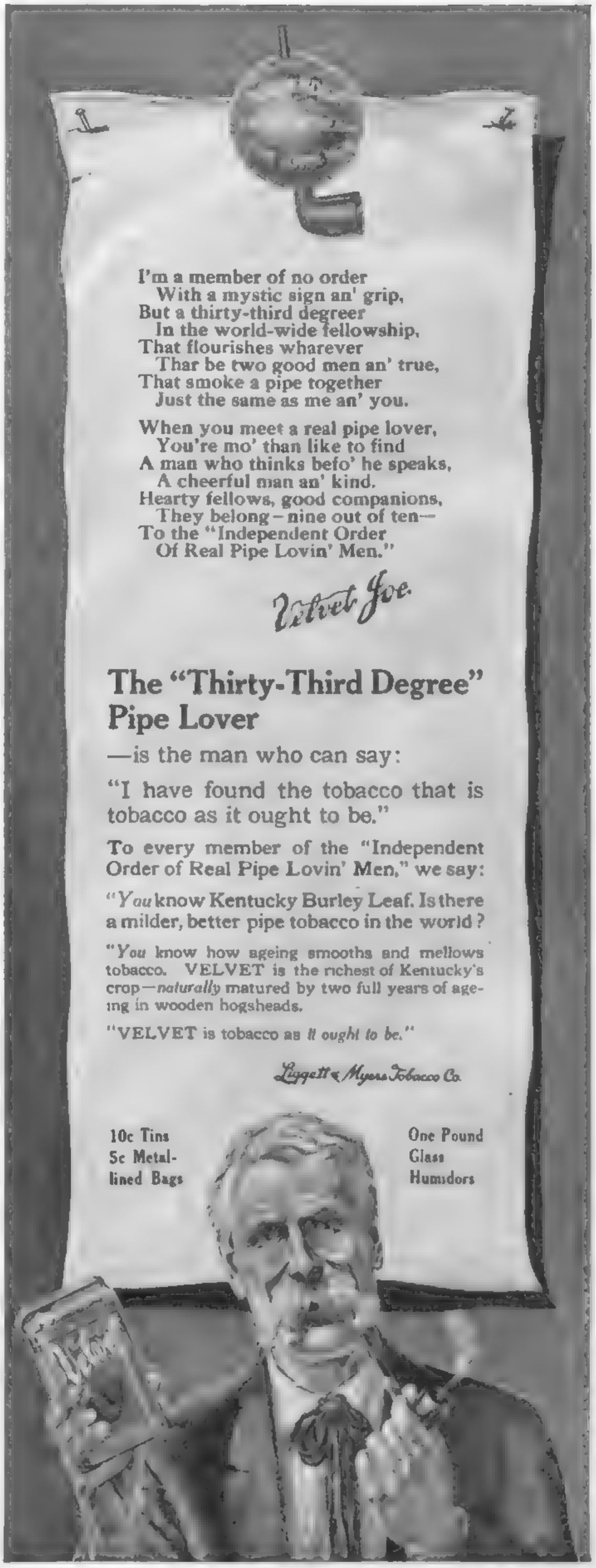
"When I became a Christian minister, Brother Parks, I withdrew from the business world to engage exclusively in the business of preaching the gospel and living accordingly. That requires all my strength, time and courage. Besides, this town is a corporation like any other. Every citizen in it is a stockholder. If a corporation mismanages its affairs, that is a secular matter in which the church of God should have no part. I am not here to accuse one man or to recommend another, but to keep ever before you the Son of man, that you may follow Him and forsake all strife, every worldly thought or interest which conflicts with His teachings."

"But you are in favor of law and order and honest government?" persisted Sam.

"So is every man in Berton," he laughed. "You are only one party of men accusing another party of men. I will admit something, Brother Parks, which I never meant should be known here," he went on after a pause. "Before I became what I am I was for years interested in political matters. So long as I am a Christian minister I shall not be a politician nor take part in these issues. This is not a criticism of those who do. I merely say that one must choose either the one or the other. You can't be a preacher and fight the members of your own church in a political campaign."

This was the first reference Brother Wade had made to his past life. He consistently evaded giving further information about that. While the other preachers in Berton shouted anathemas from their pulpits against graft and exhorted the brethren to vote the reform ticket, he "availed himself of the opportunity" to preach from this text: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

The quality of the man always determines the quality of his virtues and faith


I'm a member of no order
With a mystic sign an' grip,
But a thirty-third degreer
In the world-wide fellowship,
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Thar be two good men an' true,
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and even the use he makes of them. Religion makes some people presumptuous, ill bred, unspeakably offensive. They use their virtues to insult others. Their piety is the fire they kindle beneath other men's reputations. They have the instinct of spiritual bounders, and God will undoubtedly keep an Ellis Island quarantine in some part of the floating heavens for such saints. I reckon one reason Christianity is not universal in its appeal is due as much to this as to the obvious hypocrisies of those who sometimes make great professions.

Some people vulgarize the nature of the Almighty by claiming kin with Him. Felix Wade was not one of these. He was informed with the grace of goodness. He made a fine and delicate art of living uprightly. He was like a man with such a splendid ancestry he never had to mention his family connections. You must be gross enough yourself to corner him in order to force him to admit his personal relations to Providence. He never told of his own spiritual struggles, never gave his "experience." He simply walked among us, living the Word, wearing the Faith as if it was the dress suit of his salvation. Sally Parks said once that Brother Wade was so nice and polite and reserved about his goodness she hated for him to know about our sins in Berton, they were such common, snub-nosed transgressions. Sally is a very dull woman, but she can feel her way to saying a thing like that when smarter folks miss the point.

The trouble with him was that he either could not or would not reach into the normal life of the community. He was for placing the Holy Grail into every man's hands. And you cannot do it. The church recoiled from the literal demands he made spiritually upon the members. The people defended themselves from him by indifference. But we might have got safely through the year as a dead church if he had not stirred up a hornet's nest among the very elect. I refer to those in whom much local authority in the church is vested.

Early in April the public-school building of Berton was burned. Three hundred pupils were turned into the streets in the middle of the spring term. It was a great misfortune, especially since Berton is the educational center for a large section. The following Sunday Brother Wade added an educational postscript to his sermon.

He referred to the burning of the school. Something must be done at once. He supposed it was every man's business to help in this crisis. He desired, therefore, to lay a plan before the congregation by which the school term might be finished, and which he had no doubt would meet the approval of every Christian man and woman present.

"Brethren," he went on, referring to a slip of notes which he held in his hand, "there are four churches in this town. These buildings are worth at least sixty thousand dollars. They are in use only a part of Sunday each week. The remaining six days they are closed. They serve no purpose.

"This is an enormous waste of the church's property. In no other business do we practice such poor economy.

"They should be open every day. And the business of salvation should go on in them every day. Education is essential to salvation, as ignorance is the enemy of righteousness. You have in Berton enough churches to house all the departments of a university, to say nothing of a high school. My proposition, brethren, is to offer this church to the trustees of the Berton high school. Doubtless the authorities of other denominations will be glad to lend their churches also."

I do not know of anything so dangerous to accepted Christian traditions as the actual Christianity which we profess. Nothing else enrages us so much as to have our idolatries disturbed and exposed to our own gaze.

What Brother Wade had said was the literal truth. There is scarcely a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants in Georgia which has not enough empty churches in it to serve all the purposes of higher education. Yet it is the custom to burden the people with bonds and enormous taxes to get schools built, because to use the church for this purpose is unthinkable. I do not know why, unless we feel, without exactly thinking it, that we leave the Lord in His house when we close it on Sunday evenings and desire that He shall not be disturbed until we come again to Him on the next Sabbath.

(Continued on Page 81)

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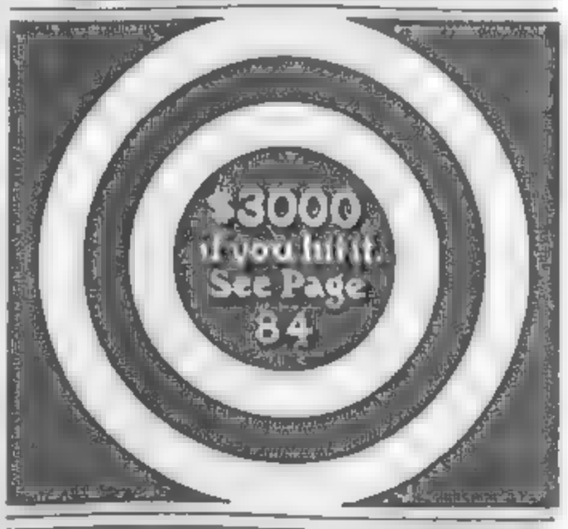

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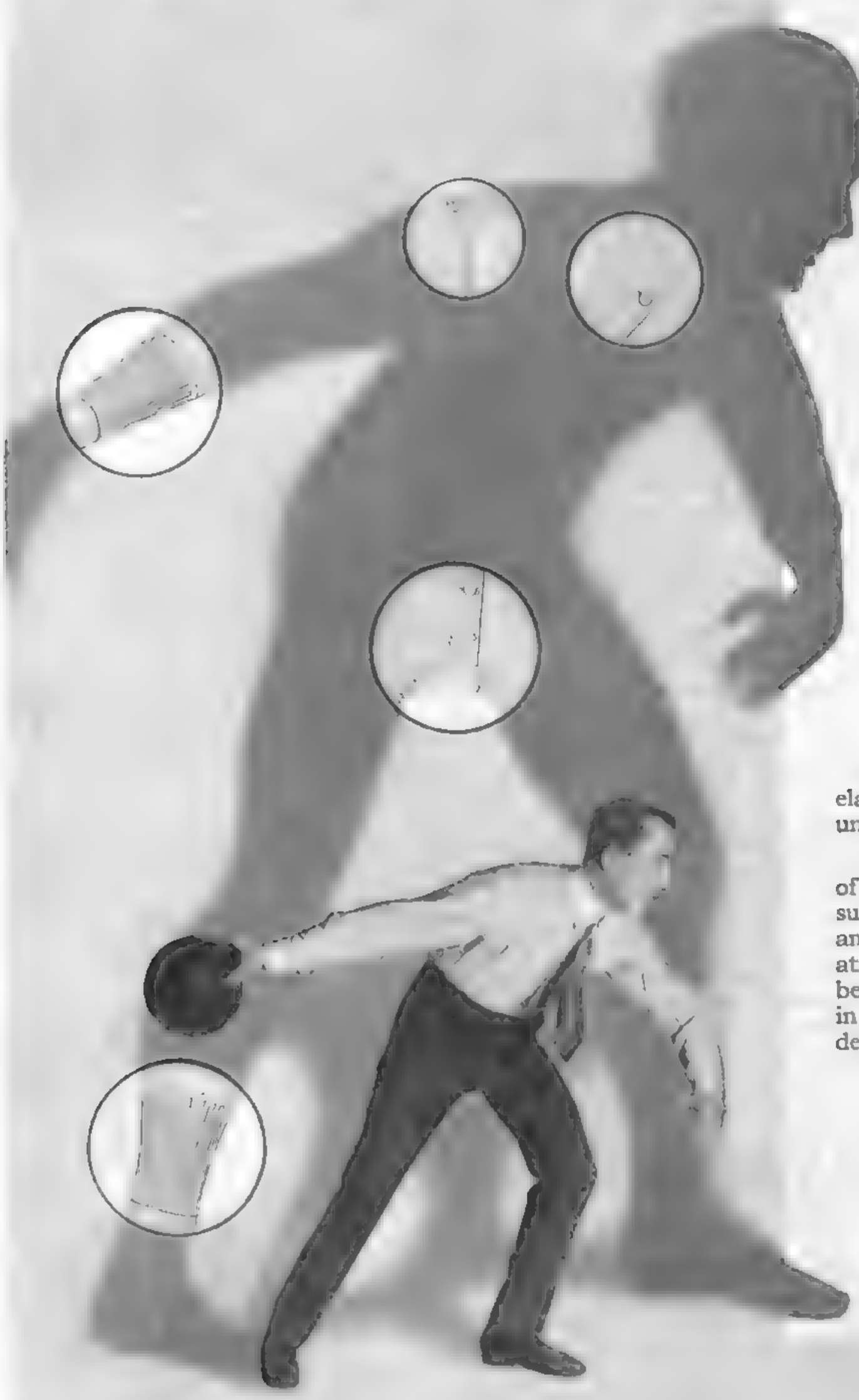

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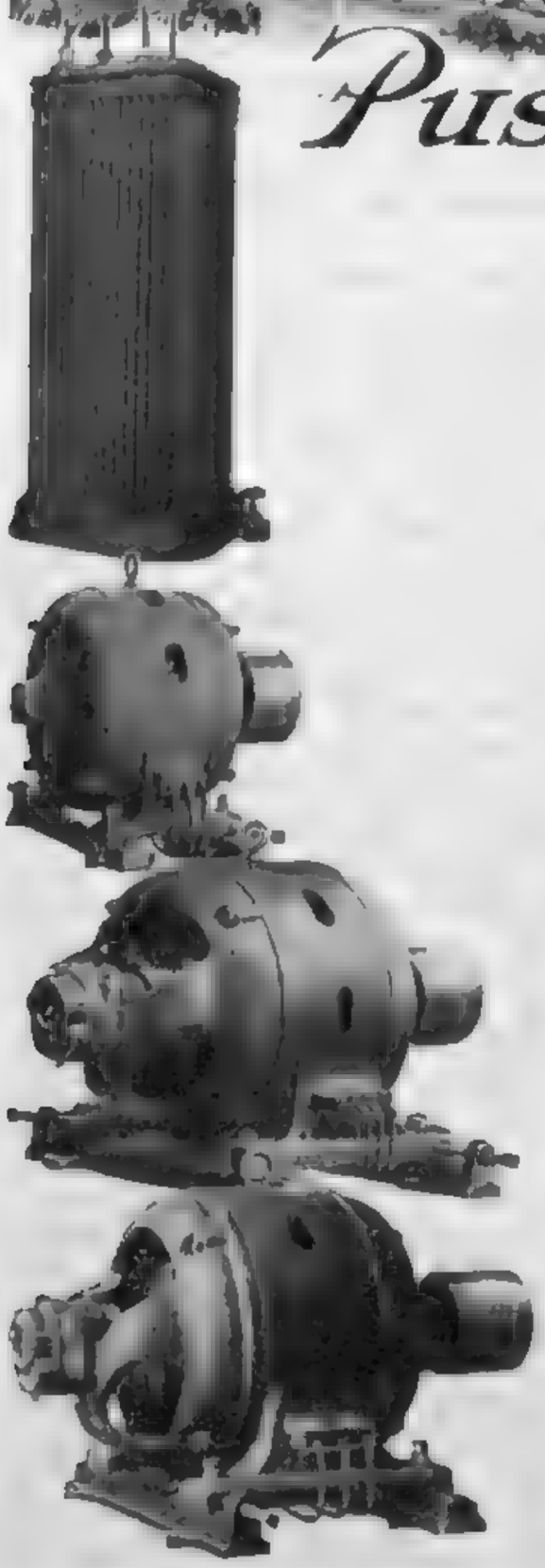

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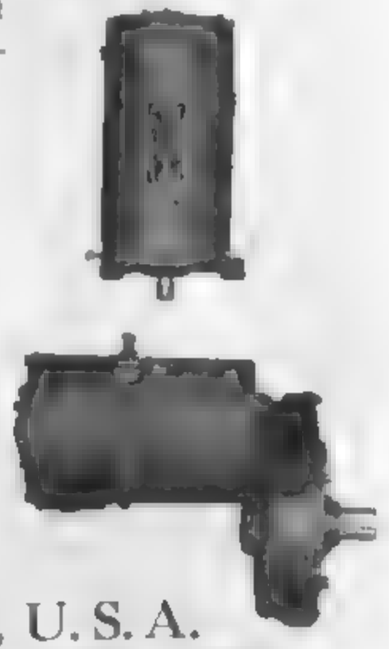

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(Continued from Page 78)

There was a moment of scandalized silence measured by one long exchange of glances between our pastor and his congregation, when he finished what he had to say and stood waiting for whatever might happen. Then Tom Warren stood up. He was so mad that one almost expected his beard to catch fire.

"Brother Wade, this is the house of God!" he began indignantly. "It was built for worship. So long as I am one of the trustees appointed by our Conference it shall never be profaned!"

"How profaned?" asked Brother Wade.

"I don't know what you call profanity, but to the folks that built this house it would be a sacrilege to have a hundred children messing in here, running in and out of the pulpit, cutting their names on these sacred benches and eating their victuals on the altar!"

"It's all in the point of view, my brother," Brother Wade answered mildly. "To me it seems far more profane for a man to hate his brother in this house. The noise a child makes is no more than the song of a sparrow under the eaves. The marks he leaves, they may be seen and cleared away, but who can defend himself against the secret thoughts of another?"

Well, I can't tell it the way they went on—Felix Wade in the pulpit, the three trustees and the stewards hopping up and down in the pews like pop corn on a hot griddle. They were all against him. And they said so with a vehemence never seen before among Christian brethren in that place.

The women kept silent—that is to say, we only whispered the one to the other. We are forbidden to speak in the Methodist Church except to give our Christian experience or to shout. A woman cannot even read the missionary report of her society in our Quarterly Conference. She can hold no office in the church. In communities where there is not a single Christian man to be Sunday-school superintendent they will do without a Sunday school rather than allow a woman to take the place. The Methodists are rigidly literal in their interpretations of Paul's command that the women should "keep silence in the churches." We are allowed on some of the executive boards and we are exhorted to do most of the work for missions, but the house of God is made a sort of reproach to us, a place where we must feel our unworthiness to man. I'm not complaining, you understand, I'm just telling the truth. And if some of the women I know ever meet Paul in Paradise, he will be called on to explain what he had against us or take to his wings.

We sat there listening while Sam Parks told of the awful danger in secularizing the church by allowing the children to say their lessons in it, until I couldn't stand it.

"Sally," I whispered, "one might think Brother Wade was trying to change this church into a theater the way Sam's carrying on."

She's fond of Sam and will hide her own convictions like a good wife to stand by him. So she made no reply, and sat beside me, holding in to keep me from knowing she agreed with me. But I went on:

"If this church is more sacred to these stewards than the welfare of their children, why don't they say so in the plain terms of idolatry and have done with it!"

"Don't talk so loud!" continued Sally.

"I'm not talking, my dear, I'm whispering," I said, making my tones hissing keen. "Listen at 'em, fussing about the children committing sacrilege by romping at recess. Are you less sacred to Sam because his children have climbed over you and been rocked to sleep upon your knees since they were born? I reckon not!"

I could see Sally's color begin to flame, and she cast her eye so coldly on Sam that he sat down.

"These stewards are just a gang of rougher, meaner, older boys, pushing the little fellows out of this place because they can!" I whispered louder than ever. "Let's get up and leave."

With that I flounced out, followed by most of the women, and feeling as I usually do when I've flung the fat into the fire.

Next to a revival nothing livens a church so much as a furious row. And for the next few weeks every church in Berton experienced a kind of fierce animation. Most of the women were for opening them to the school. All the deacons, vestrymen and stewards were against it. The children merely looked on, listened, and were doubtless glad their fathers' spiritual instincts were stronger than their paternal instincts, thus effectually closing the churches against them.

There was a large factory settlement two miles from Berton. In June these cotton mills were shut down. Five hundred people were thrown out of employment, and the town council passed a strict ordinance against "loafers" which, if it had been enforced, would have landed some of our best citizens in the calaboose. But it was designed to protect the town from the idle and destitute mill population. Thus Berton disposed of a grave problem after the accepted civil method for dealing with the unemployed. Whenever a question of ethics becomes too expensive to settle ethically, the best way is to settle it economically to your own advantage. Berton left the dead to bury their dead at the factory and went on comfortably about its own business.

But Felix Wade began to visit his own people less and to spend much of his time among the factory people. No one knew what he was doing out there. Some said he was organizing a mission. We did know that he was neglecting certain financial duties connected with his own church and that everything was in a bad way.

"The people are disaffected," Sam Parks said one day. "We can't even get quarterage. We have paid Wade less than two hundred dollars since he came here. It's a mystery how he gets on, unless, as most of us believe, he has private means of his own."

"Everything would clear up if he'd just start a revival. Why doesn't he do that?" Sally put in.

"He'd better start something. Warren's threatening to prefer charges against him at the next Quarterly Conference," grunted Sam.

"What kind of charges?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know—maladministration, neglect of duty, anything," he answered indifferently.

When I was returning from the Parkses that afternoon Brother Wade overtook me. Contrary to his usual bantering cheerfulness he had nothing to say, beyond admitting at my suggestion that it was a beautiful day. He was changed. One could not say how, but there was a subtle difference, a remoteness, as if he had withdrawn his spirit from those present. I looked up at him keenly. He was very pale, with a thinness I had not noticed before. His clothes were covered with dust, and they were his best preaching clothes, which I thought was a pity. It was queer, seeing him so unkempt who had come to us so spick-and-span, as if we had worn him out

"Well," I reflected to myself, "he has worn us out too."

"Been to the factory again?" I asked, merely to break the silence.

"Yes," he answered.

"You are out there most of the time now, aren't you?" I went on, determined to get where I was going.

"The people need me," he replied with a gentle brevity which seemed to exclude me and Berton from that place.

"We need you too. When will you begin the revival?"

"What revival?" he asked dully.

"We always have one during August in our church. Some of the members think you should begin it as soon as possible," I explained.

"I'd hoped for one before this time," he answered regretfully, "but there is no chance. The church is not ready. The people will not give in."

"Not ready! What do you mean?" I exclaimed. "You have only to announce the services. The people are literally hungry for it."

"Sister Thompson, a religious revival is either a reform or a spiritual orgy."

"What's that?" I interrupted, feeling rebuked by his tone or by something in his manner.

"It would be easy to stir the emotions of the people in this town. Being dead in their virtues they naturally crave some excitement. If that excitement takes the form of a religious revival it satisfies the conscience and the appetite for intoxicants at the same time, but it is no less an orgy than any other form of inebriation."

"Don't blaspheme the Holy Spirit, Brother Wade!" I cried, deeply troubled.

"That's what many a so-called revival of religion is—a blasphemy," he answered coldly, and then went on after a pause: "When the members of a church refuse to do their plain duty, when they avoid the

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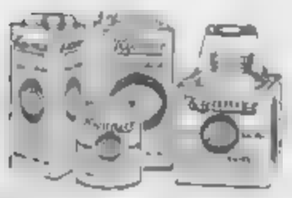

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service of Christ as our church has done time and again this year, to start a revival in it would be to start a lie, to encourage the people to cover their transgressions with professions and prayers."

"I don't understand," I said sorrowfully. "When people are moved spiritually they repent of their sins and resolve to do better. That's a revival."

"When people attend a highly emotional play in a theater they are stirred to tears by the drama of sorrow. Their sympathies are with the hard-struggling hero and they hate the villain as we hate the devil in a revival. But all of that is lost motion morally. They go out to live exactly as they lived before. The same thing is true of a revival. It is a highly emotional dramatization of religious idealism which never affects the character of people who dodge the real issues in the Christian life."

"What issues have we dodged in this church?" I demanded indignantly.

"The members failed to support the mission work in the war zone. Our publican alone faced that."

"But I thought ——"

"When there was a heated municipal campaign here in April more than a thousand dollars was spent to elect the reform ticket," he interrupted. "But when the school was burned the members of our church turned their own children into the streets rather than permit them to use the church as a school."

"Yes," I admitted, "that was wrong."

"When the mills closed out here four weeks ago, and a whole community was left without employment—more than a hundred of them destitute—our reform mayor and council passed an ordinance which kept them from setting foot in this town, but not one dollar has been contributed to relieve their dire distress."

"But we couldn't support all those people, making mendicants of them!" I protested.

"That's what Christianity is for. It is the science of humanities applied intelligently to the social and industrial conditions of life. It is the church's business to study and actually to solve these problems. Believe me, dear lady, so long as we think of the life of Christ in the terms of doctrines and creeds we shall never discover what religion is. What we call a revival is often a false stimulation of the spiritual life, not only injurious but blasphemous."

"Many do repent of their sins during revivals. They are converted and they do live differently," I insisted.

"So far so good. But they are saved only from the sins they had, a meager personal salvation. A man, I tell you, can be as dead in his virtues as any sinner in his transgressions, with a church for his sepulcher!"

I looked at him, too scandalized to speak the indignation I felt.

"I have had a very strange experience," he went on calmly.

"You must have had!" I shot back.

"I was awakened outside the church to the reasonableness and the human importance of the teachings of Jesus. If I'd been brought up in the church, the Sunday schools—all that, you know—I doubt if I should ever have realized the full significance of the Christian religion. It has been reduced to a formula there which the church can handle, as you'd manage any other business. You are taught certain doctrines of repentance and salvation. You accept a certain creed. Then you pay your dues, and leave it to the denominational boards to distribute your charities and send the missionaries. But nobody risks the great experiment of faith and sacrifice except according to established customs."

"Well, we do most of the good that's done in the world. And ——"

"No, we do not," he interrupted. "Great spiritual forces are at work outside the church—blind, desperate energies, but all moving in the right direction. We shall live to see wonderful revivals of religion in this nation, which are preparing now in the patient adjustment of man to man. It is the world which belongs to God—the world, which all Christians are taught to hate. And presently the world must save the churches again as it has purged them many times already of greed and hypocrisies."

"Who are you?" I demanded, stopping suddenly to look him up and down.

"Felix Wade, pastor in charge of the church at Berton," he answered simply.

"No, tell me who you really are," I insisted earnestly.

"The stranger within your gates, who is not likely to prove his wings," he said, smiling down at me in his familiar, teasing gentleness.

You can always tell when the apple has turned to ashes on a man's or a woman's lips. They are sure to smile too valiantly. I thought I detected the courage of despair in this face. So many times I have revived the sinking souls of preachers who were on the verge of heresy simply from physical exhaustion, complicated with some failure of cherished hopes, that I knew what to do.

"You'll think better of all these things when you have rested," I said kindly. "Come in now and have some tea."

"No, thanks, I'm really in a great hurry," he said, opening the gate for me.

"We've walked as if we were going for the doctor," I complained, realizing that I was quite out of breath.

"In fact I'm on my way now to telegraph for one," he said.

"Who's ill?" I asked anxiously.

"Everybody at the mills, or at least they are all in danger of being ill. We have fifty cases of typhoid there now. Frightful situation. Physician employed by the company left when the mills closed. No nurses. I hope to get what we imperatively need tonight, however," he said, hurrying off.

I went in and sat down upon my doorstep, which is low and concealed from the street by two boxwood bushes. I had a good deal to think about.

In the first place, I was troubled for the church. Preachers came and preachers went, but the church remained with us. Brother Wade was a spiritual radical. He wished us to live strictly as if we were in the spirit when we were still in our bodies. He was trying to live among us without a working knowledge of our strictly secular natures. I hope I'm a Christian woman, but my hope is tragically mixed with the experience I've had of just mortal perversity. And no man can put the wisdom of things as they are behind him without being more of a fool than the Lord requires of him. We had troubles ahead of us, I reflected with a sigh.

Then there was that thousand dollars which the church had given to the Red Cross work in the war zone. Who had given it? Only a woman knows the sweet anguish of unsatisfied curiosity. And here was Brother Wade telegraphing for doctors and nurses for the factory folk. Who was paying for all that? I hoped he would not lay the matter before our church! He was always going off at a tangent. Well, he couldn't get very far on the quarterage the church paid him! The question was how he made ends meet. And, by the way, where was his car? I had not seen him in it for nearly a month. Sally and I ought to go out and take some things to the sick people at the factory—I'd mention that to her to-morrow.

Thus my thoughts ran back and forth the way they do when you know there is nothing you can do to help matters.

It was now quite dark, the soft warm darkness of a summer night. The town is always very quiet at this homing hour. Lights twinkled from windows down the street. Now and then a white moth blew by like a blossom in the darkness.

I may have dozed, which is a fault I have when I sit too long in one place. Anyhow it seemed to me that I had been listening drowsily to voices for some time before I realized that in fact two persons were talking with suppressed animation across the street.

I arose and peered over the boxwood. I could distinguish Lum by his white clothes, standing in the side door of the parsonage. The other person was a woman, wrapped on this summer night in a long black coat.

"No, him a Clishtian now!" he was saying.

"Don't speak so loud!" the woman cautioned.

To my horror I recognized the thin childish tones of Lily Triggs' speaking voice. The next moment she moved like a darker shade down the street.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

He walked with Kings

He could not know, standing there in his bare feet and his rough clothes, with his little schooling, that kings would do him honor when he died, and that all men who read would mourn a friend.

He could not dream that one day his work would stand in Chinese, in Russian, in many languages he could not read—and from humble doorman to proudest emperor, all would be gladdened at his coming.

He could not know that through it all he would remain as simple, as democratic, as he was that day as a boy on the Mississippi.

MARK TWAIN

He made us laugh so that we had no time to see that his style was sublime, that he was biblical in simplicity, that he was to America another Lincoln in spirit

To us, to everyone in the United States, he was just Mark Twain—well-beloved, one of ourselves, one to laugh with one to go to for cheer, one to go to for sane pointed views. Now he is gone, the trenchant pen is still But his joyous spirit is still with us. Mark Twain's smile will live forever. His laughter is eternal.

He Was a Great Man; So His Works Are Great

The road ahead of that boy on the river bank was a hard one. Before "Mark Twain," a distinguished, white-haired man, and the King of England walked and talked together, his path was set with troubles that would have broken a weaker spirit. It was a truly American story—a small beginning—little schooling hard work disaster—good humor—and final, shining, astounding success

He fought with poverty, he fought with disaster, he lost those dearest to him. But he won. And then at the height of his fame he lost all his money, and found himself heavily in debt, for he was no business man. He went back to the hated drudgery of the lecture platform until he had paid every cent.

Because he was of high and brave intellect, because he had a humor as deep and as true as the human heart, and because he had struggled with life, he was a great man. So his works are great.

As Children We Loved Him

They say that children know the inwardness of things. A child knows the heart of a man. A child knows the heart of a book. We as children instinctively knew Mark Twain was so much greater, so much truer than anybody else that there was no one to compare him with

Now, grown up, we know the reason why He had the heart of a child, he had the style of a master, so simple that neither art nor technique was even suspected for a moment; a character so splendid that the reading of him was clear and fine.

We had to be told first by English writers that Mark Twain was incomparably great; that in the last half of the nineteenth and in the twentieth century he was not only the greatest of American writers, but was the greatest prose writer that lived in any part of the world. He was so far ahead of his time that he surprised the people by views that seemed to be radical. Today we have come around to his thinking, and he has been proven right

The Great American

He was *American*. He had the idealism of America—the humor, the kindliness, the reaching toward a bigger thing, the simplicity. In his work we find all things from the ridiculous in "Huckleberry Finn" to the sublime of "Joan of Arc,"—the most spiritual book that was ever written in the English language, of serene and lovely beauty as lofty as Joan herself. A man who could write two such books as "Huckleberry Finn" and "Joan of Arc" was sublime in power. His youth and his laughter are eternal; his genius will never die

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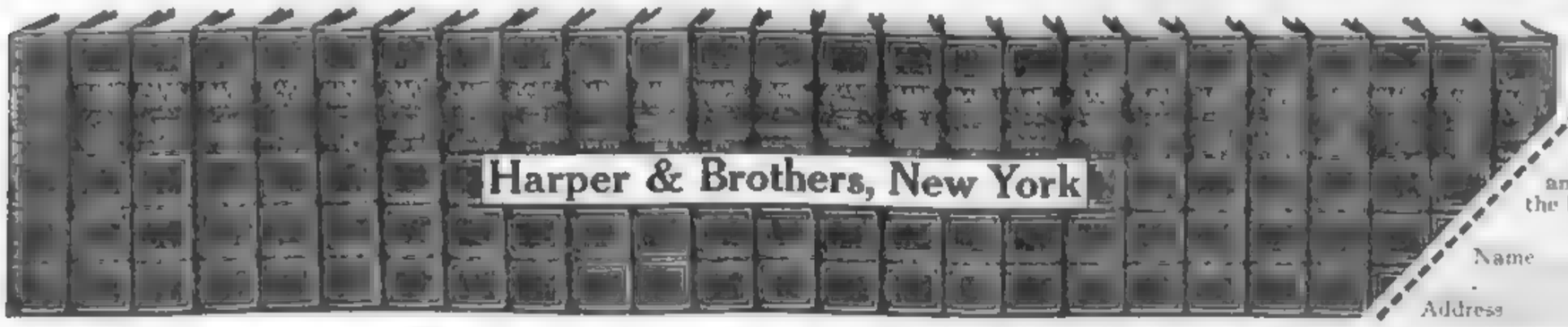

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THE LONG TRY

(Continued from Page 15)

"You've hurt your shoulder," said the coach accusingly.

"Oh, not much! Just ——"

"Go right up to the house," said Carey.

Carr began to plead, the world going to pieces about him. He felt an absurd assurance that if only he were left on the field, to go on with the practice, he would be all right, the hurt a mere delusion, but that if he left the field, went up to the house and accepted the fact, he was gone for good.

"Go on up, Carr," Carey repeated softly but firmly.

"Let me stay. The big game is near. You know I need the work."

"Go on up, Carr," Carey said again, still more softly and implacably.

And Carr walked wearily up the hill to the dressing rooms. For a while the heat which was still within him made the injury seem slight, but the pain which possessed him after his shower and his rub robbed him of his last illusion.

"I am out of it, Dick," he said to the trainer. "Out of it for good."

And with these words, to his surprise, there came to him a sort of peace. It was the peace of renunciation. He had done his best; he would struggle no more; there was in that something akin to felicity.

So it was that while the big game was being fought Carr knelt on the side line, wrapped in a blanket, motionless as an Indian. In a sort of childish pretending he had dressed with the men of the team. He had put on like them a clean, dry jersey and clean, dry stockings; like them he had stamped on his newly cleated shoes when dressed, feeling fit and light and strong. As indeed he was—but for that fatal little place in the hollow of his shoulder. And no one had given any attention to him, no one at all, and now he knelt on the side line.

What he was witnessing was sad. The team was having one of its jumpy days. Its opponent was a young eleven—heavy, strong, fleet but young—which, a mere jest at the beginning of the season, had worked up to something very dangerous toward the end. A whirlwind start would have gained over it the moral ascendancy and probably would have made it forget all it had been taught. But instead it was the veterans who showed the fidgets. They started uncertainly and slowly. Once the backs missed the signal and bumped heads. A little later the center, instead of slipping the ball to the quarter for a fake kick, threw it far back for a kick to the full back who had already sped away. The ball fell on the ground with no one near it, to the derisive yell of the young team's rooters, and was recovered only just in time. Then everyone began to fumble. The team would sweep forward for some time like a steam roller, then the ball would be seen popping out of a whirl as if by an explosion, while a desperate quarter or end dived headlong to save it. Thus the team lost a good quarter of an hour, mired about the center of the field, while the youngsters against it became confident, cool and proud.

Among the team's ten thousand adherents in the stands, and among the substitutes on the low bench, and the old guard of past stars come from all parts of the country, there was not much worrying at first.

"Wait till they get together," everyone said confidently and menacingly; "oh, just wait till they get a-going!"

But they were not gathering way very fast, and the youngsters seemed to be gaining in cohesion and audacity with each moment. The teams seesawed heavily from forty-yard line to forty-yard line; whenever the veterans seemed well started at last they made some kind of foolish slip. And thus the first half ended.

In the dressing room beneath the stands Carey flayed the team alive. Then dropping scorn for appeal he exhorted them warmly. In the meantime, quiet in a corner, Carr strapped on his big shoulder guard. Above, on the stands, the ten thousand supporters, and on the side-line bench the old boys, still assured and staunch, said:

"Wait till they get together; oh, just wait till they get a-going!"

But the team, coming out fresh, after a few moments of great energy fell back into its despairing groove. And then—crowning humiliation—Parsons, crack full back who had never been known to do such a thing, let a whirling punt go through his hands. The ball rolled leisurely across the goal line; an impetuous and impertinent youngster was immediately upon it

Even then, up in the stands, people said:

"That's not very bad. Six points. They'll make twenty when they begin rolling."

The team itself, however, now thoroughly frightened, feeling the ground slipping out from under its feet, began to attack furiously. They had it still in them to think that once they got really going they could tear the youngsters up like paper. But to their consternation, now playing at one hundred per cent of their possibilities, they found themselves crashing into rock. That young eleven which from the beginning had possessed weight, strength and speed had now gained its finishing touches, as it were; in this game itself they had won the last of their education. Also they had tasted blood. They had realized their wildest dream; they had scored on the team which had held the reputation of being the best in the land that year, and against which they had gone forth with the feeling of being a forlorn hope. They had not the slightest intention of giving up their advantage now; they hugged it to their hearts and fought like wild cats, and, full of insolence, taunted the veterans to their very faces.

The team got down to sober, bitter business, working with great care, raising its heart to the long ordeal ahead. Each man put one hundred per cent of his vigor in his every movement, and there were no false movements, and every individual effort flowed into the lithe, living machine and was part of its welded strength. But its younger opponents, filled now with a confidence which made everything succeed, which made of wild chances clear-minded audacity and of recklessness a superior wisdom, fought like demons. The veterans had a terrible time opening holes; and no sooner open than the hole was closed by a headlong charge of the young backs. The ten thousand supporters now stood up, silent on the stands, consternation oozing into their souls. Twenty minutes from the end of time the score still stood six to nothing against the veterans. Carr got up from his place on the side line, where slowly he had been changing and stiffening into a statue, and went up to Carey.

"Carey, let me in, let me go in!" he whispered.

But Carey, his eyes glazed upon the field, did not seem to hear him or see him, and Carr squatted down again.

The team, all of its assurance gone, was toiling despairingly now, without hope of victory, with but one single idea in view—to climb out of the abyss of disaster in which it was finding itself plunged; and the men, sobbing, at the end of their strength, labored in a nightmare in which they seemed to be trying to get out of a funnel-shaped hole the sides of which were round grains of sand which crumbled under their feet. This was in the days before the forward pass or the quarter-back run, when the test was a head-on one; they would push their opponents back, step by step, five yards after five yards, against a wild and increasing resistance; then suddenly a new access of mad force would come to the young ones and, bursting through the veterans, tearing their line, they took away from them the ball and punted it far down the field. Swallowing the bitter disappointment, the veterans would pick up the ball and begin all over again.

"Carey, Carey! Let me go in, let me go in!"

But Carey, his eyes upon his team in search of who knows what encouragement, again made as if he did not hear, and Carr got down once more.

The pale sun had set, and the well wishers of the team on the stands in silence were seeing the shadows deepening upon this completed disaster, this sodden ending of so many brave gay hopes.

"Carey! Carey!"

Carey turned abruptly this time.

"All right. Go in and see what you can do."

Carr, half breathless with joy, dropped his blanket to his feet.

"Send Spenser in," said Carey.

"Miller, Miller," whispered Carr, "and let me run the team."

"All right."

And Carr galloped out upon the field, his hand up for time, sent Miller in, took his

and then the

and then the

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Don't think for a minute that the difference ends there. No! It goes right on.

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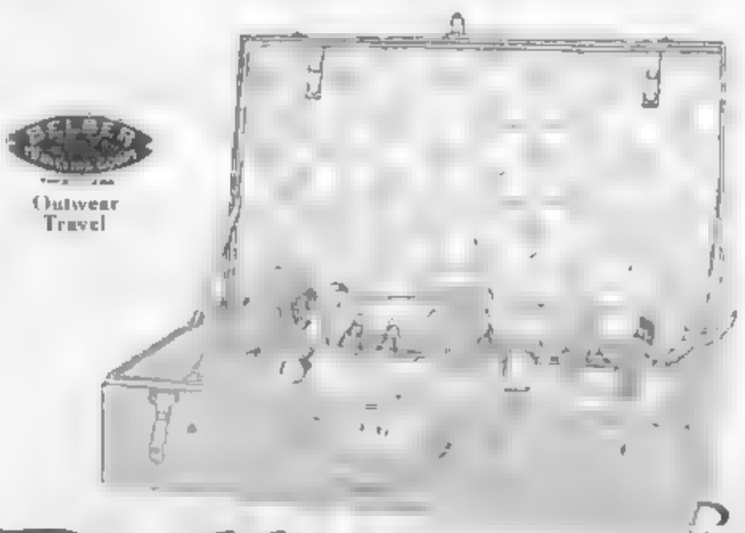

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State Occupation

place, and ran his eyes like a caress over his old team mates, and thought he saw, as he did this, a thrill pass on from bent back to bent back. It was the old game that was being played then; no quarter-back running and no forward passes, but issues to be met with front to front; and the team was forty-five yards from goal and there were just ten minutes more of play. Carr threw his head up and bayed the signal. The anger accumulated during ages spent on the side line, watching error and impotence, was hoarse in his voice; but to that foghorn bellow again the human line before him rose and fell to a subtle passing.

The ball shot up from between the center's legs, moved along in the quarter's hands as if on an endless chain, and settled in the hollow of Carr's body. This body was already diving forward, churned on from behind by two furiously pounding feet. It hit the line, going horizontally and about eight inches from the ground; the new striped jersey streaked in between legs, then disappeared beneath an avalanche. When the avalanche had been cleared away by the referee the ball was found just two yards beyond the spot from which, between the center's legs, it had started on its little circular voyage.

Again Carr, his voice clearing now to a bugle call, sent forth his signal, and a second time he bucked straight ahead and made two yards. Then he bucked straight ahead again and made two more yards.

"First down!" the referee shouted.

Carr now called on Spenser, and Spenser gained three yards. Then feeling sufficiently rested, Carr went two yards between center and left guard, and two yards between left guard and tackle, and it was once more first down. Seemingly satisfied, he cross-tackled for two yards, repeated, and then dived straight ahead for two more. Again it was first down, and the team was on the twenty-five-yard line.

Everyone on the stands was up. The team's adherents were more amused than hopeful, though hope was beginning to pound in their chests.

"What is he doing?" they asked, trying to be critical and not quite succeeding. "What is he doing?"

And the team's enemies, also all standing, were more disdainful than anxious, though fear was beginning to pierce through their mail of assurance. "The man is insane!" they cried. "No one can keep that up!"

Carr looked over the enemy's line carefully, as though planning some complicated trick, then signaled—and dived straight ahead. He seemed to like the place, for he repeated. He then cross-tackled.

"First down!" the referee shouted.

The stands awoke with a great growl which soon became a yell. Hope, in the team's supporters, now tore through all the restraints put there by past disappointments, and bayed frankly, like a dog to the moon. And fear, in the others, dissolved all assurance and left cold consternation.

And Carr went on bucking. A white and lucid fury possessed him. He had squatted so long on the side line and, as clear minded as one watching two chess players, had witnessed so many blunders, that he had faith in naught but in himself. The ball especially held his solicitude. He had seen it spring from nervous hands so often that day that he could not bear to see it out of his own; he regretted bitterly the necessity which forced him to give it to the center after each down, and got it back to himself as soon as possible each time. Also, his whole body told him, and his reason told him, that he was fresh, with a week's rest in his legs, while those in whose stomachs he was cheerfully sinking his head were sodden with the game's weariness; and that he had just a few minutes left of his athlete's life and could be prodigal of his strength for those few moments. So he bucked and bucked and bucked.

He put all there was in him in the start of each dive, and went limp on the instant that he felt his two yards beneath him, risking no chance in attempts to go farther. And so the stands, now in full roar, half of them with applause, the other with stark astonishment, were treated to a sight which has become legend. Carr charged and charged, and before him the rival eleven, at first defiant, then nonplused, then scared, found itself inexorably backing. The stands would hear the signal, then see Carr hurl himself forward with drumming feet, then along the ground would see his striped jersey streak on. He disappeared, the referee untangled the mass above him—and the ball was two yards nearer the goal line two yards always, no more, no less, and there was something implacable about this advance, regular as the work of Nature. Each time Carr rose, though, he was different. First the mud painted out the color of his jersey. His stockings came down about his ankles, and the mud promptly painted new stockings on his legs. It did the same with the successive angular tears in his jersey which for a moment showed a flash of white skin. His face disappeared under a mask of earth and contusions. Then, theatrically, a cut above his right eye sprinkled him splendidly with bright red blood. But he went on, swerving just a bit at times in protection of his weak shoulder, all his bruises and wounds and aches whelmed in a warm and delicious exultation. And the young eleven, which had dreamed it owned victory, backed and backed, some of them weeping with powerless rage, and finally were up against their last white line, the goal posts like gallows above them.

"First down and four yards to go!" the referee shouted.

Carr lowered his head, bucked and made two yards. But when he rose this time a new change caused everyone to gasp. His right arm hung limp, and the shoulder, even beneath the heavy leather guard, seemed strangely caved in.

"He's got to go out!" roared the stands.

Spenser moved to his side.

"You had better go out, old man."

"Not much!"

Carr steadied himself for a moment, then cried, "Six-nine-four," then lowered his head and charged! And went clean through the line to the touchdown, dragging his disgraceful shoulder with him to glory.

In the dressing room beneath the stands, a little later, he squirmed on a bench while four sweaty, muddy, frothing huskies tugged at his arm, when a well-known voice called cheerfully:

"Here, boys, don't you think there might be room for a little science in this?"

It was Doctor Randall. At his directions the four huskies pulled right, and the shoulder whanged back into place.

"And this means another cast for you, young man," laughed the surgeon, shaking his finger at Carr.

"Oh, doc," said Carr, "you can put a coffin round me now! And keep it on a thousand years if you feel like it!"

Dead-Shot Jack

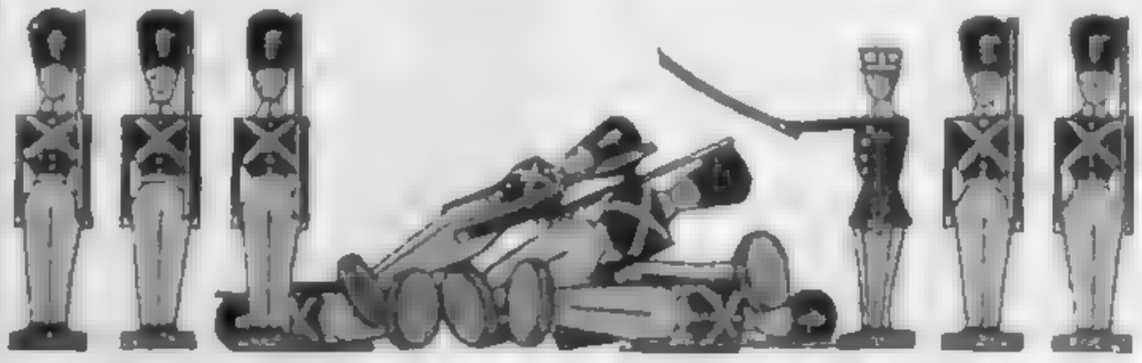
CHRISTY MATHEWSON, now manager of the Cincinnati Reds, and Jack Wheeler, the newspaper syndicate-service man, went down to Texas last fall on a quail-hunting expedition. Wheeler, who had never done any bird shooting before, carried an expensive outfit with him.

On their first day in the fields their dog struck a warm scent and came to a point. As the two men advanced, the covey, which was mostly made up of young birds, began scurrying through the weeds in plain sight. Wheeler threw his gun to his shoulder and with its muzzle began following one of the little brown fellows.

"Say," demanded the astonished Mathewson, "you aren't going to shoot him while he's running, are you?"

Wheeler raised his head a moment.

"Certainly not," he said; "I'm waiting for him to stop!"



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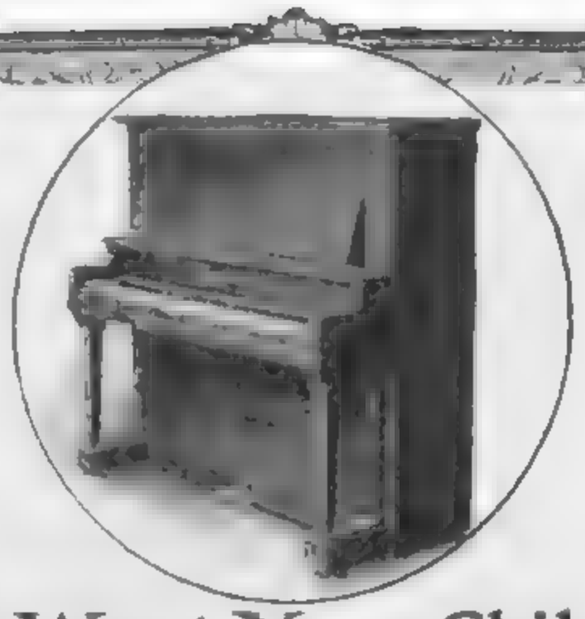

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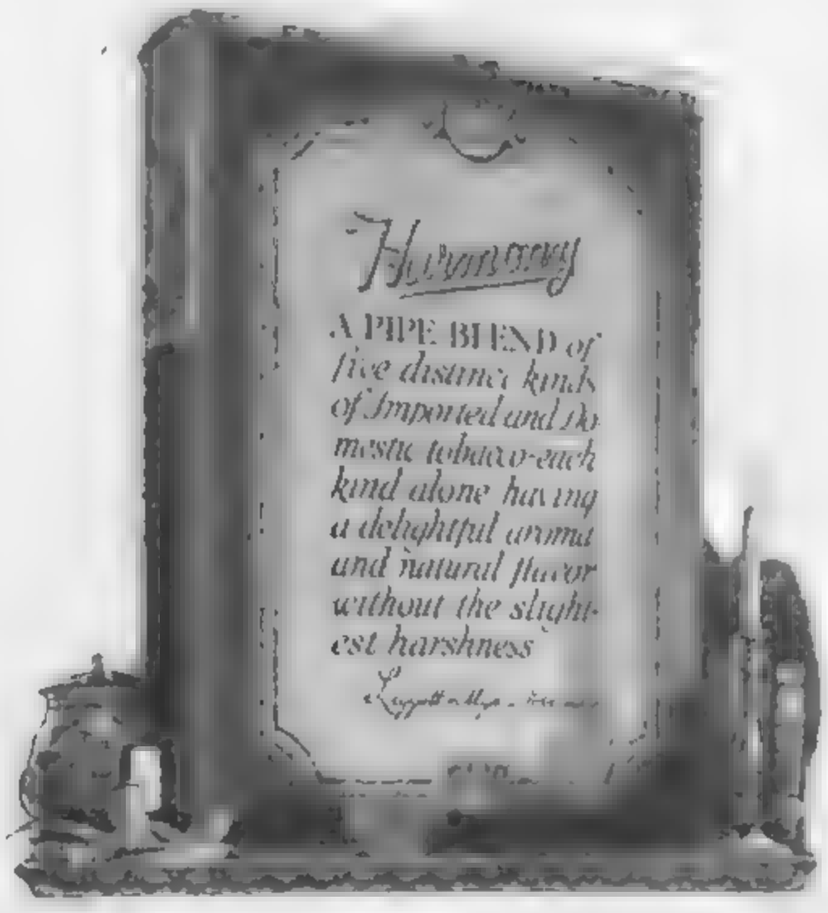
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PICCADILLY JIM

(Continued from Page 20)

those rope-and-pulley affairs by means of which the Smart Set lower asparagus into their mouths—or rather Francis the footman does it for them, of course. The diner leans back in his chair, and the menial works the apparatus in the background. It is entirely superseding the old-fashioned method of picking the vegetable up and taking a snap at it. But I suspect that to be a successful Asparagus Adjuster requires capital. We now come to Awning Crank and Spring Rollers. I don't think I should like that. Rolling awning cranks seems to me a sorry way of spending life's springtime. Let's try the B's."

"Let's try this omelette. It looks delicious." Jimmy shook his head.

"I will toy with it—but absently and in a *distrait* manner, as becomes a man of affairs. There's nothing in the B's. I might devote my ardent youth to Barroom Glassware and Bottlers' Supplies. On the other hand, I might not. Similarly, while there is no doubt a bright future for somebody in Celluloid, Fiberloid, and Other Factitious Goods, instinct tells me that there is none for"—he pulled up on the verge of saying "James Braithwaite Crocker," and shuddered at the nearness of the pitfall—"for"—he hesitated again—"for Algernon Bayliss," he concluded.

Ann smiled delightedly. It was so typical that his father should have called him something like that. Time had not dimmed her regard for the old man she had seen for that brief moment at Paddington Station. He was an old dear, and she thoroughly approved of this latest manifestation of his supposed pride in his offspring.

"Is that really your name—Algernon?"

"I cannot deny it."

"I think your father is a darling," said Ann inconsequently.

Jimmy had buried himself in the directory.

"The D's," he said. "Is it possible that posterity will know me as Bayliss the Dermatologist? Or as Bayliss the Drop Forger? I don't quite like that last one. It may be a respectable occupation, but it sounds rather criminal to me. The sentence for forging drops is probably about twenty years with hard labor."

"I wish you would put that book away and go on with your lunch," said Ann.

"Perhaps," said Jimmy, "my grandchildren will cluster round my knee some day and say in their piping, childish voices: 'Tell us how you became the Elastic Stocking King, grandpa!' What do you think?"

"I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You are wasting your time, when you ought to be either talking to me or else thinking very seriously about what you mean to do."

Jimmy was turning the pages rapidly.

"I will be with you in a moment," he said. "Try to amuse yourself somehow till I am at leisure. Ask yourself a riddle. Tell yourself an anecdote. Think of life. No, it's no good. I don't see myself as a Fan Importer, a Glass Beveler, a Hotel Broker, an Insect Exterminator, a Junk Dealer, a Kalsomine Manufacturer, a Laundryman, a Mausoleum Architect, a Nurse, an Oculist, a Paper Hanger, a Quilt Designer, a Roofer, a Ship Plumber, a Tinsmith, an Undertaker, a Veterinarian, a Wig Maker, an X-ray Apparatus Manufacturer, a Yeast Producer or a Zinc Spelter." He closed the book. "There is only one thing to do. I must starve in the gutter. Tell me—you know New York better than I do—where is there a good gutter?"

At this moment there entered the restaurant an Immaculate Person. He was a young man attired in faultlessly fitting clothes, with shoes of flawless polish and a perfectly proportioned floweret in his buttonhole. He surveyed the room through a monocle. He was a pleasure to look upon, but Jimmy, catching sight of him, started violently and felt no joy at all—for he had recognized him. It was a man he knew well and who knew him well, a man whom he had last seen a bare two weeks ago at the Bachelors' Club in London. Few things are certain in this world, but one was that, if Bartling—such was the Vision's name—should see him, he would come over and address him as Crocker. He braced himself to the task of being Bayliss, the whole Bayliss and nothing but Bayliss. It might be that stout denial would carry him through. After all, Reggie Bartling was a man of notoriously feeble intellect, who could believe in anything.

The monocle continued its sweep. It rested on Jimmy's profile.

"By Gad!" said the Vision.

Reginald Bartling had landed in New York that morning, and already the loneliness of a strange city had begun to oppress him. He had come over on a visit of pleasure, his suit case stuffed with letters of introduction, but these he had not yet used. There was a feeling of homesickness upon him, and he ached for a pal. And there before him sat Jimmy Crocker, one of the best. He hastened to the table.

"I say, Crocker, old chap, I didn't know you were over here. When did you arrive?"

Jimmy was profoundly thankful that he had seen this pest in time to be prepared for him. Suddenly assailed in this fashion, he would undoubtedly have incriminated himself by recognition of his name. But, having anticipated the visitation, he was able to say a whole sentence to Ann before showing himself aware that it was he who was addressed.

"I say! Jimmy Crocker!"

Jimmy achieved one of the blankest stares of modern times. He looked at Ann. Then he looked at Bartling again.

"I think there's some mistake," he said. "My name is Bayliss."

Before his stony eye the immaculate Bartling wilted. All that he had ever heard and read about doubles came to him. He was confused. He blushed. It was deuced bad form, going up to a perfect stranger like this and pretending you knew him. Probably the chappie thought he was some kind of a confidence Johnnie or something. It was absolutely rotten! He continued to blush till one could have fancied him scarlet to the ankles. He backed away, apologizing in ragged mutters. Jimmy was not insensible to the pathos of his suffering acquaintance's position; he knew Reggie and his devotion to good form sufficiently well to enable him to appreciate the other's horror at having spoken to a fellow to whom he had never been introduced. But necessity forbade any other course. However Reggie's soul might writhe and however sleepless Reggie's nights might become as a result of this encounter, he was prepared to fight it out on those lines if it took all summer. And, anyway, it was darned good for Reggie to get a jolt like that every once in a while. Kept him bright and lively.

So thinking, he turned to Ann again, while the crimson Bartling tottered off to restore his nerve centers to their normal tone at some other hostelry. He found Ann staring amazedly at him, eyes wide and lips parted.

"Odd, that!" he observed with a light carelessness which he admired extremely, and of which he would not have believed himself capable. "I suppose I must be somebody's double. What was the name he said?"

"Jimmy Crocker!" cried Ann.

Jimmy raised his glass, sipped, and put it down.

"Oh, yes, I remember. So it was. It's a curious thing, too, that it sounds familiar. I've heard the name before somewhere."

"I was talking about Jimmy Crocker on the ship—that evening on deck."

Jimmy looked at her doubtfully.

"Were you? Oh, yes, of course; I've got it now. He is the man you dislike so."

Ann was still looking at him as if he had undergone a change into something new and strange.

"I hope you aren't going to let the resemblance prejudice you against me?" said Jimmy. "Some are born Jimmy Crockers, others have Jimmy Crockers thrust upon them. I hope you'll bear in mind that I belong to the latter class."

"It's such an extraordinary thing."

"Oh, I don't know. You often hear of doubles. There was a man in England a few years ago who kept getting sent to prison for things some genial stranger who happened to look like him had done."

"I don't mean that. Of course there are doubles. But it is curious that you should have come over here and that we should have met like this at just this time. You see, the reason I went over to England at all was to try to get Jimmy Crocker to come back here."

"What!"

"I don't mean that I did. I mean that I went with my uncle and aunt, who wanted to persuade him to come and live with them."

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Modern educators say that every American boy ought to know these three things—how to swim, how to box, and how to handle a gun and shoot straight.

He should also be able to play *well* at least one of these three games—baseball, tennis or football.

Will your boy [illegible] standard? Everywhere you will see parents who are [illegible] their boys these days teaching them the real lessons of life—self-reliance, alertness and firm control of muscle, nerve and eye.

The two newest Daisy models, the Daisy Pump Gun, and the Military Daisy, have changed the views of the entire country about air rifles. Hundreds of thousands of boys and young men are using these rifles to study the sport and art of marksmanship. Nothing so attractive or so safe has ever before been offered to the American boy and his parent.

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Agency Division, Box 628

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia

Jimmy was now feeling completely out of his depth.

"Your uncle and aunt? Why?"

"I ought to have explained that they are his uncle and aunt too. My aunt's sister married his father."

"But ——"

"It's quite simple, though it doesn't sound so. Perhaps you haven't read the Sunday Chronicle lately? It has been publishing articles about Jimmy Crocker's disgusting behavior in London—they call him Piccadilly Jim, you know ——"

In print that name had shocked Jimmy. Spoken, and by Ann, it was loathly. Remorse for his painful past tore at him.

"There was another one printed yesterday."

"I saw it," said Jimmy, to avert description.

"Oh, did you? Well, just to show you what sort of a man Jimmy Crocker is, the Lord Percy Whipple whom he attacked in the club was his very best friend. His stepmother told my aunt so. He seems to be absolutely hopeless." She smiled. "You're looking quite sad, Mr. Bayliss. Cheer up! You may look like him, but you aren't him—he?—him?—no, 'he' is right. The soul is what counts. If you've got a good, virtuous, Algernonish soul, it doesn't matter if you're so like Jimmy Crocker that his friends come up and talk to you in restaurants. In fact, it's rather an advantage really. I'm sure that if you were to walk into my uncle's office or go to my aunt and pretend to be Jimmy Crocker, who had come over after all in a fit of repentance, she would be so pleased that there would be nothing she wouldn't do for you. You might realize your ambition of being adopted by a millionaire. Why don't you try it? I won't give you away."

"Before they found me out and hauled me off to prison I should have been near you for a time. I should have lived in the same house with you, spoken to you ——" Jimmy's voice shook.

Ann turned her head to address an imaginary companion.

"You must listen to this, my dear," she said in an undertone. "He speaks wonderfully! They used to call him the Boy Orator in his home town. Sometimes that, and sometimes Eloquent Algernon!"

Jimmy eyed her fixedly. He disapproved of this frivolity.

"One of these days you will try me too high ——"

"Oh, you didn't hear what I was saying to my friend, did you?" she said in apparent concern. "But I meant it, every word. I love to hear you talk. You have such feeling!"

Jimmy attuned himself to the key of the conversation.

"Have you no sentiment in you?" he demanded. "I was just warming up too! In another minute you would have heard something worth while. You've damped me now. Let's talk about my lifework again."

"Have you thought of anything?"

"I'd like to be one of those fellows who sit in offices and sign checks, and tell the office boy to tell Mr. Rockefeller they can give him five minutes. But, of course, I should need a check book, and I haven't got one. Oh, well, I shall find something to do all right. Now tell me something about yourself. Let's drop the future just for a little while."

An hour later Jimmy turned into Broadway. He walked pensively, for he had much to occupy his mind. How strange that the Petts should have come over to England to try to induce him to return to New York, and how galling that, now that he was in New York, this avenue to a prosperous future was closed by the fact that something which he had done five years ago—that he could remember nothing about it was quite maddening—had caused Ann to nurse this abiding hatred of him. He began to dream tenderly of Ann, bumping from pedestrian to pedestrian in a gentle trance.

From this trance the seventh pedestrian aroused him by uttering his name, the name which circumstances had compelled him to abandon:

"Jimmy Crocker!"

Surprise brought Jimmy back from his dreams to the hard world—surprise and a certain exasperation. It was ridiculous to be incognito in a city which he had not visited in five years, and to be instantly recognized in this way by every second man he met. He looked sourly at the man. The other was a sturdy, square-shouldered, battered young man, who wore on his homely face a grin of recognition and regard. Jimmy was not particularly good at remembering faces, but this person's was of a kind which the poorest memory might have recalled. It was, as the advertisements say, distinctively individual. The broken nose, the exiguous forehead and the enlarged ears all clamored for recognition.

The last time Jimmy had seen Jerry Mitchell had been two years before at the National Sporting Club in London, and, placing him at once, he braced himself, as a short while ago he had braced himself to confound immaculate Reggie.

"Hello!" said the battered one.

"Hello, indeed!" said Jimmy courteously. "In what way can I brighten your life?"

The grin faded from the other's face. He looked puzzled.

"You're Jimmy Crocker, ain't you?" he asked.

"No. My name chances to be Algernon Bayliss."

Jerry Mitchell reddened.

"Scuse me. My mistake."

He was moving off, but Jimmy stopped him. Parting from Ann had left a large gap in his life, and he craved human society.

"I know you now," he said. "You're Jerry Mitchell. I saw you fight Kid Burke four years ago in London."

The grin returned to the pugilist's face, wider than ever. He beamed with gratification.

"Gee! Think of that! I've quit since then. I'm working for an old guy named Pett. Funny thing, he's Jimmy Crocker's uncle that I mistook you for. Say, you're a dead ringer for that guy! I could have sworn it was him when you bumped into me. Say, are you doing anything?"

"Nothing in particular."

"Come and have a yarn. There's a place I know just round by here."

"Delighted."

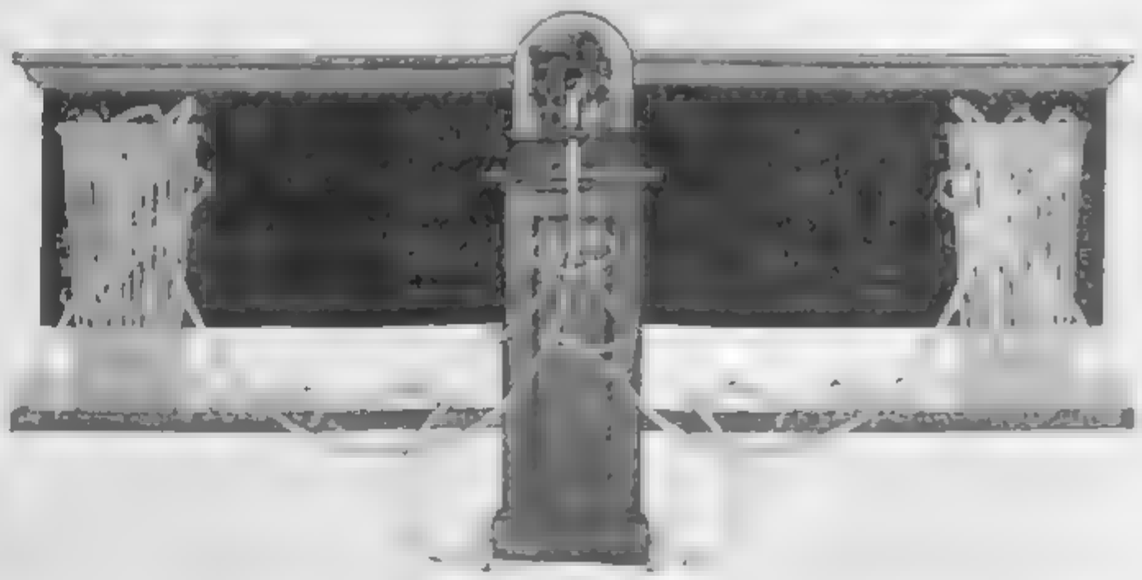
They made their way to the place Jerry had selected.

"What's yours?" said Jerry Mitchell. "I'm on the wagon myself," he added apologetically.

"So am I," said Jimmy. "It's the only way. No sense in always drinking and making a disgraceful exhibition of yourself in public!"

Jerry Mitchell received this homily in silence. It disposed definitely of the lurking doubt in his mind as to the possibility of this man really being Jimmy Crocker. Though outwardly convinced by the denial he had not been able to rid himself till now of a nebulous suspicion. But this convinced him. Jimmy Crocker would never have said a thing like that nor would he have refused the offer of alcohol. Jerry fell into pleasant conversation with him, his mind eased.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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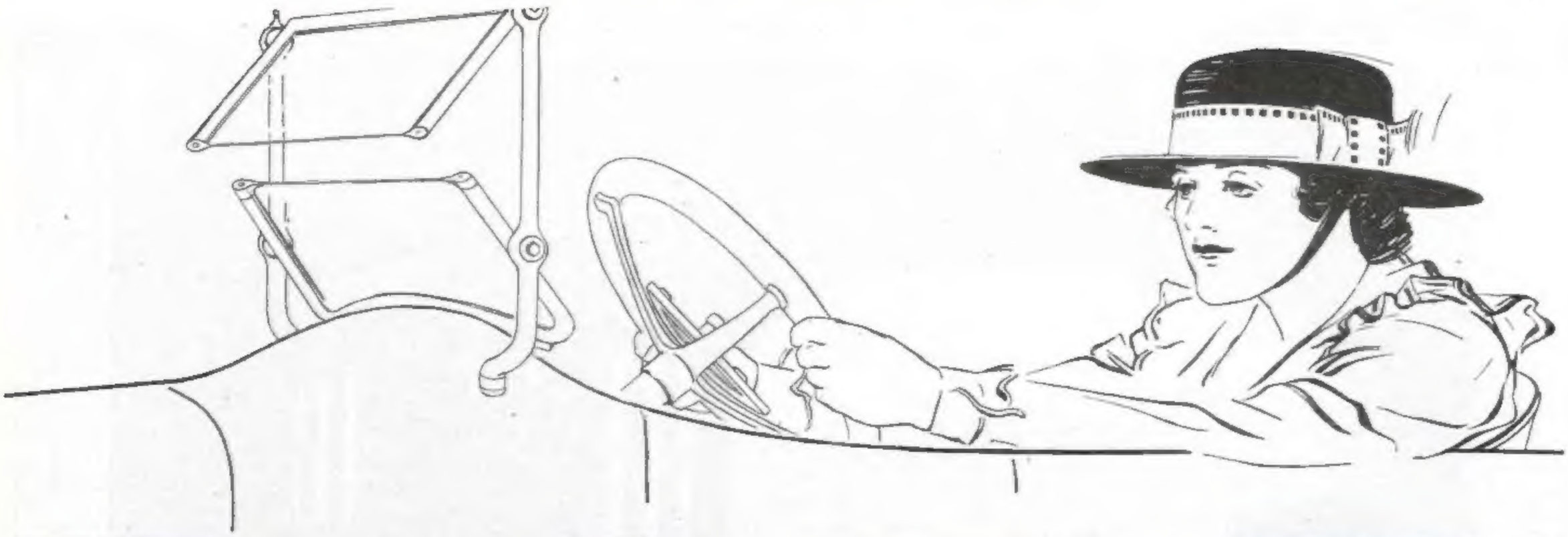

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